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M. Davis, 1839

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ORIGINAL WORK, PUBLISHED IN CONNECTION WITH THE SERIES ENTITLED
PEOPLE'S EDITIONS.

A TOUR
IN
HOLLAND, THE COUNTRIES ON THE RHINE,
AND BELGIUM.

IN THE AUTUMN OF 1838.

BY
WILLIAM CHAMBERS,
ONE OF THE EDITORS OF CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

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P R E F A C E.

THE noble stand which the Dutch have made in all periods of their history in favour of rational freedom, their extraordinary industry and perseverance under many disadvantages, their reputation for love of order, and, in particular, their widely organised system of public instruction, had long inspired me with the wish of visiting Holland, in order to observe personally the social condition of its people, and if possible to learn something which might be advantageously made known to my countrymen at home. In the autumn of the past year, I was at length enabled to put this desire in execution, and found a sufficiency of time to spend a few weeks in the Low Countries, as well as in the districts on the Upper Rhine.

Shortly after my return home, I offered a series of rough sketches of my journey, in the pages of the unpretending literary miscellany with which I happen to be connected; and these having been received with a degree of approval which I had no reason to expect, I have collected them together in the following pages; and besides giving them that revision which their hasty preparation had rendered necessary, have now added a number of particulars, matters of fact and observation, which were for the sake of brevity omitted in the original.

Pursuing one of the most beaten and oft-described tracks in Europe, the offering of the present work to the public may seem in some measure presumptuous. I trust, however, that the principal object of my excursion, and the nature of some of my inquiries, will be accepted as an apology for its appearance. Keenly alive to the necessity of an improved and greatly extended system of primary instruction throughout the United Kingdom—a system which should comprehend all sects, parties, and conditions, with prejudice to none—I was exceedingly anxious to make a personal examination of that organisation of schools in Holland, which had already called forth the fervent encomiums of Cuvier and Cousin. On this subject, therefore, the reader will find a variety of details, which, though not new to inquiring educationists, have never yet, as far as I am aware, been broadly circulated in Britain. The mode of publication of the present work, it is humbly trusted, will assist in making the nature of the Dutch system of instruction better known than it has hitherto been among the community of this country. Without descending to a dry narration of facts, I have endeavoured to show that there exists in Holland an organised process of elementary instruction, which, limited as it is both in quality and amount, is of universal application, and, while suiting every sect and class, possesses the happy merit of being esteemed by clergy of all shades of opinion. The intrinsic cause of this universal acceptability, as it will appear, is the complete separation of religious, or rather doctrinal, from secular education, the one being confided exclusively to the clergy of the different denominations, and the other being placed in the hands of the lay teacher. Whether, amidst the war of parties, and in opposition to deeply rooted prejudices and vested interests, such a scheme of juvenile culture could be established in the United Kingdom, it is not for me to discuss; in all likelihood, we shall have to endure much political as well as religious strife and suffering, before the minds of the people will be in a fit state to appreciate so great a blessing. It may nevertheless be of importance to a cause which I have much at heart, to make the fact extensively known in this country, that there is a region divided from us by only a narrow sea, and not less distinguished than our own for the flourishing state of orthodox religion, where a national system of education has been conducted for many years with complete success, and the perfect approbation of all parties. The extensive diffusion of this fact, with the details of the system, can scarcely fail to aid in hastening the period of our emancipation from the deplorable prejudices and animosities, on this subject, in which we are now unfortunately enveloped.

W. C.

EDINBURGH, *April* 20, 1839.

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A TOUR

IN HOLLAND, THE COUNTRIES ON THE RHINE, AND BELGIUM.

HOLLAND.

ARRIVAL IN HOLLAND—THE MAAS.

On the morning of the 1st of August we left London in the *Giraffe*, a well-appointed steam-vessel, for Rotterdam, which we expected to reach in about twenty-six hours.* The morning was beautiful and calm, and the sail down the Thames as delightful as it usually is in the exhilarating atmosphere of an autumnal day. On leaving the mouth of the river, the vessel pursued an easterly course towards the coast of Holland, which first came into sight early next morning. The view was any thing but striking, though to me full of moral interest. Along the dull and misty horizon, a strip of low land, composed of sandy mounds, met the eye, while here and there the top of a church steeple, a windmill, or group of trees, rose above the universal level. On approaching the mouth of the Maas—a large branch of the Rhine on which Rotterdam stands—the sea became brown and sandy, and the navigation was exceedingly difficult, owing to the number of large sand-banks which here encumber the sea in all directions. Sometimes it is found impossible to carry vessels up the river by this channel, and they are taken round to another large branch of the Rhine farther westward, by Helvoetsluys and Dort, which is of course attended with a loss of several hours.

This state of the tide being favourable, our vessel was dexterously carried over the difficult bar at the entrance to the Maas, and sailed up the river without any impediment. The Maas appeared to me to be as large as the Thames, with flat green banks, ornamented with rows of poplars and willows, and beyond them lay extensive fields devoted to the grazing of large herds of cattle. The Bril or Brielle is the first Dutch village that comes into view in ascending the river.† It lies on the left bank,‡ enclosed within a wall at a short distance from the river, and the tops of its houses and spire of its church are alone discernible. A better view is obtained of a small suburb on the river, and from that a boat with custom-house officers, as is usual, visited the vessel. The Brielle is interesting as being the birth-place of the Dutch admirals Tromp and De Witt, whom I shall by and bye have occasion to mention in connection with scenes which I visited. Having passed the Bril, the next places which occur are Vlaardingén and Schiedam, on the right or opposite bank. Schiedam stands back from the river, but is reached by a broad canal, and is conspicuous both by the smoke which issues from the chimneys of its distilleries, and the vast number of windmills which environ it. The whole horizon, in fact, in the direction of Schiedam, seems animated with life and bustle. In one point of sight we counted upwards of sixty windmills, all whirling round to a gentle breeze, and rais-

ing ideas in our minds of the industry, peace, and plenty, which prevail in the land. Schiedam, as is well known, is the chief seat of the manufacture of gin, or Hollands, as we call it in England. The quantity of that spirit produced here annually is very great, there being in Schiedam as many as a hundred distilleries, while many thousands of pigs are supported by the refuse of the malt employed in the manufacture. The gin of Schiedam, which I had afterwards various opportunities of tasting, is strong in quality but mild in flavour, and is usually sold in Holland for ninepence a bottle, or four shillings and sixpence a gallon—the price of the gallon on its importation into England being increased by freight and duties to about seven or eight and twenty shillings.

After threading its way among the islands and shoals of the Maas, and passing Delfshaven, the port of Delft, our steam-vessel towards noon shot in sight of Rotterdam, which lies on the right bank of the river, and is not seen till almost close upon it. The prospect was different from any thing we had previously known. We beheld stretching along the river for about a mile in length, and facing the south-west, a row of tall and massive trees in full leaf, behind which rose a line of houses to the height of four or five stories, and, though mostly built of dark-coloured brick, having, with their lofty doors and windows, an aspect of princely grandeur. This was the far-famed Boompjes (from *Boompjes*, signifying little trees), a street which has no parallel in Europe, and strikes every stranger with surprise. In front of the trees was the quay or retaining wall close on the water, and here lay a number of large merchant vessels of different nations, discharging their cargoes; also several steam-vessels carrying the Dutch or English flag, and engaged in coasting, or communicating with the Upper Rhine. Having submitted to a cursory exhibition of passports and luggage, the passengers were allowed to walk on shore, and betake themselves to their different hotels, of which there are several of large extent on the Boompjes.

ROTTERDAM.

Persons who are accustomed to see towns composed of streets with carriage-ways in the centre, behold Rotterdam much to astonish them. In penetrating through the town from the Boompjes, we come to street after street, each consisting of a wide harbour or haven of water in the middle, lined with trees on both sides, and exhibiting a mixture of lofty gable fronts of houses, trees, and masts of shipping, as odd as it is interesting. Water and water-craft meet the eye in every direction. You find yourself in the midst of a town in which it is difficult to say whether there are a greater number of houses or ships. The deep havens stretch lengthwise and crosswise, like the meshes of a net, through the city; and at every short interval is perceived a drawbridge of white painted wood, constructed with ponderous balancing beams overhead, and raised by means of chains, for the passage of vessels to and fro. The ground beneath the trees is paved with small yellow bricks, and is chiefly occupied as quays for the landing of goods. The space from the trees to near

* The writer was accompanied by his wife, and was afterwards joined by some London friends in his Rhenish excursion.

† Bril, in Dutch, signifies a pair of spectacles—figuratively, the name means the spectacles or outlook of Holland.

‡ Here and elsewhere the terms *left* and *right* signify the left and right in coming down, not going up, the Rhine; such being the proper geographical definition.

the houses is paved in the usual coarse manner for carts and carriages, and here the foot passengers are generally obliged to walk, for small outshot buildings, flights of steps to doorways, and such like interruptions, prevent any regular thoroughfare on the small brick trottoirs close by the houses. The straggling of foot passengers in the middle of the streets is therefore a distinct feature in all Dutch towns, and the only comfort is, that the streets are more than ordinarily clean for this mode of locomotion. The havens are in few places protected by chains from the streets, so that there is a constant liability to accidents, particularly at night, when the darkness is but poorly relieved by oil lamps dangling, Parisian fashion, from ropes stretched betwixt the trees and the houses. Latterly, a portion of Rotterdam has been lighted with gas; but, according to a parsimonious plan, the lamps are not lighted when the moon is expected to shine; so that, during many nights of theoretical moonlight, but practical darkness, a stranger would require to have a lantern carried before him, if he wished to avoid tumbling into one of the many havens which intersect his path. The deaths from drowning in the havens, I was informed, average one in the week throughout the year.

Having established a place for our temporary residence in the house of a respectable private family, I was speedily enabled to set about making all the inquiries which formed one of the objects of my journey. A very short residence in the town, and subsequent observation, served to convince me that the personal appearance and private character of the Dutch had been much misrepresented in England. The general idea in Great Britain respecting the Hollanders, is, that they are a heavy, lumpy people, slow in their movements, antiquated in their apparel, and altogether odd and grotesque in personal appearance. This, I take leave to say, is a misrepresentation. The dress of the people, high and low—with a few trifling exceptions afterwards to be mentioned—did not appear to me to differ from what is seen on the streets of London, the ordinary fashions being precisely the same. The personal bulk of the Dutch is also just what we see in the generality of Englishmen. The women of Holland, and perhaps Rotterdam in particular, are more than ordinarily beautiful. They are handsomely made, and their complexions possess a much greater clearness and freshness than is seen any where else on the continent, or even in any part of Britain.

The situation of the town eminently fits it as the seat of an extensive system of maritime traffic. From the condition of an insignificant fishing village on the Rotte, a small river uniting with the Maas, and from which the name of the placé is derived, the city has risen in the course of many centuries to be one of the principal towns of Holland. In the present day we find it, as I have mentioned, bounded on the south side by the Maas, a river at this place as large and deep as the Thames at Gravesend, and by which it holds the readiest communication, both with the sea at the distance of twenty miles, and with the whole of the countries on the Rhine. The waters of the Maas likewise fill and flow through its havens, so as to bring up ships to the very doors of the merchants in every quarter of the city; while on its inland side it has artificial canals, which proceed to every town in the country. The houses of the town have a respectable appearance. They are built of brick, mostly with pointed gable-ends to the streets, and most of them have been erected since the memorable period when the Spaniards were expelled from the country.

The great dyke which runs from the sea along the Maas passes through the centre of the town, forming a partially elevated site for the line of street called the Schotsche Dyke and Hoog Straat or High Street; all that part of the town exterior to the Dyke, and which contains the havens, being placed on ground which in the course of time has been gained from the river. There are shops in nearly all the streets, but few of

them possess the splendour or are of the extent one is accustomed to see in British cities, though they are all very clean and neat, and are in many cases attended by well-dressed females. The sign-boards in the Dutch language are among the most amusing things one sees in the town. The words "Te Koop" frequently occur, as, "Koffy en Thee te koop," meaning coffee and tea to sell. They reminded me of the old Scotch terms *koft* (bought), and *koop* (to exchange), which are in all probability from the same Teutonic root.

All these, however, are inferior symptoms of commerce to those which are observable alongside the havens. There the houses are constructed strictly with reference to great processes of trade, and in a very peculiar manner, which I am not aware has ever yet been described. Each house may be considered the castle of a merchant, who both resides with his family and carries on the whole of his commercial transactions within the same set of premises. The front part of the building exhibits an elegant door of lofty proportions—fifteen or twenty feet high, for instance—at the head of a flight of steps. On getting a glimpse into the interior, you see a lobby paved with pure white marble, and a stair of the same material leading to the story above, which consists of a suite of lofty rooms, and is the main place of residence of the family. Some of the rooms are finished in a style of great elegance, with rich figured cornices and roofs, silk draperies to the windows, smooth oak floors, and the walls most likely painted as an entire picture or landscape in oil by an artist of eminence. Near to the door of the house is a *port cocher*, or, in plain language, a coach-house door, which, on being thrown open from the street, discloses a wide paved thoroughfare leading to an inner court, the buildings around which are devoted to the whole warehousing department of the merchant. A small office within the entry, with the word *Kantoor* written over it, points out the counting-house of the great man of the establishment. Such is a merchant's house of Rotterdam. The bulk of the edifices of this great trading city are of the kind I describe, and therefore it may be readily supposed, that with little outward show a prodigious deal of solid business is transacted. On being conducted through a few of the establishments, I have felt surprise at the extraordinary amount of goods which were piled away, in places where nothing of the kind could be supposed by a stranger to exist.

Rotterdam, with a population of eighty thousand persons, is essentially a city of merchants. It has no aristocracy of birth or rank. Merchants are the greatest of its citizens, and in themselves constitute an aristocracy which has no parallel any where except in Amsterdam. They are an unostentatious, hard-toiling set of men, and seem to confine their attention to their own private circle and their business. Though in many instances possessing much wealth, they very rarely show any fancy for recreations of a refined character. Many of them, as I was informed on different occasions, scrupulously adhere to a practice of keeping always at least one-third of their savings, in the form of hard cash, in a strong box in their own possession. If such be the case, and it is quite consistent with all that I learned of the economical habits of the people, the amount of coined money locked up from public use in Holland must be immense. While at Rotterdam, I was told of various merchants who had realised great wealth by a lifetime of the most assiduous labour in their kantoor. One of the most remarkable men of this class is Mr Van Hoboken of Rhoon and Pendrecht, who lives on one of the havens. This individual began life as a merchant's porter, and has in process of time attained the highest rank among the Dutch mercantile aristocracy. He is at present the principal owner of twenty large ships in the East India trade, each, I was informed, worth about fourteen thousand pounds, besides a large landed estate, and much floating wealth of different descriptions. His establishment is of vast extent, and contains departments for the building of

ships, and manufacture of all their necessary equipments. This gentleman, until lately, was in the habit of giving a splendid fête once a-year to his family and friends, at which was exhibited with modest pride the porter's truck which he drew at the outset of his career. One seldom hears of British merchants thus keeping alive the remembrance of early meanness of circumstances.

Since the revolution of 1830, which separated Holland and Belgium, the foreign trade of Rotterdam has considerably increased, in consequence of the migration hither of merchants with their vessels from Antwerp, the prospect of trading with the colonies remaining in the possession of the Dutch, being, I believe, the chief inducement for this step. Upwards of two thousand vessels now enter the port annually, and of these above seventy are East India and Chinese traders, of from five hundred to seven hundred tons burthen. These Indianmen are truly handsome ships, well rigged, manned, and armed, and are not surpassed, in sailing powers or durability, by any similar class of merchantmen in Europe. At present, eight vessels for the East India trade are building. An Indianman of a particularly elegant shape was pointed out to me, lying moored in one of the havens. This beautiful vessel had accomplished a voyage to Java, and returned, in the space of six months. I mention these things merely to rectify the common error of imagining that all Dutch vessels are of a clumsy heavy fabric, incapable of competing with English craft. It is time for this vulgar error to be abandoned, as it is calculated to prove as prejudicial to English interests as it is really silly and unworthy.

The quantity of foreign produce brought to Rotterdam by its shipping, may be easily conceived. Low trucks or waggons, drawn by powerful black horses, are constantly seen on the streets, loaded with bags of coffee, sugar, cotton, and other articles; and the number of printed advertisements on the walls and bridges, making known public sales of goods just arrived in the port, attest the amount of traffic carried on.

The most remarkable class of shipping which one sees in the havens of Rotterdam, are the very strangely shaped vessels which sail up and down the Rhine, and are the carriers of foreign goods to the interior. These are constructed in the good old Dutch style, flat in the bottom, and rounded at stem and stern, with the timbers of a lightish yellow colour, and so highly varnished as to glance in the sun's beams. They are purposely made of this peculiar fashion, in order to answer the shallowness of the water in the river. The hold not being sufficiently ample to accommodate both goods and navigators, a wooden house is erected on the deck, and in this the whole family of the owners habitually live. These maritime dwelling-houses are by no means on a mean scale. As may be seen by the long row of windows on both sides, as well as by the chimneys and doors, they contain dining and drawing room, sleeping apartments, kitchen, and other accommodations for a large family. The windows are clean, with neat dimity curtains hanging in festoons, and verandahs outside, on which rows of red-painted flower-pots are placed, with some of those plants and rich-coloured flowers for which Holland is celebrated. The interior of the houses is also as neat and ornamental as any modern fashionable dwelling; clear burnished brass stoves, dark mahogany and oak furniture, and other means of comfort, being seen disposed on all sides. Of course I here speak only of the larger of this class of vessels, varying from four to five hundred tons burthen. Some are smaller, but all are constructed on the plan of a house on deck for the family of the owner. In proceeding up and down the Rhine, I had various opportunities of watching the management of this curious kind of water-craft. They are all drawn up the river, for perhaps a couple of hundred miles, by horses, which are driven along at the edge, and sometimes considerably within the edge, of the water—the poor hard-wrought animals being

yoked to a long rope coming from the top of the mast of the vessel, and are put to the height of their speed by riders, who yell and crack their whips like so many madmen. In coming down the river, the craft sails placidly with the current, and is assisted by sails and powerful rudders, so as to render the navigation comparatively easy. On these occasions the skipper may be seen with a long pipe in his mouth, enjoying the tranquil scene at the door of his dwelling, while the children are sporting round him on the deck, or peering with curiosity on their countenances at the steamer as it shoots past them up the stream. Families may thus be said to be born, live, marry, and die, on the floating craft of the Rhine, and its great lower branch the Maas, hardly knowing anything of dry land except the sight of the willowy banks of the river, and solely interested in the petty traffic that their barks enable them to carry on. Some of the vessels which I perceived in the havens of Rotterdam, resembled floating shops or dépôts of earthenware, a large space on the deck being covered with shelves rising above shelves to a great height, the whole burdened with articles of brown and glazed pottery, the fabrique of Germany, and brought in large open boats down the Rhine for disposal to the thrifty housewives of Rotterdam and the adjoining districts of Holland.

The stranger in Rotterdam has as much matter for amusing remark in some of the usages of the people, as he can experience in noticing the style of life in the floating habitations of the Rhine. The preservation of the life and health of the inhabitants, situated in the midst of so much water, is a subject of constant wonder. In fact, one is apt to inquire if dampness has the same injurious effects on the constitutions of the Dutch that it is supposed to have on those of the rest of mankind. Both on certain parts of the havens, and on the canals which intersect the town, as also on the *Cingel*, a belt of water anciently answering the purpose of a wet ditch (every Dutch town has its *cingel*, the term being derived from *cingo*, to gird)—on all these it is observed that lines of houses have been built sheer out of the water, the liquid quiescent mass pressing against the brick walls and within two or three feet of the lower range of back-windows of the dwellings. Frequently, for ornament and use, small wooden balconies, with tidily painted railings, have been projected from the edifices over the water, and on these are placed slips of green turf and boxes of plants, forming a species of shrubbery in miniature—in short, a back green, measuring twelve feet by three, and possessing the usual accompaniments of such a valuable domestic convenience. There is not only, however, water in front of the house and behind the house, but also water within the house. Into tanks or dungeons beneath a considerable number of the best order of habitations, the water of the havens flows through channels made for the purpose, and is from these dismal reservoirs pumped up to the kitchens in the higher parts of the dwelling. How far the "pure element" is affected by the circumstance of the havens receiving all the debris of the town, I am unable to say; but the fact of such a practice being pursued, and there being really no other public means of supplying water to the inhabitants, is so curious in city statistics, that I have thought it worth while to mention it. No guide-book omits to warn strangers of the danger of drinking the water of Rotterdam; but though this be attended to, nothing can avert the effects of a moist climate upon both the body and mind of the temporary sojourner in the town. Unfortunately, the domestic establishments of the Dutch are not generally of that description which can afford solacement to those accustomed to the comforts of a British home. A conspicuous deficiency in the ordinary class of houses, is the want of plastered ceilings to the rooms, such refinements being found chiefly in the elegant houses of the merchants. Overhead are seen the thick clumsy rafters and deal flooring of the apartment above, painted perhaps a dull green colour, so that, indepen-

dently of the unsightly appearance to the eye, much petty annoyance is experienced from hearing every movement in the room above. Then, the want of proper fires is quite intolerable, either in cold weather, or when any article of clothing requires to be dried. Coal is no doubt imported from England and the Rhine, and might be sold at a small rise on the price at Newcastle; but it is so highly taxed, that the poorer classes are unable to purchase it, and the fuel principally consumed is a species of native peat and wood, both of which are too expensive to be used in a lavish manner. Few fire-places on the English plan exist. Houses are heated with stoves of iron, jutting out from the walls into the apartments, and are frequently overhung by huge canopies or chimney-braces to receive the flues, bearing in some cases no distant resemblance to the overhanging canopies of church pulpits, and fringed round with a tester of white muslin or showy print, like the top of a good old-fashioned bed. In houses of modern date, the stove stands in a rounded recess in the wall; but in whatever way it is, the mode of heating is displeasing, not only to the sense of sight, but of smell. The aroma of peat scents the atmosphere, and, united with the odour of tobacco, forms a breathing fluid, possibly antiseptic in its nature, though any thing but agreeable to the feelings of those who are accustomed to inhale the unpolluted and bracing air of England.

It is pleasing to turn from the consideration of these little grievances, of which, after all, a stranger has no reason to complain, to the out-of-door sights and scenes which a foreign country presents to our inspection. One of the first public buildings to which I paid a visit was the Stadt House, a large modern structure, in the Grecian style of architecture, at the centre of the city, where the whole public business of the civic authorities is conducted. By the kindness of one of the functionaries, I was conducted, along with my friend Mr Shultze, a resident in the town, and who kindly acted as my interpreter, over this large establishment. Lofty lobbies, staircases, and corridors, lead to the apartments of the burgomaster and his council. We have nothing, as far as I am aware, in the town-halls of this country, to match with this public structure. The principal room is large and lofty in size, with walls of marble, and plentifully decorated with large mirrors, reaching nearly from the roof to the ground. In the centre of the apartment is a long table, with seats for the members of the Raad, or Council, twenty-five in number, who are elected to office by a constituency appointed by the householders. From this public hall, which, elegant as it was, fell much short of what I afterwards saw at Amsterdam, I was conducted to the dome on the summit of the edifice, from which a most extensive prospect of the town and country around is to be obtained. Looking southwards across the city, the Maas was perceived winding majestically onwards to the sea, with the rich plains of IJsselmonde on the opposite banks, and the lofty church tower of Dort in the distance. Turning towards the north-west, a large part of the extensive sea-bordered territory of Holland lay spread out as far as the eye could reach. The church towers of Scheidam and Delft seemed quite at hand, while the spires of the Hague, farther distant, were observed rising from the masses of trees which spread away towards the edge of the horizon. Gouda lay more in an easterly direction, while innumerable pretty villages sprinkled over the scene, and armies of windmills in every quarter, served to decorate and fill up the landscape. But one material point still remains to be adverted to. In the direction of Delft, the Hague, and Gouda, there was apparently about as much water as dry ground. The land was full of lakes, or the lakes were full of land—it is all the same which; and then the land was so singularly flat, green, and richly pastoral, with here and there straggling herds of those beautifully spotted cattle which Paul Potter loved so well to depict on his canvass. When a stranger sees this extraordinary

scene, lighted up and clothed in all the glory of summer, and reflects for a moment on the centuries of industry which have been employed to snatch so much valuable territory from the waves of the German Ocean, he will own that there is more moral interest in the subject of his contemplation than belongs to any equal extent of country on the globe.

DESCRIPTION OF THE COUNTRY.

The history of Holland, which the view of the physical condition of the country suggests, is perhaps the most interesting of that of any nation in Europe. The Dutch of all ranks are animated by a strong spirit of patriotism, which has come down to them from an extremely remote period, and is observable in many of their ordinary customs and forms of speech. Two thousand years ago, the Romans found the utmost difficulty in subduing them, and were surprised to find that they preferred freedom, with living on mounds amidst the waters, and eating fish left by the reflux tides, to incorporation with the Roman empire, and all the luxuries of a civilised people. The manner in which the country has been rendered habitable to human beings, is one of the most surprising facts in physical geography. The whole of the territory, from the Texel on the north, to pretty nearly Calais on the south, comprehending a large part of Holland and Belgium, and part of France, is in almost all parts perfectly level, and if it had not been indebted to art, would have been a general marsh, or included within the influence of the sea.

On looking at this extensive territory, and then proceeding inland to the higher regions of Germany, the conclusion naturally arises, that the whole of the Low Countries are simply an alluvial deposit, washed from the alpine regions of the interior. The land every where on being dug, is sand or clay. You may travel hundreds of miles, and never see a stone. At this present hour land is forming on the coast of Holland, and by a very obvious process. The waters of the Rhine in all its branches are exceedingly muddy, or loaded with particles of clay and sand, washed from the upper country, and these are carried out to sea, where they are sinking to the bottom, and forming sandbanks. At the mouth of the Maas, long sandy reaches, produced in this manner, are seen at certain states of the tide. Already they exhibit tufts of herbage, and are resorted to by flocks of sea-birds; and there can be no doubt, that, by a very little trouble, many square miles of new land might at present be added to the coast of Holland. The exact process by which the Low Countries have been saved from the sea, has never yet been fully detailed. Nature having in the first instance produced an alluvial marsh, a certain degree of art has been employed to raise barriers to prevent the influx of the sea; and this point being secured, the next step has been to drain the land, piecemeal, by pumping, the water being raised so as to flow off by channels into the sea at low tide. Much stress is usually laid by writers on the prodigious trouble taken by the Netherlanders to keep out the sea, by means of artificial bulwarks along the coast. But on this point there is some exaggeration, and one very material circumstance is entirely omitted to be noticed. It is only at certain places that great exertions are made, by means of artificial dykes, to keep out the sea. Nature, as if anxious to save the country from tidal inundation, has for centuries been energetically working to increase the magnitude of the mounds on the coast. At low water, when the bare beach is exposed to the action of the winds from the German Ocean, clouds of sand are raised into the air, and showered down upon the country for at least a mile inland; and this constantly going on, the result is, that along the whole line, from Haarlem to about Dunkirk or Calais, the coast consists of sandy mounds or downs, of great breadth, partially covered with grass and heath, but unfit for pasturage or any other pur-

pose. In some places these downs look like a series of irregular hills; and when seen from the tops of the steeples, they are so huge as to shut out the view of the sea. The traveller, in visiting them from the plains, all at once ascends into a region of desert barrenness. He walks on and on for miles in a wilderness such as might be expected to be seen in Africa, and at last emerges on the sea shore, where the mode of creation of this singular kind of territory is at once conspicuous. Loose particles of sand are blown in his face; and as he descends to the shore, he sinks to the ankle in the drifted heaps. In some parts of these dreary solitudes, the sandy soil has been prevented from rising with the wind and injuring the fertile country, by being sown with the seeds of a particular kind of bent grass, and in a few spots fir-trees have been successfully planted.

The struggles of the Hollanders with the surrounding waters, have been principally directed to those spots on the coast where there are no sand-drifts to raise natural mounds, and to the margins of rivers. In these places, regularly constructed dykes or bulwarks of earth, laced with willows, have been planted, and carefully kept in repair. The borders of the country being thus on all sides secured, the last operation for realising dry ground has consisted in raising low green mounds in all directions across the land, so as to enclose sections or fields, which may be cleared by the individual proprietors. Every enclosure of this kind is called a polder. It has wet ditches all round and through its centre, into which the water subsides. In order to draw off the water at first to a proper level, and to keep it afterwards in subjugation, windmills are stationed to work pumps, and by these the water is drawn off and sent in channels along the top of the dykes to the main canals, which intersect the country on a level with the sea. The due management of the polders is a matter of prime importance in Dutch farming, for they yield rich crops of herbage, and may be rendered very valuable to the dairyman. Occasionally, in travelling through the country, we have observed a polder of fifty acres in extent completely submerged in water, so as to resemble a lake; and in a few places may be seen tracts of water, miles in extent, only yet in the process of being cleared away. Such masses of water as this are usually the remains of some direful inundation of the sea or lower branches of the Rhine, and require years of toil for their removal. The Zuyder Zee, which resembles a great inland lake, and measures 1200 square miles, covers land which was dry and habitable in the thirteenth century; and the Haarlem sea, which lies like a great firth between the town of Haarlem and Amsterdam, is in a similar manner the result of an inundation of a more modern date.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES.

The attachment which the Dutch show to their *Vaderland*, or *Fatherland*, as they commonly term it, is ascribable as much to their political disasters, as to the trouble they have had in securing their country from the sea. Few nations have suffered so much from the oppression of intrusive foreigners, and few have shown such noble determination in securing freedom. It is impossible to visit Holland without becoming less or more acquainted with stories and incidents connected with the period when the Spaniards intruded themselves on the country. That is the great era to which the Dutch constantly recur with pride, and they may well be excused for feeling vain of the fact, that a mere handful of traders and fishermen, living in the midst of marshes, fairly vanquished and expelled the armies of one of the most powerful monarchies in Europe. A few words in passing on this glorious struggle, will assist in illustrating scenes to which I shall afterwards advert.

In the eleventh and twelfth centuries, the Netherlands were composed of various districts or municipi-

palities, governed by dukes and other nobles, of whom the Counts of Flanders were the most powerful. The possessions of these latter personages, in the year 1383, passed into the hands of Philip, Duke of Burgundy, by his marriage with Margaret, daughter of Louis de Male, Count of Flanders; and partly by employing force, Philip's descendants obtained the sovereignty of the greater part of the Low Countries—the people, however, who were already signalled by their industry and love of independence, being permitted to retain all their valuable mercantile and civil privileges. In the year 1477, Charles the Bold, the last Duke of Burgundy, was killed in battle, leaving an only daughter, Mary, to inherit his possessions. This lady was married to Maximilian of Austria, and her grandson was Charles V. of Spain, in whom was centred the Netherlandish and Spanish sovereignty. This union, which took place in 1548, proved a most unhappy event for the luckless citizens of Holland and the adjoining provinces. Having embraced the religious principles of the early reformers, the Batavians and Belgians were treated with considerable severity by Charles, among other measures subjecting them to a modified species of inquisition. Still, as Charles did not absolutely infringe upon the trading privileges of the people of the Netherlands, they were not without hope of seeing the revival of religious independence. At the period of Charles's death, 1558, the southern provinces of the Low Countries, particularly Flanders and Brabant, were in the enjoyment of an extensive commerce, and the merchants lived in a style of unexampled luxury. The Scheldt, at Antwerp, was continually crowded with vessels engaged in a lucrative traffic with all parts of Europe; while Bruges and Ghent were also great entrepôts of manufactures and trade. It is stated by a historian that the value of the wool annually imported for manufacture into the Netherlands from England and Spain amounted to 4,000,000 pieces of gold. The following anecdote has been often related, in illustration of the sumptuous style of living of the opulent merchants at this period. A repast was given by one of the Counts of Flanders to certain Flemish magistrates, and the chairs they occupied were unfurnished with cushions. The proud burghers, not being satisfied with the bare seats, folded their valuable velvet cloaks, and sat upon them. After the feast, they were retiring and apparently neglecting to retain these costly articles of dress, of which a courtier begged to remind them; but the burgomaster of Bruges replied, "We Flemings are not in the habit of carrying away the cushions after dinner!" And so the whole of the cloaks were left behind.

It was at this period of general prosperity that Philip II. (husband of Queen Mary of England, the predecessor of Elizabeth) commenced his oppressive reign. Animated with a most uncompromising zeal for the preservation of the Romish church, he spared no pains to exterminate the doctrines and forms of worship of the Reformers, whom he pursued with relentless cruelty; besides laying for the first time serious pecuniary burdens on the people. Trade was now paralysed, great numbers of industrious artizans fled to England, and the native counts or nobles, with armed bands of provincials, placed themselves in opposition to the royal authority. Philip had not reckoned on such a degree of resistance to his measures, and, thinking to bring the disturbances to an end, dispatched General Alva to the Netherlands with a powerful army from Spain (1567), and at the same time ordered the Inquisition to proceed with the utmost rigour. The unhappy people had now no resource left but in the wisdom, public spirit, and influence of their native leaders who adopted the cause of civil liberty. Of these leaders, the principal were William Prince of Orange, and the Counts Egmont and Horn. These latter, however, were seized by order of Alva, and barbarously executed at Brussels (1568), while William Prince of Orange was compelled for a time to take refuge in the country of his relation in Nassau. From

this retreat he returned to the Low Countries, with a chosen army to compete with Alva and his troops; and from this period, for a space of ten or twelve years, both the northern and southern provinces of the Netherlands were in a state of civil war, and in the endurance of most dreadful sufferings. The result of this great war of civil liberty is well known. Headed by William, the Dutch provincials set the whole force of the Spanish monarchy at defiance. In 1579, the seven northern provinces, who had become thoroughly Protestant—Holland, Zealand, Utrecht, Guelderland, Friesland, Overijssel, and Groningen—concluded a treaty of union, by which they declared themselves entirely independent of the Spanish yoke. Thus began the famed republic of the Seven United Provinces, which afterwards rose to the condition of the first maritime and trading nation in the world. It was not, however, till as late as the year 1648, that the provinces were altogether freed from the embarrassments of a war with Spain, or had their independence fully recognised. Meanwhile, the southern provinces of the Netherlands, now known by the name of Belgium, were less successful in their opposition, and they long remained subject to Spanish rule, thus losing all their commerce, and entailing upon themselves those religious distinctions by which they are at the present day characterised.

Although nearly two hundred and fifty years have elapsed since the war in Holland against the Spaniards, the recollection of the struggle is still vividly maintained throughout the country. Every town, village, and hamlet, has its traditions of the atrocities committed by the cruel Alva and his associates. In Rotterdam, a fearful story of this nature is told. In the year 1572, the Spanish general Count de Bossu, with a number of troops, got admittance into the town, under pretence of merely wishing to pass through it; no sooner, however, were the soldiers fairly within the walls, than they commenced an indiscriminate slaughter, murdering all who attempted to oppose them, and entering the houses and slaying the defenceless inhabitants. A house at the corner of the great market-place is still pointed out, as one in which the inhabitants succeeded in saving their lives by the following desperate stratagem. They killed some cats which were in the house, and allowed their blood to flow out at the door into the street, which they purposely left open. The Spanish soldiers, on coming to this house, concluded, on seeing the blood on the paved entrance, that some of their comrades had already been there and done their work, and so passed on. Thus were the lives of the inmates saved. During my stay in Rotterdam, I had the curiosity to visit the spot where this event is said to have occurred, and there was shown to me on the wall of the house above the doorway a tablet of Dutch tiles, with a representation of the cats killed on the occasion of the massacre. The house is called from the circumstance, "Duizend Vreesen," or Thousand Fears.

The period which immediately succeeded the establishment of national independence, was one of great prosperity, and Holland for a long time, by means of well-manned ships, and the brave admirals Tromp and De Ruyter, maintained the dominion of the sea; and headed by William Prince of Orange (afterwards William III. of England), actually humbled the power of Louis XIV. Its contests, however, with England, France, and Spain, exhausted its resources, and, with another cause, now to be mentioned, led to internal discord.

From an early period of national independence, a difference in religious opinions had divided the people into two great factions, Calvinists and Arminians, the former being Orangists, or sticklers for the intrusion of a monarchical principle into the constitution, and the latter being pure republicans. The Calvinists, as the most powerful, carried religious persecution to such an extremity at the beginning of the seventeenth century, that they employed both the prison and the scaffold

to maintain their ascendancy. Barneveldt, an eminent statesman, who had adopted the sentiments of the Arminians, was, by a gross perversion of justice, condemned to death, and publicly executed (13th of May 1619), while his friend Grotius was consigned for life to the castle of Louvestein, but from which he was so fortunate as to effect his escape. These form dark passages in the history of Holland, and serve to impress us with the conviction, that, at the period to which we refer, toleration of religious opinion was not understood, even by those who had themselves suffered from persecution. During the seventeenth century, Holland formed a place of secure refuge to the persecuted Presbyterians of Scotland, but we must not, on that account, imagine that perfect freedom of religious opinion existed at that era in Holland. The refugee Presbyterians were Calvinists; hence they were received with good will by the Orange or Calvinist party, which, as just mentioned, was the most powerful and most able to afford protection. The Calvinists of Holland, indeed, carried on very nearly the same kind of war against the Arminians as Charles I. and II., for the sake of Episcopacy, carried on against the Scotch Presbyterians. For example, for many years after the assembly of divines at Dort (1618-19), the Arminians in Rotterdam were not allowed to have a place of public worship, or even to assemble in any place whatever. Their meetings, when they did take place, were frequently interrupted and dispersed by the military, and lives were sometimes lost on such occasions. Lutherans, Quakers, Roman Catholics, and other religious bodies, suffered similar persecutions in Holland in the course of the seventeenth century, as is testified by the existence in Rotterdam of various chapels in obscure situations, concealed by dwelling-houses in front.

In 1747, the great question of monarchical ascendancy in Holland was set at rest, by the triumphs of the Orangists, and the appointment of William IV., Prince of Orange, as hereditary stadtholder in all the seven provinces. For about thirty or forty years the republicans were quieted; but on the outbreaking of the French revolution, they commenced the agitation of the old question, and were instrumental in allowing the pacific conquest of Holland by the French republican army. The Batavian republic was formed in May 1795; and from this period till the peace in 1814, Holland was dragged an unwilling victim in the chains of France. Its constitution was changed several times in the interval, its trade entirely ruined, its colonies were lost, and its domestic peace gone. One of the cruellest cuts of all, was the obligation of following Napoleon in all his wars, while the people were at the same time carefully prevented from participating in French commerce.

From these distresses Holland was relieved by the peace of 1814, when, by a resolve of the Congress of Vienna, it was united with Belgium in forming the kingdom of the Netherlands; William, Prince of Orange, being created king. This was doubtless a well-meant, but it was a short-sighted, arrangement. The Belgians and Dutch, though originally a very similar people, had from circumstances become widely different. The king, with the best intentions, endeavoured to render them one, but unfortunately he stung the prejudices of both, particularly the Belgians, upon whom he endeavoured to force the Dutch language. This was a most impolitic step, for the language universally spoken in Belgium by all respectable persons, is French, a tongue infinitely superior in fluency, literature, and general convenience, to either the Flemish or Dutch. The progress of discontent from this cause, and also from the pressure of excessive imposts, need not be minutely detailed; it is well known that the Belgians, with foreign assistance, effected a revolution in 1830, expelled the Orange family from the country, and soon after established the present constitution, with Leopold as king.

The kingdom of Holland now consists of the following provinces, all lying on the north-east side of the lower

main branches of the Rhine—North Brabant, Guelderland, North Holland, South Holland, Zealand, Utrecht, Friesland, Overijssel, Groningen, Drenthe, being ten in number, containing in 1833 a population of 2,444,550. The chief colonial possessions of Holland are now Java and Surinam.

RELIGIOUS INSTITUTIONS.

Holland has been long noted as a Protestant state, though it contains a large section of Roman Catholics and other religionists. By the latest census, the population is divided into 1,541,748 Protestants, 836,920 Roman Catholics, and 45,493 Jews, besides a few thousands of other sects. Of the Protestants, the greater part are Calvinists, the others being Lutherans, Mennonites or Baptists, and Remonstrants or Arminians.

The Calvinists compose what is styled the Reformed Church of Holland, which is strictly Presbyterian, and established by a law in 1816. It resembles that which is established in Scotland, both with respect to doctrine and ritual of public worship, and in the same manner enjoys the use of the old parochial churches. It, however, differs from the Church of Scotland in one respect, namely, in the observance of certain holidays throughout the year. These days are Easter, Ascension day, Whitsunday, and Christmas. On the last and first day of the year, also, divine service is performed in the churches. The Sabbath is kept with more strictness than in most parts of the continent, but less so than it is in Scotland. I observed that both stage-coaches and treckschuits plied on Sundays, and that the people recreated themselves out of doors as in England. The clergy are salaried dependents on the public treasury. The Rev. W. Steeven, in his "Brief View of the Dutch Ecclesiastical Establishment," thus describes the existing arrangements on this point. "At the Reformation, the property which then belonged to the church was set apart for the use and maintenance of the newly established clergy. From this valuable fund, the ministers received a large proportion of their salaries; the local regencies making up the remainder. During the revolutionary period at the close of last century, this fund was seized, and declared national property. Now that the fund in question has merged into that of the state, the whole stipend has been paid by the government; the aggregate amount for the year 1838 being 1,025,785 guilders. The maximum salary is about £200—the minimum little more than £50; but country ministers have a free house, glebe, and garden." The clergy now amount to 1450, and the number of places of worship is 1240; the number of persons belonging to the establishment in 1838 was 1,518,700. "The ministers (continues the same author) are increased according to the demands of the population. A village, or district, whose inhabitants, belonging to the Reformed Church, do not exceed 200 souls, is, when a vacancy occurs, united to an adjoining parish. Unless where weighty reasons can be adduced, a community under 1600 is entitled to one pastor only. The legal allotment of clergymen for the supply of the Reformed Church is as follows:—Population 1600 to 3000 two ministers, 3000 to 5000 three, 5000 to 7000 four, 7000 to 10,000 five, 10,000 to 13,000 six, 13,000 to 16,000 seven, 16,000 to 20,000 eight; for every additional 5000 souls, in a town or district, another minister is allowed by government. Ministers of towns have districts allotted to them, but they have no particular church in which they stately preach. Each section has its own clergyman and elders. Rotterdam has a population of 80,000, about the half of which number appertain to the Reformed Church. Belonging to the latter, there are twelve ministers, of whom the two oldest in point of ordination have but half duty to perform. For the information of the inhabitants, a printed list, called a *Dominie's Brieftje*, is on sale every Saturday, announcing the diets of the several preachers in the four Reformed Churches for the subsequent Sunday, and likewise the week-day services."

Perhaps it is not generally known that the Presbyterian Churches in Holland, consisting of Scotch or English congregations, and ministered to by clergymen from Great Britain, form part of the Dutch ecclesiastical establishment, and are equally supported by government. The Scotch Church in Rotterdam, which has been in existence for upwards of two centuries, is thus a member of the national establishment. The clergy of the Dutch church are a well-educated and respectable body of men. They are ordinarily dressed in a black old-fashioned suit of garments, with a three-cornered cocked hat, and individually receive the appellation of *Dominie* from their parishioners.

I had several opportunities during my stay in Rotterdam of visiting the churches of the establishment. The principal is the church of St Laurence, situated in an inner part of the town. This old and massive structure, whose lofty square turret rises conspicuous over all other spires in the city, is built of brick in the usual Gothic style of cathedrals, and dates its origin as far back as the year 1412. The interior has been swept of all the ornaments which it possessed prior to the Reformation, excepting the enclosed choir of old wood-work, in which once stood the high altar, and which is separated from the transepts by a fine tall screen or railing of brass. The only furniture, however, which appears on the floor of the choir, is a small pulpit or reading-desk, and here the religious ceremonial of marriage is performed by a clergyman, after it has been sanctioned and recorded by the civil authorities. The floor of the transepts of the church, and also of the side aisles, in which of old stood various altars, is bare and open, and is completely laid with hard blue stones carved as monuments for the graves which they cover. I here, for the first time, noticed a peculiarity in monumental erections, which I afterwards observed in every church in Holland which I visited. This is the defaced condition of the coats of arms. Most tombstones have had the arms of the persons they commemorate engraved upon them, and in every instance the shields in these blazons have been carefully effaced. No matter whether it be the tombstone of a burgher, or a noble, or the marble monument of one of those great admirals whom the Dutch are so proud of, the same indignity has been put upon it. I learned that this general defacement was the work of the French during their occupation of the country, their object being to destroy every vestige of Dutch nationality, and leave no memorial of family distinction.

The church of St Laurence contains only three monuments to distinguished public characters—the Admirals De Witt, Kortnaer, and Brakel. The two former flourished about the middle of the seventeenth century, and with Tromp and De Ruyter coped with, and occasionally overcame, the fleets of England; Brakel lived at a somewhat later date. The monuments, placed against the wall in the transepts, are chiefly of white marble, with reclining figures of the warriors of the same material. On each is a poetical inscription commemorative of the character and deeds of the deceased. The lines on the tomb of Kortnaer are literally translated as follows:

The hero of the Maas, although wanting an eye and the right hand,
Was the eye of the helm, and the fist of his fatherland.
Alas! the great Kortnaer, the terror of the enemies' fleets,
And the opener of the Sound, lies in this grave shut up.

The lines to Brakel give a good idea of a fiery Dutch admiral—

By chains, thunders, lead, steel, and flashes of lightning,
To fly and seize upon plunder from the enemies' ground,
Was the work of Brakel, who snatched his triumphs from the burning;
His name and warlike virtue ornament his grave and country.
Shot 1690, in a battle with the French.

The only part of the church devoted to the religious service, is the nave, which is filled on each side with plain rising benches, the middle being entirely occupied with eight hundred rush-bottomed chairs disposed in regular rows, and appropriated as seats for the

female members of the congregation. At one side, resting against a pillar, stands the pulpit of old black oak, with a large flat sounding-board overhead. I mention this canopy, in order to introduce a notice of a practice which might be advantageously transplanted to Britain. For evening service, a lamp is placed in such a manner in the centre of the sounding-board as to throw down a strong light both on the clergyman's person and on the book which lies before him. The effect is exceedingly striking, and appears to be superior to the usual plan of lighting pulpits in this country. At the end of the nave, over the main doorway, stands the organ, a stupendous structure, resting on twelve marble pillars with brass capitals, and reaching to a height of ninety feet. On its summit, under the vaulted roof, is fixed a fine figure of an angel blowing a trumpet, which, with various tasteful ornaments, gives an appearance of lightness to the fabric. This organ, which is of modern erection, consists of five thousand and eighty-four pipes, with seventy-three stops, and is reckoned equal to that of Haarlem in point of size and tone. On a marble tablet underneath it, there is a long inscription in Dutch, the beginning of which is thus translated: "To the Holy Trinity, this organ is reverently consecrated by the honourable the church-wardens of the city of Rotterdam: 1792."

The forms of public worship which I observed in the church of St Laurence, differ very little from those followed by the Scottish Presbyterians. The only remarkable peculiarity which I observed in the service, was the reading of a chapter and singing a hymn by the precentor, previous to the entrance of the clergyman, also the use of an organ in assisting the psalmody. The custom of the women sitting apart on chairs in the centre of the church, was new to me, and I suppose is of ancient origin. Nothing can be more decorous than the devout demeanour of the whole congregation, many of whom engage for a few minutes in mental prayer on entering the church, and also when the psalms are about to be sung. I shall never forget the impression made on my mind, on hearing the congregation swelling the note of praise, and giving utterance with their whole heart to sentiments of devotion. The voices of the people, combined with the loud and thrilling peals of one of the largest organs in the world, formed a burst of sound like the roar of thunder, and seemed as if fit to rend the ancient Gothic structure to its foundation.

Although the Presbyterian church is thus cherished in a peculiar manner by the state, the clergy of all the other religious bodies in the country, recognised by the law, Roman Catholic as well as Protestant, also receive salaries from the public purse, and hence it may be said that religion in Holland is universally dependent on the favour and patronage of the reigning civil power.

In 1834, a schism of a serious nature broke out in the church of Holland. As far as I could ascertain, the Separatists, and those friendly to their sentiments, amount at present to about 8000 or 10,000. They are dissatisfied with the laxity which prevails in church government, and they assert that in a number of instances the ecclesiastical courts have not, as they ought to have done, condemned the heterodox sentiments published by ministers of the body. They maintain that the gospel is not faithfully preached by a great proportion of the clergy, and that, when the Reformed Church was re-organised in the year 1816, the direction was placed in too limited a number of individuals. The first seceders, prompted by zeal, acted with inconsiderate violence, and made most unreasonable demands. They demanded possession of certain churches, and actually attempted their unlawful seizure; they also sought to be supported by the state, like the already acknowledged ecclesiastical bodies. These proceedings were opposed with equally inconsiderate violence by the civil authorities. Still, the schism was not stopped. The dissenters, as we may call them, petitioned the king for liberty to form themselves

into a distinct and recognised body. This permission has not yet been granted, it being alleged that it would interfere with the security for the maintenance of the poor, the education of youth, and be otherwise inconvenient. His majesty says, that he has no power to sanction an act by which the Reformed Church would be virtually dissolved, and that, were he to sanction the schism, he would be giving a precedent to every congregation within his kingdom to erect its own mode of worship. According to the fundamental law, or constitution, complete freedom of opinion and worship is granted, but to the Reformed Church is given a law of self-preservation. He maintains that he cannot extend protection to a communion which is not sanctioned by the law. Here the matter rests. Whatever may be the exact particulars of the schism, it is perfectly clear that the king or the law—I care not which—has prevented a large body of the people from publicly worshipping God according to their own ideas of what is right. The case seems to resemble that of the movement for a secession from the church of Scotland about a century ago, but with the material difference, that the Scotch seceders, like all other dissenting bodies in the country, were left at perfect liberty to form themselves into a communion altogether distinct from that of the established church. However the matter may terminate, it is gratifying to think that Christianity is in no shape likely to suffer. The Dutch of all persuasions, in the present day, as I have reason to believe, are universally distinguished for their piety, their regard for the ordinances of religion, and their considerate forbearance towards each other's opinions.*

MANNERS OF THE PEOPLE.

The spirit of system, or precise long-authorized method, united with the decorous love of order, forms the most remarkable trait in the manners of the Dutch. In all departments of their social economy, they seem to act upon an established rule, from which it would be a species of heresy to depart. There are rules for visiting, for sending complimentary messages, for making announcements of domestic events, for courtship, for out-of-door recreations, for bestowing alms—in short, there is a certain way in which every thing shall be done, and no other way is right. In all public thoroughfares, the utmost decorum prevails, whether by night or day. Such is the precision of manners, that it is considered improper for a married lady to be seen walking with her arm in any other than that of her husband; or for a young unmarried female to lean upon the arm of any gentleman, unless she be regularly affianced to him with the concurrence of her parents.

The next most remarkable trait in the habits of the people, is their love of cleanliness, though it is difficult to reconcile this with the practice of making their havens at once a receptacle for all offensive matter,

* Since writing the above, I have learned by a paragraph in the Rotterdam Courant, February 23, 1839, that the king has permitted the dissenters to form a separate communion at Utrecht, all hindrances which previously prevented him taking such a step being removed:—

"On the 14th February 1839, his Majesty, the King of the Netherlands, decreed that a separate Christian community be permitted in the town of Utrecht, governed according to regulations accompanying this decree. This congregation shall exercise their public worship in the building named *Sint Do Gloria*, formerly used for the religious services of the Roman Catholics of de Clercy, and situated on the Nieuwgracht at Utrecht. As her first directors are recognised H. P. Scholte, charged at once with preaching and dispensing the sacraments, H. G. Klyn, E. Fokke, and P. W. Lothes; also as deacons, J. Veldhuysen, and A. M. Van Benjen." The congregation is to be subject to all the ordinary government regulations with respect to religious bodies, and shall, among other stipulations, engage to take care of its own poor, and not seek any assistance for the maintenance of its worship from the government chest.

and a reservoir for water for daily use. Such is the moistness of the climate, that extreme cleanliness is a matter of urgent necessity. Be this as it may, it is quite exhilarating to see the active cleanly habits of the people. Go into a kitchen, no matter in what dwelling, and there see the perfect brilliancy of every thing around—the pure white marble floor, the walls covered with glittering porcelain tiles, the fireplace a stove of brick and tiles, with not a particle of dust visible, and the saucepans of copper, polished to the brightness of mirrors. Next, go into the streets, and see the servant girls in their white cotton stockings and wooden shoes (the latter used only for the occasion) scrubbing the brick pavement and causeway in front of the house, and slashing the water about the windows and doors with buckets and a small brass forcing-pump. See all this, and acknowledge that the Dutch females are animated by a strong and all-pervading love of cleanliness.

In our various walks we were much amused with observing that every house has one or more mirrors in frames, fixed by means of iron rods on the outsides of the windows, and at such an angle as to command a complete view either of the doorway, or of all that passes on the street. These looking-glasses are universal in Holland, both in town and country, and are the solace of the ladies while following their domestic avocations. In cold weather females enjoy a comfort of a different kind. Each is permitted by fashion to use a small footstool, in the form of a square box, open at one side, into which a saucer of live peat is put, and the heat being allowed to escape through perforations on the upper side of the box, both the feet and limbs are kept in a state of agreeable warmth. These fire-stools are seen every where, even in the churches, and are indispensable to the comfort of the ladies of Holland. The peat used is remarkably fine, and being previously brought to a state of red heat all over, it is free of any visible smoke. Every tea-kettle and urn which one sees brought to table, is kept boiling by a simple apparatus of this kind; and by the same plan coffee is kept hot, and obtainable in every quarter at all hours of the day. Trifling as such a convenience may appear, I ascribe to it much that is beneficial to the community. In consequence of coffee of the best kind being sold in Holland at a shilling per pound, and there existing a very simple means of keeping it always ready for use, this beverage is most extensively used by the lower as well as higher orders of society, and in a great measure occupies the place which is in England filled with some kind of intoxicating liquors.

The degree of external decorum prevalent among the general population of Holland, is, curiously enough, broken in upon during certain annual fairs, or *kermis*, on which occasions something like saturnalia prevails—a great deal of amusement is executed at once, and done with, until the recurrence of the festival in the succeeding year. The great annual kermis, or fair of Rotterdam, occurred during my stay in the place. In all the principal streets beneath the umbrageous trees which line the havens, temporary wooden booths and houses were erected, and in these a display of all kinds of light and fancy goods was made. Among the odd and striking costumes of the dealers from distant places, which here meet the eye, we readily singled out those of the females of North Friesland. These women, with bright blue eyes, flaxen hair, and fresh ruddy complexions, are the perfect living representations of the pure Gothic race. They are selected for their beauty and liveliness of manner by travelling dealers in goods, who hire and bring them from their native district, in order to assist in the sale of articles in the booths. The chief peculiarity of their attire is in the head-dress. Round plates of gold, or silver, or perhaps silver gilt, are fitted closely to the head on both sides, and joined together by a narrow stripe behind. This costly and glittering species of helmet, which is open at top and front, reaches to the ears, and there two ornaments of the same metal are in-

serted. The shape of these ornaments is worth mentioning. They are made precisely in the form of a ram's horn, being twisted like a cork-screw, and their points arranged so as to project to a level with the face. From these strangely twisted wires, hang large stone or gold pendants. Over the head-plates a small cap of richly wrought lace with a straight border is placed. I had the curiosity to inquire the price of some of these gay head-garnitures, and found that they occasionally cost as much as sixteen pounds of English money. This may seem a large sum for females in a comparatively humble rank of life to expend on a single article of jewellery; but outlays of this nature are quite common among the lower classes of Dutchwomen. The first consideration, after procuring the simplest attire, is the saving of money to purchase gold necklaces, ear-rings, and other trinkets. Many female domestic servants in Rotterdam may thus be seen with twenty pounds' worth of jewellery about their persons. In these things, indeed, they have much pride, for they constitute their dowry, and if need be, in the event of marriage, are devoted to the acquisition of necessary articles for their household; they also are viewed as the means of liquidating the expenses of their interment in a respectable manner, should no other fund exist for that necessary purpose. An unmarried Dutch female in humble life, therefore, who cannot make a good show of jewellery, is viewed as at once thriftless and poor, and has accordingly little chance of receiving the addresses of a suitor.

Among the vast array of booths at the Rotterdam fair, the *waffle krams*, or shops for the sale of cakes and confectionery, are most conspicuous and numerous. These are fitted up in a style of considerable neatness. In the highly decorated part, open to the street, is seen a large fire of blazing wood, beside which a man constantly sits, engaged in cooking a peculiar kind of thin cakes called *waffles*. These are rapidly baked by an iron apparatus resembling a huge pair of pincers, and are served up all hot to the customers, who crowd the other end of the booth, which is laid out in the form of a small coffee-room. At some of these krams, the only articles of sale are pickled vegetables and hard-boiled eggs, which are eaten in great quantities by certain classes of the people, and at a very small cost. At a kram opposite the window of our dwelling, we had frequently occasion to see persons stand for a few minutes, and individually devour eight or ten eggs, with a corresponding quantity of pickles. During the evenings of the fair-days, the population of the city, high and low, crowds to the booths, where horsemanship, rope-dancing, and theatrical entertainments, are carried on. Towards the conclusion of the festival, which lasts ten days, the fair becomes more intense and uproarious; and when Saturday night closes the scene, the surfeited citizens bid good-bye to any thing beyond ordinary recreations for at least twelve months to come. I was glad to learn that these fairs are annually declining; and there can be no doubt, that as society improves, they will dwindle into that insignificance which similar festivals have come to in this country.

Laying out of view the periodical outbreaks at the annual fairs, the general habits of the Dutch are extremely orderly; and neither drunkenness nor any of that nocturnal indecency is seen on the public thoroughfares, which disgrace every large town in Britain with which I am acquainted. Serious crimes, such as murder, housebreaking, and robbery, are exceedingly rare; and although the towns are crowded with strangers during the fairs, and there are then plenty of valuable goods in a most unprotected state on the streets, offences requiring judicial correction are exceedingly limited in number. In walking through the densest crowds by night or day, we never felt the smallest alarm for the safety of either our persons or property. Those who know the Dutch intimately, have mentioned to me that the people pos-

sees keen acquisitive desires, and will go to the very verge of honesty to satisfy them, but that they want that adventurousness or fearlessness of consequences which leads to positive crime in Britain. This, however, is a point of extreme difficulty, for what is termed want of fearlessness may be in reality due moral regulation of conduct, and a result of early school and religious training.

It should likewise be remembered, that, from the universal industry of the people, there is comparatively little abject poverty, except among the aged and infirm, and consequently little occasion to commit crime from the influence of want.

In no country, also, are the poor so well taken care of as in Holland. I am quite aware of the truth in economical science, that alms-giving is a misdirection of the sentiment of benevolence, and that it is in all cases desirable that no such thing as pauperism should exist. The time may possibly arrive when the moral and intellectual faculties of our race will be so far improved, and the social condition so arranged, that pauperism, unless from sheer misfortune, will be scarcely known; nevertheless, in the meanwhile, it is absolutely necessary that the necessities of our poorer brethren should be cared for, and this the Dutch do in a spirit the most discreet and commendable. Amsterdam is full of hospitals for persons in decayed circumstances and for orphans, and Rotterdam contains a number of the same description, including a common poor-house, which at present maintains 600 individuals of both sexes. From another establishment in Rotterdam connected with the management of the poor, six thousand loaves of bread are dispensed weekly, as also medicines of all kinds. I had not an opportunity of visiting any of the hospitals for orphans in Rotterdam, but frequently saw the inmates in their neat uniform dresses walking on the street, or going to church, and their appearance was exceedingly creditable to those who had the management of them. One very material difference between the British and Dutch charitable institutions deserves to be noticed. No eleemosynary establishments in Holland are seen in edifices costing £30,000 in their erection; all are plain brick buildings of modest appearance, and the inmates enjoy a degree of comfort in proportion.

The funds for the support of the general poor in Holland are for the most part raised by voluntary contributions in the churches and elsewhere. Every opportunity is taken to levy a small sum for this purpose. The opening of an improved foot-path, or the execution of any other work of public convenience, forms an appropriate occasion for placing a box with *Gedekt van Armen* (think of the poor) inscribed above it. During the severe frosts of last winter, when the Maas was frozen over at Rotterdam, temporary gangways communicating from the quay to the ice were erected by the public authorities, and produced, as I was told, several hundred pounds of toll for the poor. A still more effectual plan of raising funds for the poor, consists in levying a per-centage on the price of all tickets of admission to theatres, exhibitions, shows, or other public amusements; this tax, I believe, is about a penny in every shilling of the admission money. In the churches, the collections for the poor are made by the deacons of the congregation; a small black velvet bag, with a bell as a tassel, is fixed to the end of a long rod, and placed before each person for his alms. The quantity of money fished in this way is, as may be supposed, pretty considerable, for every one feels impelled to put something in the bag. Greatly to the honour of the Dutch, they have no respect for persons or creeds in exercising the sacred office of almoners. Public collections take place once a quarter in Rotterdam for the poor of the Jewish persuasion; these collections are sometimes made by the deacons of the different churches, who go from door to door through the whole town with a silver salver in their hands to receive the donations.

EDUCATION IN HOLLAND.

It is to the epoch of the republic set up by the French in Holland, that the Dutch trace the system of elementary instruction which they now possess. The law which ordained the institution and regulation of primary schools, was promulgated under the sanction of the Grand Pensionary, or elective president, in April 1806, two months previous to the accession of Louis Bonaparte as king, and was therefore among the last acts of the representatives of the Batavian republic. During the interval from 1806 till 1814, the law was almost inoperative, from national distresses, and in the latter year it was enforced by a decree of William I. This law is remarkably complete in all its details and provisions relative to the establishment of schools, the appointment of teachers, and the course of education. The great object held in view is the education in simple branches of secular knowledge of every child in the country; and this appears to be accomplished in a manner the most satisfactory to all classes of the people. The working of the law is committed to general and local inspectors or commissioners, and boards of management, and no teacher is allowed to exercise his profession till he has been twice examined—once for general qualification, and a second time for a special appointment to a school. The law defines primary schools as follows:—"By a primary school, is to be understood every establishment, of whatever denomination, whether schools, colleges, institutions, or otherwise, in which the young of different ages and of both sexes shall be educated, whether collectively or separately, in the first principles of knowledge; such as reading, writing, arithmetic, and the Dutch language; or in more advanced branches of knowledge, such as the French and other modern languages; or the ancient tongues; geography, history, and other subjects of that description; finally, any establishment having for its object to prepare young persons for a higher education; the ordinary Latin schools and gymnasia excepted." Such is the comprehensive definition of primary schools, which are either public—that is, supported by the state, province, parish, or particular fund—or private, and conducted by teachers for their own behoof.

On making inquiry, I found that there are not many schools of a high rank—no corporation academies—and exceedingly few schools in which Latin is taught. The better class of schools are conducted by respectable teachers at their own risk, and their attention is generally confined to a limited number of pupils. Next below these in rank are the Intermediate or Tusschen schools (*Tusschen* signifying between), at which the children of tradesmen, and other persons above the condition of poor, are taught, on payment of small fees. Below the Tusschen are the Armen, or Poor Schools, at which all the pupils are taught gratuitously. The law does not compel parents to send their children to a school of some kind, as is the case in Prussia; but this can hardly be called a deficiency. The poor are not allowed any relief from public funds, unless they send their children to the Armen Schools, and this forms a perfectly sufficient inducement. Other persons above the condition of actual paupers are animated with the desire to have their children instructed, which will be done gratuitously if they please; so that, in point of fact, all are educated. All the children in Holland may not, indeed, be at school at any given time, but every one goes to school at some time, and therefore there are none without education. This result is sensibly observed in the aspect of the Dutch towns. You see no bands of loose and disorderly children in the streets, such as offend the eye in the lower parts of almost every large town in Britain.

The most remarkable peculiarity in this system of national education, is the separation of religious or doctrinal from secular instruction. The provision for this arrangement is as follows:—"Measures shall be taken that the scholars be not left without instruction

in the doctrinal creed of the religious community to which they belong ; but that part of the instruction shall not be exacted from the schoolmaster." At the institution of the law in 1806, the Secretary of State for the Home Department asked the heads of the various religious bodies to take upon themselves the doctrinal instruction of the young belonging to their respective flocks. His circular letter on this subject was as follows :—

"Gentlemen—The great importance which the government attaches to primary instruction in this republic, cannot have escaped your observation. None of its duties are held by it in higher estimation. May the improved establishments for education yield, under the divine blessing, the fruits which they seem to promise! They will arrest the progress of immorality in our native land, and the pure principles of Christian and social virtues will, by their means, be implanted and nurtured in the hearts of future generations. It cannot be doubted that such at least is the most ardent wish of government, and its chief aim in the improvement of the primary schools. In the decree of the 3d of April last, concerning primary schools, that intention is made manifest by the clearest evidence. The school is not viewed as a means of conveying useful knowledge only, but is established as a powerful auxiliary in the improvement of morals.

Upon the same principle, the government expects that you will give your support and assistance to these educational establishments ; and invites you, by the present communication, to employ your powerful influence for that end.

There is one especial part of the education of the young, in which the government claims your co-operation ; namely, their instruction in the doctrines of the different communions.

You must be well aware that, throughout the whole extent of our country, there has, hitherto, hardly existed a single school in which the master has given a properly regulated religious education. Religious instruction in the schools has gone no farther than to impress upon the memory of the children, and make them repeat the questions and answers in some catechism. There was, however, no ground to expect more from the master, for several reasons. Although the government indulges the hope that the newly-established schools will lead to the salutary result, that a regularly organised system of instruction in the Christian religion, in so far as concerns the historical parts, and Christian morals, will be gradually introduced ; but, in the present state of things, it does not consider itself entitled to impose an obligation upon the masters to teach the doctrines of particular sects.

If government has thought it necessary, on that account, to separate instruction in particular doctrines entirely from ordinary teaching in the school, it does not attach less importance to the duty of providing that the children shall not be deprived of that instruction ; and, therefore, having full confidence in your good dispositions to promote these salutary ends and the welfare of the young, government has considered that it could adopt no measure more effective than to address the different ecclesiastical bodies in this republic ; and to invite you, as I now do by this letter, to take upon yourselves the whole religious instruction of the young, either by properly arranged lessons in the catechism, or by any other means. I shall be glad to learn what measures you may adopt ; whether they are to be new, or the revival of former methods.

As you will doubtless consider it important to communicate the contents of this letter to the different ministers of the congregations within your several jurisdictions, I request you to inform me what number of copies you wish to have for that purpose ; and I conclude with commending you to the protection of the Most High.

(Signed) HEND. VAN STRALEN."

To this announcement answers were received from

all the different religious bodies, cordially responding to the sentiments of the secretary. The following is an extract from the reply sent by the Synod of the Dutch Reformed Church in South Holland :—

"They have the honour to state in reply to your excellency ; First, That this Christian synod have received with heart-felt joy this mark of confidence in the zeal and good dispositions of the ministers of the reformed religion. Honoured by this confidence, the synod assure your excellency, that the ministers within their jurisdiction have never ceased to render themselves worthy of it ; either by giving religious instruction, or by other unwearied exertions (however difficult the circumstances may have sometimes been), and in which they will continue with the same zeal ; flattering themselves that the intention of the government, so clearly manifested, and of which the synod have never entertained a doubt, will wholly eradicate the prejudice excited against the new schools, that they would have a tendency to suppress instruction in the doctrines of religion, and substitute, in its stead, doctrines and exhortations merely of a moral nature ; and the synod will therefore most sincerely exhort the ministers within their jurisdiction to continue to do that which they have always hitherto done ; namely, to recommend, in their sermons at church, in their pastoral visits, and upon all occasions, an assiduous attendance at school.

Secondly, That the circular letter we have received shall be communicated to the different classes, and by them to the individual churches (for which purpose, in compliance with the offer of your excellency, we request to have 322 copies), in order that the consistories may communicate it officially to the schoolmasters in their respective parishes ; adding, that the synod feel confident that the masters will promote, by every means in their power, the salutary intentions of the government, by never failing to exhort the pupils and their parents to take due advantage of the lessons in the catechism given by the ministers of the religious communion to which they belong ; and that they will undertake the moderate trouble of sending from time to time to the consistory, once a-quarter for example, a list containing the names of the children of the Reformed Church who attend their school, distinguishing those who are sufficiently advanced in reading to derive benefit from the instruction of the ministers ; and adding, besides, at least in the towns, the places where they live, in order that the several ministers may be informed of these particulars, for their guidance in their own districts.

Thirdly, That the consistories on their side, will, every three months, send a committee to visit the schools at a convenient hour, for the purpose of obtaining information from the master as to the greater or less assiduity of the pupils in their studies ; they will at the same time make themselves acquainted with the progress of the children ; and if they find them too young, they will exhort them to a zealous and good conduct, in order that they may sooner have the honour and advantage of being sent by their master to be instructed in the catechism. The masters ought never to miss an opportunity of instilling into the minds of the pupils, that it is an honour and an advantage to attend the religious instruction."

The answer from H. de Haas, chief priest of the Roman Catholic Church in Friesland, contains the following passages :—

"I confess that I read the contents of your letter with joy ; and I flatter myself, that the rest of the clergy in this province, as well as myself, will heartily respond to the beneficial views of the Batavian government, and that we shall show ourselves worthy of its confidence.

It is, in my opinion, very necessary that schoolmasters should abstain from teaching the doctrinal points of different sects, in order that harmony, friendship, and charity, may reign among them. I would

only except the case of a master, of well known probity and ability, whose pupils all belong to one persuasion. Unless this course be followed, the children will find out but too soon that they are not all of one religious faith: mutual reproaches will take place; and many teachers will be at no pains to repress that spirit. It will be at first only a childish dispute, but as the children grow up, alienation will increase more and more; rancour will take root in their hearts; and the whole sum of their religion will be a false zeal, which a truly religious mind and Christian charity condemn and abhor. To accomplish the salutary end which the government has in view, and in furtherance of which it has called upon us for our earnest co-operation, we must begin with the children; and although, by the discipline of our church, instruction in the dogmas of our faith is enjoined, nevertheless, the exhortations of a government that sets so high a value on the welfare of the young, will carry us forward with increased ardour in the fulfilment of our duties. We shall in that way endeavour to give a prove of our obedience, our esteem, and our respect; and we shall at the same time pray to God to bless these efforts of the government for the promotion of the general weal.*

It thus appears that the clergy at large in Holland entered warmly into the views of the legislature respecting the separation of religious from secular education, and heartily undertook the duty of instructing the young of their own flocks in the doctrines of the sects to which they respectively belonged.†

VISITS TO SCHOOLS IN ROTTERDAM.

In Rotterdam there are three Poor, or Armen Schools, belonging to and supported by the town, and in these 1600 children are taught gratuitously. There are two Tusschen or Intermediate Schools, containing 900 pupils. There are seven Diaconic Schools in connection with the different Reformed churches in the town. In these, some of the children are taught gratuitously, and some pay a small fee; in the whole there are 1600 children. The Roman Catholic body supports a school, with 550 children. The Jews have likewise a school, which is well attended. There are two Infant-Schools, having about 300 very young children as pupils. Besides all these schools, which are of a public nature, there are a number of excellent private schools, chiefly for more advanced youths, and containing in all 2620 pupils. The total number of pupils at all the schools in Rotterdam, public as well as private, amounts to about 8000, being in the ratio of 1 in 10 of the population. This is below the ratio of the country generally, which is 1 in 8; in some districts it is 1 in 6.

One of the first schools I visited was the largest of the Poor Schools, situated in an edifice appropriated to sundry offices connected with the management of the poor of the town, in the midst of a dense population of the lower classes. The school occupies a series of large apartments in two upper floors, and consists of about 1000 children, separated into divisions under different assistant masters. The head master, an intelligent man, who spoke French fluently, and showed the utmost desire to explain every thing, conducted us through the establishment. The children are obviously, from their appearance, of a humble class in society, but they are much cleaner than the children of the Scottish poor, and I observed that all wore wooden shoes. Boys and girls are taught together, a practice which is generally followed in the Dutch schools. The classes sit at sloping tables, all with their faces in one direction, and with the hands crossed over each other on the bench in front. The teachers have

* Cousin's Report on the State of Education in Holland, translated by Leonard Horne. Murray, London, 1838.

† "Young people attend them [the clergy of the Dutch established church] for years together, for catechetical instruction. As auxiliaries, independent of the ministers, there are also subordinate licensed male and female teachers of religion, who keep private preparatory classes, and receive a small gratuity from their pupils."—*Steven's History of the Dutch Ecclesiastical Establishment*.

no seats, but walk constantly about among the tables, or stand near the black boards on the walls when explaining any branch of study. Instruction is given in reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, history of Holland, Bible history, and general moral and religious knowledge. I inquired of the head master if any catechetical or doctrinal instruction formed part of the course of instruction, and he answered that it did not. The children belong to different religious bodies, and attend their respective clergymen on stated occasions, for instruction in the doctrines and special principles of religion.

It will readily be supposed that the sight of this great establishment was one of the most gratifying spectacles which I had yet seen in the country. The great regularity and silence which prevailed, the extent of the gratuitous instruction conferred, and the harmonious congregating together, in one school, of so many children of different religious creeds, were circumstances which I could not pass over unmoved, and I only wished that the mass of my countrymen could conveniently have been introduced to enjoy the scene. It will be recollected that Cousin, in the course of his educational tour in 1836, visited this establishment, and recommends the plan on which it is conducted to be followed in France.

On the same day that I visited this institution, I was taken to see one of the largest of the Intermediate Schools. It is under the charge of Mr Gouken, with several assistants, and has 500 pupils of both sexes. The education is nearly the same as that at the Poor School, but fees are charged. The pupils are, as usual, instructed in religion by their respective clergy, at appointed times. A single pupil pays four stivers, or pence, weekly; two from the same family pay three-pence each, and three pay twopenny halfpenny each. The higher class of girls are taught sewing in the evening for one penny a-week additional. The school is rather confined for lack of room, but it is excellently conducted, and forms quite a model for Tusschen schools generally. A large private school, managed by Mr Schlimmer, brother of the teacher in the prison, now attracted my attention. It consists of a hundred children, from five to fourteen years of age, each of whom pays sixty guilders (or £5) annually. They are taught Dutch, German, French, and English, along with the ordinary elementary branches of instruction. Here I observed, for the first time, that children are begun to be taught foreign tongues at a very early age, so that when they reach their twelfth or thirteenth year, they are in reality adepts at speaking the principal modern languages. Most of the other private schools resemble this, and require no particular notice; at only one, called the Erasmus school, Latin is taught, and the pupils acquiring a knowledge of that tongue are not above forty in number.* The largest of the Infant-Schools which I visited, is in a flourishing state. It is attended by 200 rosy-faced young children, all of whom seem as happy as possible, and in the way of receiving correct early impressions, and being trained for schools of a higher grade.

In none of the foregoing seminaries which I visited, nor in the Dutch schools generally, is the practice of monitorial teaching pursued. Setting boys to instruct boys, is an absurdity which finds no countenance in Holland. The assistant teachers are young men rising in their profession, and who receive small salaries.

As every thing tending to throw light on the social condition of the people formed a subject for my inquiry, I felt desirous of inspecting the great central prison at Rotterdam, for male juvenile offenders. Accompanied by the Rev. Mr Delprat of the French Reformed Church, president of the school commission of Rotterdam, also my friends, the Rev. W. Steven, minister of the Scotch church in Rotterdam, and Mr

* The house in which Erasmus was born is still pointed out in a street leading from the High Street to the church of St Laurence; his statue in bronze (erected 1622) occupies a prominent situation in the market-place.

Schultze, I visited this receptacle for delinquents. It is a large plain edifice situated at the head of the High Street, and is known by the name of the Spin-house, from the circumstance of spinning once having formed the chief task-work of the inmates. Here are confined all the boys and lads under eighteen years of age, who have been convicted of crime in any part of Holland. It contains no young female criminals, these being confined in a similar establishment at Amsterdam, while all the older criminals are, as I believe, sent to certain penal settlements in a remote part of the country. On entering the Spin-house, I observed that it consisted of a large tenement fronting the street, and a square courtyard behind, surrounded by buildings two stories in height. The various departments are under the charge of turnkeys or guards, dressed in a military uniform, and throughout the whole house and corridors the utmost silence prevails. Conducted by one of the higher officials, we were at once introduced into the schoolroom, in which were collected all the prisoners in the establishment. Let the reader conceive the idea of an apartment measuring perhaps thirty feet square, traversed by eight or ten rows of school desks and forms, at which sat as many rows of boys and lads, all dressed in a uniform consisting of a coarse linen jacket buttoned up to the throat, trousers of the same material, woollen stockings, and wooden shoes—and further, let him imagine that every thing was exceedingly clean, the faces of the boys included, and he will have a picture before him of the establishment in full operation.

"And are these the whole male juvenile criminals of Holland?" I inquired of the official who conducted us. "They are," he answered. "What is their number?" "At present there are ninety-five, but sometimes there are a few more and sometimes less—the highest number ever in the house was one hundred and sixteen, and the lowest number eighty-four." "Are there no boys or lads in confinement in the prisons of the provincial towns?" "No, none except such as are confined for a day or two for petty offences—all regularly convicted offenders and vagabonds, and who evidently require instruction and moral discipline, are sent to this place." "May I ask," pursuing the conversation, "how many prisoners you have out of Rotterdam alone; it is a bustling town of eighty thousand inhabitants, and I suppose yields a pretty large crop of delinquents." "The number of prisoners belonging to Rotterdam is four." "Do you mean to say that only four boys have been taken up for committing depredations in this large town?" "I can assure you, Mynheer," was the reply, "that we seldom have more than four or five boys or lads from this city." "Now," said I, "you will oblige me by mentioning how many prisoners there are belonging to the different religious persuasions?" This question being out of the usual routine of inquiries, our conductor proceeded to the books of entry for the prison, and with the approval of the commandant furnished me with a note to the following effect:—"Sixty-two Protestants; thirty-two Roman Catholics; and one Jew—total, ninety-five." Not to tire the reader with these minute queries and replies, I proceed to state the substance of the information I received. The proportion of boys belonging to different religious bodies, agrees in a great measure with the religious statistics of the country; there are, however, at all times fewer prisoners, in proportion, of the Jewish persuasion, than of any other. The prison has no chaplain. The whole of the inmates are placed for their daily education under the charge of Mr Schlimmer, a young man of mild but firm demeanour, who conducts the school in the best possible manner, at an annual salary of 1000 guilders, or about £83 sterling, which, with all other expenses of the school, is paid by a charitable or philanthropic institution. The master, in teaching, is assisted by one of the best-behaved and more advanced pupils, also by a lad from the town. No religious doctrine is inculcated by the teacher; but the general

principles of religious and moral obligation are enforced by him in the lessons of the prisoners. For special religious instruction, a catechist of the Reformed Church comes twice a-week in the forenoon, and a Roman Catholic clergyman twice a-week in the evening. A Jewish priest calls and takes charge of the boy belonging to his nation. The catechist preaches to his flock on Sunday, and the teacher's assistant reads the Bible; the Romish clergyman also preaches on Sunday to those whose spiritual interests he superintends; and in no case does the one religious functionary interfere with the operations of the other.

The general instruction given in the school consists of reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, and singing, all which the scholars acquire sufficiently during the period they may be individually confined. At my request they were made to give a specimen of their singing qualifications. At a well-understood signal from the master, all rose and arranged themselves in a new combination, by which all those of one tone of voice were placed together; after which they sang, with spirit and in proper measure, the favourite Dutch national hymn of "Vaderland." Having sufficiently investigated matters in the school, we were now shown over the other parts of the establishment. The departments of most interest are the rooms situated in the court behind, where the prisoners are taught handicraft employments, in order that they may be able to earn an honest subsistence when liberated. Some are taught to be shoemakers, others to be tailors, and the remainder are trained as carpenters. The whole, according to their behaviour, are classified in three divisions, indicated by a particular mark in their dress, and their treatment and comforts partly depend on the industry which they exercise in their allotted employment. Those who are promoted to the third, or best division, are allowed small payments for overwork, and are at liberty to smoke, and to purchase small luxuries from a shop within the courtyard. The payments are in coins made of zinc, which can circulate only within the jail; this prevents the prisoners from making an improper use of their money, and what they save is changed for the ordinary money of the country when they are released from confinement. On inquiry, I learned that exceedingly few prisoners return to the establishment after they have been dismissed. When the period of their confinement ceases, they are not turned out to the streets to run the risk of falling into the commission of new crime, but are placed as apprentices or workmen where they will be strictly attended to; and for two or three years they remain to a certain extent under the surveillance of the police, or of functionaries connected with the prison.

In the course of my visits to the different schools, I remarked that no little effort is made to implant in the minds of the young a love of their *Vaderland*, or native country; and I feel no hesitation in saying, that this is carried to such a length as is calculated to produce narrow-minded prejudices the reverse of beneficial. The lessons taught in the various school treatises have a constant reference to the superiority of the Dutch in bravery, learning, arts, and commerce; in short, that there is but one country in the world worth caring about, and that that country is Holland. To inflame and nourish this spirit of patriotism, every child is taught to sing the national hymn, which is a production of Tollens, the Dutch poet, and is so popular that it is heard on all occasions and in all places. The following is an English translation, by Mr S. Sanders of Medimblek, of this anthem. It is sung slowly, and in a pleasing harmony of sounds, the last line of each verse, "For Fatherland and King," being repeated with additional emphasis of expression:—

Who Ne'erland's blood feel nobly flow,
From foreign tainture free,
Whose hearts for king and country glow,
Come, raise the song as we:

With breasts serene, and spirits gay,
 In holy union sing
 The soul-inspiring festal lay,
 For Fatherland and King.

The Godhead, on his heavenly throne,
 Rever'd and prais'd in song,
 With favour hears the grateful tone
 We raise with heart and tongue;
 And next the sacred seraph choir,
 Who holier accents sing,
 Prefers the patriot's tuneful lyre,
 For Fatherland and King.

Raise, brothers, raise in union true,
 The wide-resounding cry;
 They tell, by Heav'n, but virtues few,
 Who land and king deny:
 For man nor friend the heart can glow,
 Congeal'd its feelings spring,
 That's cold when prayer and music flow
 For Fatherland and King.

The heart beats quick, the blood swells high,
 When thrills this cherish'd air,
 No tones with these in beauty vie,
 None strike the heart so fair.
 These sacred strains to all belong,
 All hopes and wishes bring
 In one accord, one sacred song,
 For Fatherland and King.

Let this fond strain to Heaven ascend,
 From out the festive hall;
 Our sovereign spare—his house defend,
 And us his children all.

Let this our first, last, dearest song,
 All hearts with joy expand:
 God save our king, his days prolong,
 Protect our Fatherland.

I postpone any further remarks on the nature and condition of the primary education, till the reader has accompanied me in my visits to the schools in the various towns to which I proceeded in my tour.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY SOCIETIES.

One of the principal public buildings of Rotterdam is the Exchange, where the merchants in the town meet daily for business at a certain hour. It is a large quadrangular edifice, situated upon one of the havens at a central part of the town, and has an interior court and arcade for the accommodation of the merchants and visitors. In the large apartments in the upper floor of the building, is contained a collection of philosophical instruments and divers kinds of models, the whole being the property or under the charge of a scientific association. On visiting the rooms at an appointed hour, we were by the politeness of the keeper, who spoke English, shown a variety of apparatus of the best description for philosophical experiments, also an excellent little camera obscura, which the keeper had contrived in connection with one of the window shutters.

Rotterdam contains a branch of an association of national importance, and which, as I was informed, has been of considerable utility in helping to rouse the Dutch from a state of lethargic indifference to social improvement. This association, which is entitled the Society for the Public Good, or, as it is called in Dutch, *Maatschappij tot Nut Van 't Algemeen*, is of about fifty years' standing, and has its head establishment in Amsterdam. It originated in the following manner:—In the year 1784, John Nieuwenhuizen, a humble minister of a Mennonite or Baptist congregation at Edam, a village situated in North Holland, a few miles from Amsterdam, perceived the defective condition of primary education, and the slenderness of the existing means for its improvement. He was a man who, though moving in a retired sphere, had both the sense to conceive the means of improving the social condition of the people, and the intrepidity to put his designs in execution. At first, not much was attempted. A society, composed of himself and a few friends, began

to agitate the question of improved education, and to encourage the growth of morals and general intelligence. Little by little the society, to which the above title was given, increased in the number of its supporters, and extended its usefulness, till it finally spread over the whole of Holland, and every town was subject to its cheering influence. A note furnished to me by a gentleman in Rotterdam, will give a good idea of the operations of the society. "In every town, and in almost every village of any importance, there is a branch or department of this useful institution. The number of branches is 220, which now possess altogether upwards of 14,000 members. Each member pays a small sum yearly. In Rotterdam there are 530 members, each paying six florins (or 10s.) annually. Under the direction of the society, there are schools for the education of children, who pay a moderate fee for attendance. The Dutch and French languages are taught at these schools, also the ordinary elementary branches of instruction, the same as at the Tuschen schools. In most towns a library is attached to the establishment, and books from it are lent freely to all who apply with the recommendation of a member. Prizes are annually offered for the best essays or works on subjects proposed by the society, and designed for the improvement of the lower classes. Attached to the branch institution at Rotterdam, there is also an evening school for the instruction of young men desirous to become teachers, and at present about sixty are in attendance. There is likewise a Revising school for boys and girls from about fourteen to seventeen years of age, who during the day are engaged in some employment, and take this means of revising and extending what they have learnt in childhood. The members of the society have a social meeting every fortnight during the winter in the society's large hall, when an essay on some literary or moral subject is delivered by a member appointed to do so; after which, any member is at liberty to come forward with any production, so far as it may be agreeable to the rules. On Friday evening of every week during the winter, an essay or lecture is delivered by one of the members in the Old Scotch Church, and on these occasions all persons are admitted gratis. At these meetings, which are intended for the benefit of the working classes in the town, it is customary to distribute tracts bearing on the subject of the lecture, and aiming at moral and intellectual improvement. These useful public meetings are called *Volkslezingen*, or Popular Readings, and are in such general estimation as to be attended by upwards of five hundred individuals. The society further supports a Sunday school for adults—both men and women, who attend at separate hours. One principal aim is to teach those to read, who, by some accidental cause, are deficient in this accomplishment. They are taught to read the Bible, which is also explained, and moral and religious instruction is at the same time orally given. At this school are found Roman Catholics, and even Jews. Under direction of the society are also institutions called Spare Banks (equivalent to the English Savings' Banks), which have been of much general utility. That at Rotterdam has deposits amounting to between fifty and sixty thousand pounds, upon which interest is paid at four per cent. The society also gives pecuniary rewards and medals to persons who distinguish themselves by saving the lives of their fellow-creatures, or to those who risk their lives in attempting to save others from death. Lastly, the society sustains and encourages institutions called Schools of Industry. That at Rotterdam is open during the winter evenings for the instruction of artisans in arithmetic, geometry, mechanics, mathematics, and drawing. About sixty young men thus receive much useful instruction, and the fee payable by each is only 4s. 2d. for the season." It will thus be perceived that the Society for the Public Good embraces a number of objects which in England are carried into operation by different institutions, and the reader will join with me in thinking that the ex-

istence of such a comprehensive institution in Holland must be productive of much benefit to society, not only in its lower but higher departments. I was sorry to learn, at a subsequent part of my journey, in Belgium, that the operations of the Society for the Public Good had been greatly circumscribed in that part of the Netherlands to which branches had been extended; and that, at the revolution of 1830, these branches had ceased to exist. Much of the blame of this unfortunate limitation of the efforts of the society was ascribed to the Belgian priests, but with what justice I am unable to say.

During my stay in Rotterdam, I went to see a public exhibition of paintings of living artists of Holland. The collection, which was disposed in a series of apartments in the Gemeenlandshuis, or old County Hall, extended to the number of two hundred and ninety-five pieces, some of which were designed to form prizes in a lottery among subscribers. Several portraits, landscapes, war and sea pieces, and groups of flowers, of which the collection consisted, were executed with much skill; and we were particularly pleased with the pieces by C. Kruseman of the Hague, Schotel of Dort, Piene-man of Amsterdam, and a few others whose names I have forgotten. Altogether, the exhibition was extremely creditable to the country, and showed that a taste for the fine arts was still a matter of cultivation and encouragement.

While walking through the halls of the exhibition, I had the pleasure of being introduced to Baron Mackay, one of the most respectable of the citizens of Rotterdam, and a member of the education board for the district. The worthy baron, who is now a venerable septuagenarian, is, as his name imports, of Scotch extraction, being the son of a Highland gentleman who was an officer in the Scottish brigade. This brigade, which consisted entirely of Scotsmen, amounted to three regiments, of old standing in the country. I believe they were raised in the year 1572, to assist in the war against the Spaniards, in which struggle for civil liberty they acted a conspicuous part. In the year 1578, they sustained the brunt of the engagement with the Spanish army near Malines, where they fought without armour, and in their shirts. The officers of this justly-celebrated corps connected themselves by marriage with the first families in the United Provinces, and many of their descendants are now living in Holland. The brigade was disbanded or merged in the other troops of the country about fifty years since. Both from the long existence of the Scottish brigade, and from Holland having been on different occasions a place of refuge for persons persecuted for religion's sake in Scotland, also from the great extent of trade at one time carried on between the Scotch and Dutch ports, Holland in the present day contains a considerable number of inhabitants having Scottish names, among whom those of Grant, Mackay, Sutherland, Melvill, Balfour, Hope, are conspicuous. The present much-respected British consul at Rotterdam, Sir Alexander Ferrier, is a Scotsman, and an elder of the Scottish church in the town.

NAPOLEON IN ROTTERDAM.

The Gemeenlandshuis, in which the picture exhibitions take place, is a large old-fashioned edifice, isolated from the adjoining buildings, and has been, as I was informed, the place of temporary residence of various eminent individuals visiting Rotterdam. Here, Napoleon Bonaparte was lodged and held court, on the occasion of his passing through the town in 1811. During his short stay, he chose to call before him the leading clergy of the different religious persuasions; and the account of the meeting which ensued is so interesting, that I extract it in an abridged form for the amusement of the reader, from the compiled statement offered in Steven's History of the Scottish Church in Rotterdam.

"The Protestant churches in the city were represented by ten clergymen (Dutch, French, and Eng-

lish). The Romish, Jansenist, and Jewish priests, were likewise present. His majesty stood in the middle of the hall, surrounded by officers of distinction. First, the Roman Catholic priest of the Houttuin, in an unintelligible tone, made a pretty long speech, which his majesty patiently heard to the end. After which, the emperor put some questions to him in regard to the state of the Romish churches, and the number of Catholics. Napoleon then turned to the bishop and pastor of the Jansenists, whom he earnestly charged to fraternise with the other Catholics. This gave occasion to an interchange of words between the respective priests, in which Bonaparte willingly took a share. His majesty's remarks, though expressed with affability, were as follows:—That the Roman Catholics must understand, that the power of the Pope to which they appeal, is not greater than that of other bishops; that it is confined to spiritual matters, and has nothing to do with worldly affairs; that the appointing of bishops belongs to him, the emperor; that, therefore, when he, the emperor, sends a pastoral instruction, they must submit to it—his power, as regards them, being at 'least as great as that of any bishop.'

Having expressed himself in this manner, his majesty turned round to the Protestants, at whose head Mr Voute, with a strong and full voice, addressed the emperor in a respectful, but dignified, energetic, and appropriate speech. He testified to him the homage and submission of all the Protestants, and expressed their wishes for his personal prosperity, for his dynasty, and for his government. This respectful, but not flattering address, appeared to gratify the emperor. After that he had informed himself as to our churches, and of the total amount of the Protestant population, he spoke in commendation of the Protestants, and praised them as his best subjects. He even declared that, if the Romish churches of his empire had not entered into his views, he would have embraced the faith of the Protestants: that he now professed the faith of the Romish church; but, attentive to the precepts of the Gospel among the Protestants, he placed in the foreground the moral doctrine, do to others what you would wish others to do to you; that, in his arrangements relative to the organisation of the Romish and Protestant churches in our country, he should proceed with justice and equity, and be guided in his conduct towards them, with a due regard to their numbers, expecting that Catholics and non-Catholics would live together in love, in which case they would constantly find in him a protector; but, on the contrary, the party fomenting quarrel would experience his displeasure, and lose its privileges.

His majesty afterwards addressed the representative of the Lutheran congregation, informed himself as to the state of his church, and their numbers; then he led on to some details, regarding points of difference between the Reformers and the Lutherans, and betwixt both these and the Roman Catholics—and he again urged the consolidation of the latter with the Jansenists, seeing that the stumbling block between them, not being grounded upon points of doctrine, was in a great measure removed by the present order of things. 'In what regards the Protestants,' his majesty observed, 'it is now a long time since they have gained their cause, and they themselves make up their own religious societies: the various sects in which they are subdivided, I shall leave to themselves; their difference has to do with opinions upon deep subjects, which the human understanding cannot fathom; opinions which it is thus not proper to force upon each other.'

'Have you also,' said his majesty to the Protestants, 'a zeal to make proselytes?' 'No, sire,' answered Mr Voute, 'this has never been our spirit.' The reply pleased the emperor, who immediately remarked, 'It is fit that a child adhere to the religion of his fathers; he who abandons it inconsiderately, is, in my opinion, no honourable man.'

Further, his majesty inquired respecting the British congregations, the number of their ministers, and their

hearers. He asked whether they belonged to the Church of England, and were thus Episcopalians! It was replied, that formerly there had been such a church here; but that those in question were Presbyterians—professed the same faith as the Reformers, and hence their members were admitted into our church communion, just as ours are into theirs.

And now it was, lastly, the turn of the Israelites. They were interrogated by the emperor as to their numbers; if they belonged to the German or to the Portuguese Jews (the first being answered in the affirmative); whether they respected and punctually observed the law of Moses, in regard to usury and the institutions of the Sanhedrim of Paris; and if they conducted themselves as orderly citizens. To all which queries a reply was given to his majesty's satisfaction."

In this manner, and with other discourses of less importance, three quarters of an hour were spent, when, upon a sign given by Napoleon, the whole of the clergy left the hall of audience, highly pleased with the honour which had been conferred upon them, and the affability with which they had been received.

EXCURSION—DELFT.

The principal cities in Holland, Delft, Hague, Leyden, Haarlem, Amsterdam, and Utrecht, are situated in the district of country north from Rotterdam, and are all so near to each other, that a journey may be made with much ease to them, one after the other. It was on a beautiful morning in August that we bade a temporary adieu to Rotterdam, and proceeded on our excursion through this populous part of Holland. Our conveyance was the public diligence, by which we proposed to go as far as Delft, and had reason to be pleased with the arrangement. The Dutch diligences are well-fitted-up and roomy vehicles, equal to the best in France, and are generally drawn by three powerful horses yoked abreast. Travellers in Holland can never be at any loss in making their way by these commodious conveyances, for, by a law of the country, the proprietors of public vehicles are obliged to provide for all passengers who may make their appearance before the hour of departure. They have thus frequently to yoke additional coaches, just before starting, greatly to the comfort of the traveller, though perhaps to their own loss. Although the distance from Rotterdam to Delft is nine English miles, the fare of each person by the diligence is no more than a guilder, or one shilling and eightpence.

The highways of Holland are among the best in the world. They are fine broad roads, running for miles in a straight line along the summits of the dykes; and are paved with small bricks set on edge, so as to be very smooth for carriages; and are usually ornamented with a row of trees on each side, so as to form beautiful and cool avenues. Alongside of the roads, and only separated from them in some cases by one of the rows of trees just mentioned, is a main canal of considerable breadth, and sufficiently deep to permit the progress of moderately sized sailing-vessels. These canals, with their minor branches, form the chief thoroughfares. Few wheeled vehicles are met with on the roads, and the whole transport of goods and farm produce is carried on by means of water conveyances. Sometimes you may see the dairy farmer pushing off in a small boat for market, with his large bottle-shaped milk-jars formed of brass, and glittering like burnished gold; at another time you may see a boat of a larger size loaded with hay like a stack, and moving on its way from a distant polder to the farm-yard. Water, therefore, which is in one respect a source of constant trouble to the country, is in another an engine of national wealth and prosperity.

The road from Rotterdam to Delft proceeds in a north-westerly direction alongside of a canal, and across a flat region of rich grassy meadows or polders, devoted to the purpose of grazing, and here and there dotted

with farm-houses and cottages, also a few tasteful villas, in the Dutch style. In passing one of those mansions of an old date, my attention was drawn to two figures, each representing a ham, painted on the stone gateway in front of the edifice. There is a legendary story, as I learned, connected with these odd-looking figures. During the time of the Spaniards, when this part of the country was reduced to famine, the proprietor of the mansion and adjoining grounds sold the whole for a couple of hams, in order to save the lives of his perishing family. The fortunate acquirer of the property has commemorated the transaction, little as it may be deemed to his own credit, in the manner which I have mentioned.

Delft is an old-fashioned brick town, as Dutch as possible in its appearance, with old gateways, and lines of trees and havens in the middle of the streets. You at once see that the place is not what it has once been—no shipping, no trade, and no bustle in its almost empty thoroughfares. Its lines of leafy trees, once prized for their delightful shade, now bend over green-mantled pools undisturbed by traffic, and only apparently kept up for the fashion of the thing, or for the accommodation of a passing treckschuit. In former times, it was the great seat of the manufacture of the kind of earthenware to which it gave its own name of Delft; but England has long since taken the trade from it, and we saw the wares of Staffordshire, as we supposed them to be, for sale in its shops. The population of the town is now about fifteen thousand.

In proceeding along one of the chief streets, entering from Rotterdam, the traveller passes in front of a striking memorial of former Dutch commercial greatness. This is the large building once occupied by the Dutch East India company, with the date 1692 on the front. Facing the street, it extends along one of the havens for a considerable length, but all its windows and doors are shut, and it is now used, I believe, as an arsenal or depot of military stores. Delft contains only three places deemed interesting to strangers, and these we dispatched in the space of little more than two hours. The first we proceeded to was the spot on which took place the assassination of William I., Prince of Orange, situated pretty nearly on a line from the old India House.

William I., Prince of Orange, as will be recollected from the historical sketch formerly given, was mainly instrumental in expelling the Spaniards from the country, and affecting the union of the seven provinces of Holland. For this he incurred the hatred of a malignant partisan of the Spanish cause, Balthazar Geraarts, and by this wretch was foully shot in his palace at Delft, when about to ascend a staircase after dinner. In the present day, the palace, or *prinsenhof*, serves the purpose of a barrack for soldiers, and consists of a plain brick building within a courtyard. The spot where the murder took place is within a lobby at the foot of a flight of steps, and the marks of the shot (of course improved by art) are pointed out in the wall. An inscription in Dutch on a stone above, is translated as follows:—"Below this stone are the marks of the balls by which Prince William of Orange was shot, on the 10th of July 1584." Adjourning from this spot of historical interest, we proceeded to the New Church of Delft, situated at the east end of the market-place, in which the tomb of William is shown as one of the most magnificent objects of art in Holland. This fine old Gothic church possesses a conspicuous lofty tower, in which is hung one of the best peals of bells in Europe. The interior of the edifice has been lately completely modernised in its furniture, and has nothing to attract curiosity but two objects in the open choir, the tombs of the Prince of Orange and of Grotius.

The tomb of the prince is a lofty structure, composed entirely of marble, rising prominently from the floor of the choir. It consists of a highly ornamented canopy, supported by a number of black and white marble pillars. In the centre, on a sarcophagus, lies the figure of the prince in his robes, beautifully sculp-

tured in white marble, and at his feet lies the figure of his faithful dog, which on one occasion saved his master's life in a midnight attack. According to an inscription, the animal was so much affected with the death of the prince, that it pined and died. There are several good figures in bronze round the tomb; that which is most admired is a figure of Fame blowing a trumpet, and resting lightly on one toe, as if about to take its flight. Beneath, is the burial vault of the present royal family of Holland. The monument of Grotius is adjacent, on the north wall of the choir, and consists of a marble obelisk, with a cenotaph, on which is the simple inscription *HUGONI GROTIJO SACRUM*. The man whom the Dutch consigned to a prison for life, is now, in death, honoured with a monument next to that of kings!

The Oude Kirk, or old church of Delft, is a structure remarkable for its extreme antiquity and huge size. It is situated in a main street, and on approaching it, the stranger is amazed at the enormous mass of brick, grey with age, which meets his eye. It is some seven or eight hundred years old, and seems indebted for its protracted existence to the clusters of parasitical houses and shops built within the recesses of its buttressed walls. The interior is not less ancient in aspect, though much of the internal furniture for public worship has been lately improved. On entering the edifice by a side-door, the wide open choir, dimly lighted, and paved with old well-worn monumental stones, is before you. Silence reigns in the vast and sombre expanse, and in reverential awe we approach the tomb of Tromp.

Martin Harpertzoon Tromp was the Nelson of Holland, and deserves a word in passing. Born at the Brielle in 1579, he in early life entered the naval service of the states-general, and in 1639 was promoted to the rank of admiral. From this period he was almost constantly engaged in warring with the fleets of Spain or England. Accompanied with De Ruyter, he stood forward as the antagonist of Blake, whom he met and vanquished in the Downs in November 1652. On this occasion he pursued the English fleet into the Thames, and burnt a vessel at Spithead. Flushed with victory, and like a true sailor, he caused a broom to be fastened to his mast-head, as a sign that he could sweep the Channel of the English. In the following year, his career of victory was brought summarily to a close. At the head of a fleet of a hundred and twenty vessels, and aided with the presence of De Witt and De Ruyter, he encountered the English off the Dutch coast, and in the midst of the battle he fell pierced with a musket-ball. "Courage, my boys!" exclaimed the sinking hero, faintly waving his sword; "my course is ended with glory!" The victory was gained by the English only after very great loss. It is recorded of Tromp that he was conqueror in thirty-three naval engagements. Till the present day, the Dutch speak of him with exultation, and pictures of his famed exploits in the Thames are frequently to be seen in their houses. The monument over his tomb in the church at Delft, is placed on the end wall of the choir. It is a large structure, in white, red, and black marble, with a figure of the veteran warrior reclining on a bier in the centre of the piece. Beneath, is a representation in marble of the great event of his life—the victory over Blake in the Downs. At a short distance, in the north transept, is erected a similar monument in marble, to Admiral Hein, the early friend and associate of Tromp, and who was killed by a shot while Tromp was fighting at his side. Little as I am disposed to pay reverence to the character of mere fighting heroes, I could not but feel respect for the tombs of these intrepid admirals, whose names are associated with the brightest period of the history of a free people. In one of the aisles of the same ancient structure, is pointed out the tomb of Leeuwenhoek, the eminent naturalist, who was a native of Delft.

Having sufficiently examined these objects of interest in Delft, and observed, that, with all its dulness,

the town is both neat and cleanly in a very high degree, we passed on our journey in the direction of the Hague, which lies at the distance of about four or five miles. On this occasion we chose the public *treckschuit*, or canal-boat, for a means of conveyance. Vessels of this description are so very common in Holland, that one may travel by them in almost every direction, and at an exceedingly small cost. They are fitted up with a neat cabin, and also a steerage, like canal-boats in England, and are drawn by one or two horses; the horses, however, are in all cases made to draw by a rope passing to them from the top of a mast, instead of from the bows of the vessel. This arrangement prevents the friction of the rope on the banks or in the water, and the mast is lowered at every bridge under which the boat passes in its course.

The sail on the canal from Delft to the Hague forms an agreeable little trip. The country becomes more woody, and thickly dotted with windmills, farm-cottages, and ornamental villas, and we pass on our left the ancient town of Ryswick, where, in 1697, the famous treaty of peace between England, France, Holland, Germany, and Spain, was effected. At an interval of every few minutes, we pass a villa of some wealthy retired Dutchman, or individual connected with the court at the Hague. These edifices are usually of brick, plastered and painted, to look as trim and tidy as if just taken out of a box; and, with their close-shaven bit of lawn in front, their narrow wet ditch separating the domain from the public thoroughfare, their little bridge across the said ditch, surmounted with a dashing wooden gateway, their clusters of dahlias growing à l'Anglaise in round patches among the shrubbery, and, lastly, their fresh-painted summer-house, commanding a view of all that passes on the canal and road, impart an idea of the retired leisure and comfort which attend a life spent in successful industry. Every house or establishment of this nature in Holland is styled a *Lust* (or Pleasure), and is known by a particular motto or sentiment inscribed on the gateway. We frequently amused ourselves by translating these mottoes, and I find the following among others entered in my note-book—*BUITEN GEDACHTEN*, Beyond Expectation; *ONS GENOEGEN*, Our Contentment; *LUST EN RUST*, Pleasure in Rest or Ease; *NIET ZOO QUAAALYK*, Not so Bad; *MYN GENE-GENHIED IS VOLDAAN*, My Desire is Satisfied.

THE HAGUE.

A pleasant run of an hour in the *treckschuit* brought us alongside the quay of one of the havens of the Hague, and we were forthwith at liberty to perambulate the town in search of those objects which render it interesting to travellers. Before saying any thing of these, it may be of use to mention, that the name of the *Hague* is an appellation conferred only by the English, and that the Dutch uniformly give it the title of *S'Gravenhage*, or, as they roughly pronounce it, *Svarenhauch*, the literal signification of which is, the Count's Haugh or Meadow. The name, it seems, is traced to the circumstance of the place having formed a residence for the Counts of Holland in the thirteenth century, since which time the town has gradually increased to its present size, with a population of about sixty thousand souls. The Hague possesses the usual qualities of a Dutch town—brick houses and brick pavements, havens or canals in several of the streets, and rows of leafy trees shading the houses from the sun. In general appearance, however, it is much superior to that of the trading and commercial cities. It is the seat of the court and government, and has therefore many of the peculiarities of a capital. To our feeling, it had a lightness and airiness which other places wanted. Excepting in those streets appropriated to shops and the residence of the humbler orders, the houses are lofty and aristocratic in their aspect, and the beauty and magnificence of the avenues of trees which environ the town on its northern extre-

mity, cannot be surpassed. The Hague, also, possesses several fine open squares or places, one of which is ornamented with a lake in the centre, in which rises a small island loaded with foliage. Close by this pretty sheet of water are situated the chief palatial structures which attract the attention of strangers.

One of these, an elegant building of the seventeenth century, and originally the palace of Prince Maurice, is now occupied as a National or Royal Museum for objects of antiquity and curiosity in the lower floor, and paintings above. The picture gallery, to which we first paid a visit, is of large extent, and exceeded anything of the kind we had previously seen. Not the least of its recommendations is that of being open to the free inspection of the public, and we therefore found in it persons of all ranks of society, and stranger artists belonging to different nations copying the principal pieces. It would be very hopeless to attempt to convey, within the compass of these limited pages, any correct idea of this invaluable collection of works of art. An ample staircase leads to a group of lofty apartments, all which are hung with pictures of the chief masters, and others selected for their excellence. The principal pictures are those of Rembrandt, Rubens, Vandyk, Paul Potter, Wouvermanns, Teniers, and Berghem, with a few by Vernet and Murillo. The grand object of attraction is Paul Potter's Bull, a picture which occupies pretty nearly the whole end of one of the rooms. The representation is that of a young bull with brown and white spots, a cow reclining on the green-sward before it, two or three sheep, and an aged cowherd leaning over a fence—all as large as life; the background being a distant landscape. A person with no critical skill whatever, at once recognises the fidelity of the piece. The chief animal in the group appears to stand out in bold relief, with a briskness in its air which is perfectly startling; such, also, is the minuteness of the touching in order to make every hair on the hide and forehead of the creature tell, that the picture will endure the closest inspection. This highly-prized work of art was carried off to Paris by order of Napoleon, and hung in the Louvre, but was afterwards restored to the Dutch. It is valued at £5000.

The Royal Museum of Curiosities in the lower apartments is of great extent and value. Two or three of the principal rooms are entirely occupied with articles from China and Japan, countries from which the Dutch have possessed peculiar means of procuring objects of virtu. Tall glass cases along the walls are filled with magnificent robes of eastern fabric, and in the centre of the floor stand numerous cases displaying prodigies of Chinese skill, in ivory-carving, and other articles of taste and luxury. Other cases are occupied with specimens of war implements and armour from Japan, and from the roof hang a variety of highly embellished Chinese lanterns, and other curious objects. In the centre of one of the apartments is a glass case, measuring some ten feet in height and twenty feet in length, containing a model of the isle and fortified town of Desima, a Dutch factory in Japan. The scale is so large that the houses are about six inches in height, and a complete view is afforded of the appearance of the streets, also the inhabitants in their rich and picturesque costumes. From this apartment we are led into a room, the last in the series, devoted chiefly to objects of antiquity connected with Dutch history and distinguished public characters. Among a thousand things which would delight the heart of an antiquary, are the armour, sword, chain, and baton of De Ruyter; muskets of a huge size and antique make used on board the old Dutch fleets; the shirt which was worn by William III. of England during the last three days of his life; a gold watch with movements in ivory, and figures in mother of pearl; the upper leather garment of William I., Prince of Orange, as worn by him at the time of his assassination, with the shattered balls and pistol with which Geraarts effected the murder; also a scroll of

the sentence which condemned the assassin. The most interesting object in our estimation was a beautiful model of a Dutch merchant's house, as it appeared at the end of the seventeenth and beginning of the eighteenth century. This wonder of art is enclosed in a large square case, composed of plate glass framed in tortoise-shell inlaid with silver; it was constructed by Mr Brand, an ingenious artist of Amsterdam, in obedience to an order of Peter the Great of Russia, who was desirous of placing before the eyes of his semi-barbarous subjects an exact representation of the internal structure and style of furnishing of one of those elegant mansions which he had seen in Holland, while there learning the craft of a ship-carpenter. As a means of civilising the Russian nobility, the idea was well conceived; and it is only to be regretted that Peter's stinginess or lack of funds should have prevented the completion of the design. The model was done in such a style of elegance, and so faithful in its details, that it required twenty-five years to execute, and was valued at the moderate sum of 30,000 francs, or nearly £1500. It was refused to be taken at so apparently extravagant a price; and having fallen into the hands of a native purchaser, it now finds a place in the Royal Museum as a curiosity. The model measures from three to four feet in height and breadth, and consists of a house of three stories, which are exposed to view by the removal of the front wall. Each floor possesses its appropriate rooms, which are furnished in miniature, in strict agreement with what existed at the time in the houses of opulent Dutchmen. From the minute porcelain ornaments in the drawing-room to the smoothing-irons in the laundry, nothing is omitted in this exquisitely constructed model.

From the Museum we proceeded to the Palace of the king of Holland, situated in a street diverging to the north, and no way secluded from the public thoroughfare. The building, which is in the Grecian style, consists of a centre and two wings, forming a façade on three sides of a square. As the royal family was at the time out of town, we had an opportunity of seeing the interior, which displays a suite of princely apartments on the first floor, chiefly adapted as state reception-rooms for the king and queen. The king here gives audiences on one day of every week, and to these the poorest persons are admitted, provided they have previously inscribed their names in the books of the chamberlain. The only valuable object of virtu shown to strangers is a magnificent vase of green jasper, five feet in height, which was presented by the king of Prussia to his majesty, and is intended as a baptismal font. The Palace of the Prince of Orange, a large but plain edifice, situated in an angle of one of the open Places, and to which we next traced our steps, is usually considered more worthy of the visits of strangers than the house of the king. It contains a number of pictures of great excellence, chiefly modern Dutch painters, among whom may be mentioned Wappers, Knip, and Gustof. Turning from these, we were led into the great salle, a splendid apartment profusely decorated with marble, and enriched by a large and unique collection of sketches of the great masters, hung in frames on the walls. These valuable relics consist of the original chalk drawings on paper of Rubens, Vandyk, Raphael, Leonard da Vinci, Correggio, and Michael Angelo—in fact, the first designs of the many works of art of these inimitable painters. The sight of these interesting pieces was a treat we shall not easily forget; and we regretted, for the sake of British art, that they had been lost to England. It will be recollected that they were at one time the property of Sir Thomas Lawrence, who directed that, at his death, they should be first offered for sale to the British nation for a stated sum. This was accordingly done, but the offer not being accepted, they were afterwards purchased by the present Prince of Orange, whose valet has now the honour of showing them to Englishmen, and explaining their merits.

The Hague possesses a number of private collections of pictures, which, however, we had no desire to examine, and we spent a few hours in visiting several of the more remarkable of the public edifices, including the Binnenhof, or place of meeting of the legislature, and an ancient prison in which Barneveldt was confined previous to his being brought out for execution in the open place in front. There is little to interest in the appearance of even the best buildings, and the stranger finds his chief pleasure in strolling through the Voorhout towards the beautiful park and forest scenery at the northern environs. The Voorhout (or Fore wood) is an extensive parallelogram, lined on the sides with elegant mansions, many of them the houses of ambassadors, and laid out along the centre with avenues of richly clothed trees. Here all classes may enjoy themselves, either in promenading or in sitting on benches beneath the trees; and if they feel disposed, they may prolong their walks clear out of the Voorhout, across the Cingel by a bridge, and into those finely timbered parks which I have already alluded to.

The *Bosch*, as this woody domain is entitled, consists principally of a wide-spreading forest of timber, of the oak, elm, and beech species, most of the trees being very tall, and of considerable age and bulk. Much taste has been lavished on the disposal of the grounds, in order to render them every way suitable as a place for walking and solitary meditation. The king, as I understand, has been at considerable expense in improving them, by embellishing them with sheets of water and private footpaths; and at different spots, casinos, or houses for the sale of refreshments, have been permitted to be erected. The *Huys in den Bosch*, or House in the Wood, where the royal family now chiefly reside, is situated in the midst of this scene of rural retirement, and may be seen at a short distance from the main thoroughfare.

Having seen all that is considered remarkable in the Hague, I devoted a few hours to making inquiries regarding the various schools. These, it will be recollected, formed a primary object of inquiry to Cousin in 1836, and I was now prepared to go over the ground which he had trod with so much satisfaction. There are five Armen schools in the town, at which every child of parents in humble circumstances is instructed gratis, on a plan similar to that at Rotterdam, which I have already described.

Unfortunately, these Armen or Poor schools, which are supported entirely by the town, and also several Tusschen or Intermediate schools, were, as our conductor mentioned, in vacation at the period of our visit, and we adjourned to a large private school kept by Mr Becht. In all my excursions I never chanced to fall in with such an enthusiast in education as this individual. His seminary is situated in a back street, and is on the plan of a respectable Intermediate School, each pupil paying a regular fee for instruction. He charges from twelve to sixteen guilders (20s. to 26s. 8d.) per annum for each pupil, according to their degree of advancement. There is a separate department for teaching girls sewing, and pupils in it pay twelve guilders additional. Mr Becht, who is an active-looking Dutchman, prides himself very much on his school. He devotes his whole energies to it. In an instant he had a class of pupils marshalled in front of a large map on the wall, and questioned them strictly on geography, both questions and answers being translated to me by Mr Schultze. Next, there was a very large music-book, with the bars six inches deep, placed on a stand, and a large class properly arranged were put through a number of psalm and other tunes. Next came the general exhibition of copy-books, slates with arithmetic, and so on, all up to the mark of proficiency. Lastly, we were whirled up stairs into a pretty large apartment, where sat a matronly tidy woman superintending the girls at their needlework. And then we were whirled down again into a little speak-a-word room, where Mr Becht

sat down and told us his plans of instruction, and showed us all the books he made use of. "I teach them every thing but Latin," said he, "and that they don't want. I take care to give them off my hands, at thirteen years of age, as well schooled as they could be any where in all Holland." "Do you teach them any religious doctrines?" said I. "Ah, no, Mynheer: that is not my business. It would ruin me if I were to attempt any thing of the kind, for I have them of all religions—Reformaire, Romsch, Mennonite, and Joodsch; and so you see it is impossible." "But how do the pupils get religious instruction, then?" said I. "From their respective clergymen," was the answer. "Is the Bible among your class-books?" "No, Mynheer, we do not use it as a class-book, but I read passages from it to the pupils, and teach them Bible history." It appeared needless to pursue my inquiries further; so I bade Mr Becht good morning, much pleased with the advancement of his pupils and the mechanic of his establishment.

As all strangers at the Hague make a point of visiting Scheveningen, we, as a matter of course, visited it too. Scheveningen is a famous Dutch watering-place on the sea-shore, at the distance of three miles from the town, and is reached by a drive through a beautiful avenue of trees extending nearly the whole way. Scheveningen is to the Hague what Portobello is to Edinburgh, or Margate is to London. It consists of a large brick village, neat and cleanly, with one extremity bearing upon the flat sandy shore, and environed on two sides with masses of the sandy downs which here stretch along the coast, like huge ramparts defying the encroachment of the ocean. Fishing is the principal occupation of the settled inhabitants. As we emerged from the village upon the sands, the interesting spectacle was before us of some forty or fifty stout fishing-vessels lying within the verge of the water, and delivering their cargoes of recently caught fish to a crowd of persons on the shore. As we approached, the transfers from the holds to the baskets of the purchasers were nearly completed, and the fishermen were already bending the sails of several vessels to the breeze, and steering out to the German Ocean. The vessels are decked, and able to proceed to the deep-sea fishing at a great distance. I believe they sometimes visit the fishing-grounds on the English and Scotch coast. The fish which are brought to Scheveningen are carried in dog-carts to the market at the Hague, and sent by canal-boats as far as Rotterdam and other places. The dress of the women who superintend the landing and also the sales of the fish, has no resemblance to the costume of our Newhaven fish-women, whom we are apt to call Dutch in their appearance. As I have already mentioned, we are entirely in error in Britain respecting the costumes and appearance of the people of Holland. The only thing remarkable in the apparel of the Scheveningen fishwomen, is a peculiar flat-shaped straw bonnet, which in figure may be compared to the old-fashioned gipsy hat.

Pursuing a cross-road amidst the downs, in an easterly direction, we pass a pavilion constituting the summer bathing quarters of the queen of Holland; and a short way farther on, drive up to the door of a large edifice fitted up as a hotel and bath-house, and standing on the brow of the sand-hills overlooking the sea. The establishment is the property of the municipal corporation of the Hague, and is under strict regulations as a place for the board and lodging of strangers. With the dreary prospect of the sterile downs on three of its sides, and the sea on the other, and with a wind drifting up the loose sand against the windows of the saloon, it appeared to us a cheerless abode, and we did not envy the parties who make it their place of summer resort. It is, however, the chief, if not the only sea-bathing quarters in this part of the Continent, and is visited by families of distinction from all parts of Germany on the Upper Rhine. Brought hither a distance of eight hundred miles, the

Germans, who have heard much of the sea, but never before seen it, frequently, as I was told, testify their feelings in an enthusiastic manner highly diverting to the natives.

I have now to ask the reader to accompany us on our journey from Hague to Leyden. This is a part of our excursion to which I shall always look back with pleasure. Proceeding in the morning by the public diligence, we were driven at an easy pace along the smooth brick paved road which passes through the parks and forest of the Bosch. All was fresh and still, like a true autumnal morning. The mower was seen heaving with his scythe on his shoulder to his healthful employment; the small birds were heard cheerily singing in the woods; the light streams of blue smoke curled up from the cottages of the foresters; and the eye was ever and anon delighting in the prospect of open glades richly dotted with clumps of oak, and hazel bushes of a lovely green, and groups of cattle peacefully grazing in the distance. The scene was altogether sylvan in its aspect, very unlike the generality of Dutch landscapes. As the road advances, the country becomes more open, and forms a favourite hunting-ground of the royal family, and other persons of rank. That which appears most remarkable to an English traveller, here and elsewhere in Holland, is the total want of fences to the roads. The highway proceeds amidst plantations of trees, across open fields, and through coppices, without boundary walls or hedges, and nothing prevents the straggler from injuring the adjacent woods and grounds, if he felt disposed to do so. Yet, I was informed, such trespasses are of extremely rare occurrence.

LEYDEN.

Leyden is situated on a small branch of the Rhine, at the distance of eleven miles north-east from Hague, and is entered by ancient gateways, after crossing its cingel. On the outer side of this cingel, or wet ditch, which encompasses the town in all parts except where cut by the Rhine, there is planted a beautiful double avenue of trees, forming agreeable walks for the citizens; and on the inner side rise the low green mounds which fulfil the purpose of walls to this venerable city. In the present day, these tokens of warfare only remain as memorials of a past state of things. The country around Leyden is reckoned the most fertile in the lower part of Holland, and is usually termed the garden of the Rhine, or Rhymland.

The branch of the Rhine upon which Leyden is situated, was at one period the principal outlet of that mighty river, and is still the only branch which retains the name of Rhine as far as the sea. Attracted by the suitableness of the place for communicating with the interior of Germany, the Romans here founded a city, to which they gave the appellation of *Lugdunum Batavorum*, which the place still classically retains. In the present day, we find the old Rhine at Leyden shrunk to the condition of a moderately large canal, and ramified through a number of the streets in the usual approved Dutch style. The modern name of Leyden appears to be derived from the small river *Leyde*, which here unites its waters with the Rhine, and helps to fill the havens and the cingel. Unless it be for the mere fancy of having sluggish water-courses in the middle of the streets and places, I profess my inability to explain the meaning of these arrangements, for the town has exceedingly little trade or commerce, there are no boats or barges in its havens; and though the town contains 35,000 inhabitants, the streets are silent as those of a country village.

Yet Leyden, with all its dulness, is a charming place of residence for those who love peaceful retirement and intellectual converse with their fellow-creatures. Leyden has little animalism in its composition. It is a town of thought, a place of residence only for men of learning and study. As I perambulated its principal thoroughfare, the *Breed Straat*, or Broad Street, noting down in my memory the antique pointed

gables of the houses, the trimly painted windows, with their looking-glasses to catch the impression of every passing stranger, the well-washed brick pavements, the old stadthouse blazoned with carved inscriptions telling about the Spaniards, the glimpses, right and left, of retiring avenues of trees, and the perfect tranquillity of the scene, I almost felt as if I had been carried back to the sixteenth century, before the agitations and bustle of modern times had commenced. As a university town, Leyden is the Oxford of Holland; but it bears no architectural resemblance to that famed seat of English learning. Its whole aspect is democratic. No Gothic structures embellish its streets; and its plain collegiate halls of stone and brick bespeak the republican nature of its institutions.

Accompanied by a young gentleman sent from Surinam to Leyden for his education, and who spoke English fluently, I was enabled to visit with advantage various places in the town, including the university and its gardens. Usually, the object which first excites the curiosity of the traveller, is the Stadthouse, or Hotel de Ville, which occupies a conspicuous situation on one of the sides of the *Breed Straat*. It is a stone structure of considerable length, with three pointed pediments resembling gables, and surmounted by a tower with a clock. The ground floor is occupied as the flesh-market of the town—an arrangement which is very common in Holland, and suits the practice which prevails of levying a tax on all sales of meat. The floor above is reached by a double flight of steps from the street, leading to a spacious vestibule. The date of erection of the building, 1574, is carved on the front along with the arms of the town, two cross keys, and several inscriptions referring to the sufferings of the place during the period of its besiegement. Proceeding from the vestibule through divers rooms appropriated to different departments of the civic government, we were led into the place of assemblage of the burgomaster and members of the raad. The walls of this venerable apartment are of dark panelled wood, partly hung with beautiful old tapestry, and ornamented with several paintings. One picture of modern date, by Van Bree of Antwerp, is of a size so large as almost to cover one side of the room, and represents the streets of Leyden filled with its famishing inhabitants, in the midst of whom stands prominently forward the figure of the burgomaster, Peter Van der Werf, offering his own body to be eaten rather than give up the city to its merciless besiegers. As this tragical scene is interwoven with a mighty occurrence in the history of civil liberty, I shall take the opportunity of bringing the story of the siege of Leyden under the notice of my readers.

In the course of the iniquitous campaign of the Spanish forces in Holland, in 1573-4, it became of the utmost importance to them to possess Leyden, which was well protected by fortifications, and stood out most heroically for the cause of national independence. General Valdez, with a large army of Spaniards under his command, commenced the siege of Leyden on the 26th of May 1574. The defence of the place was entrusted to John Van der Does, or Janus Douza, as he was otherwise called, a person known in Latin literature for his elegant poetical productions; and in the execution of this arduous and honourable duty he was ably assisted by the burgomaster, Peter Van der Werf. By their example and eloquence, these illustrious patriots kindled in the minds of their fellow-citizens such a zeal for liberty, and so great an abhorrence of the tyranny of Spain, as rendered them superior to every distress, and in a great measure supplied their want of military skill. The Spanish commander, with the view of starving the town into a surrender, took possession of all points around the city, so that the inhabitants found themselves unable to carry on any communication with their friends, except by means of pigeons. The provisions which had been stored up against the expected blockade daily diminished, and no new supply could be procured.

Nevertheless, this did not bend the resolution of the people. They continued to strengthen their defences, and women as well as men were heartily engaged in this necessary task. An account was taken of the stock of provisions within the town; and in order to make it hold out as long as possible, they began to husband it betimes. They were perpetually exhorting and animating each other, and expatiating upon the cruelty and perfidy of the Spaniards, and the unworthy fate of the people of Haarlem, and other places who had trusted to their faith and mercy. To offers of capitulation sent to them, they replied, that they had, upon the most mature consideration, resolved rather to die of hunger, or to perish with their wives and children in the flames of the city, kindled by their own hands, than submit to the tyranny of the Spaniards.

That misery which, during the first two months of the siege, existed only in idea, was at last realised. Their whole stock of provisions being consumed, they were obliged to have recourse to the flesh of dogs and horses. Great numbers died of want, and many by the use of this unnatural food. The resolution of the people at length began to fail, and a great number having come one day in a tumultuous manner to Van der Werf, exclaiming that he ought either to deliver up the town or give them food, he heroically replied, "I have solemnly sworn that I shall never surrender myself or my fellow-citizens to the cruel and perfidious Spaniards, and I will sooner die than violate my oath. Food I have none, else I would give it you. But if my death can be of use to you, take, tear me in pieces, and devour me. I shall die with satisfaction, if I know that by my death I shall for one moment relieve you from your dire necessity." On hearing this noble speech, the people were abashed, and their fury was for a time appeased.

The Prince of Orange, who was not ignorant of the extreme misery to which the besieged were reduced, and being desirous of relieving them, convoked an assembly of the states of the province, to deliberate on the measures to be adopted in the great extremity. It was resolved, though most injurious to the country, to open the sluices, and break down the dykes, by which the land all around should be laid under water. All now therefore applied themselves to the demolition of those embankments upon which their existence as a nation depends, with a degree of industry and ardour equal to that which they were accustomed to employ in repairing them, after the ravages of an inundation. The water, after its barriers were removed, diffused itself over all the adjacent fields; and in a few days, almost the whole region which lies between Rotterdam, Gouda, Delft, and Leyden, was overflowed. The Spaniards were thrown at first into the utmost dread and terror: but when they understood the cause of this unexpected inundation, and observed that the water did not rise above a certain height, they recovered from their astonishment, and retired to the spots of ground which were still dry. The Prince of Orange, in the meanwhile, procured nearly two hundred flat-bottomed boats, mounted with guns, and manned with eight hundred Zealanders, under the command of Admiral Boissot. This large fleet of boats was now rowed with help of oars towards Leyden, and some severe skirmishes took place with the Spanish forces at such forts as stood in the way. The water, however, continued so low that the besieged city could not be reached. Boissot began to be apprehensive of the issue, and he and his faithful Zealanders waited with extreme impatience for the rising of winds which might assist in bearing up the tides over the land.

The situation of the besieged was at this juncture the most deplorable and desperate. During seven weeks there had not been a morsel of bread within the city, and the horrors of pestilence were now added to those of famine. To aggravate the distress of the inhabitants, they saw from their walls the sails and flags of the vessels destined for their relief, but which could not possibly approach them. The time of their

deliverance was, however, at hand. Towards the end of September, the wind changing from the north-east to the north-west, poured the ocean into the mouths of the rivers with uncommon violence; and then veering about to the south, it pushed the water towards the plains of Leyden, till they were converted into a spacious lake, in which the Spanish forts were seen scattered up and down, and many of them almost covered with water. Boissot seized with ardour the opportunity thus presented to him, and attacked the strongholds of the Spaniards in all directions. The Zealanders pursued the flying wretches, sometimes on foot along the dykes, and sometimes in their boats. The situation of the Spanish troops in this unequal struggle was truly deplorable. Some were swallowed up in the mud and water; and others, attempting to march along the embankments, were either killed by the fire from the boats, or dragged down with hooks fixed to the end of long poles, and put to the sword without mercy. Fifteen hundred perished in their retreat. All the outlying forts being taken, Boissot advanced without delay to the gates of Leyden. The people, pale and meagre, ran, as their small remains of strength would allow, to meet him, and greedily received the food which was distributed amongst them. When the population were in some degree refreshed with nourishment, all proceeded, with the magistrates at their head, to one of the churches, where, in tears of joy, they rendered thanks to the Almighty for their wonderful deliverance.* The day on which this important event occurred was the 3d of October 1574; it is still piously commemorated by the citizens. Historians mention, that after Leyden had thus been relieved, a wind arose which drove back the water from the land to the sea, by which the country was restored to its former condition, and another cause afforded for gratitude to the Divine Being.

The Prince of Orange, as a recompense to the inhabitants of Leyden for their heroic conduct, gave them the choice of exemption from taxes for a certain number of years, or having a university established; and much to their honour they preferred the latter. The university of Leyden was forthwith established, in 1576. As a seat of learning, it rose to the highest estimation, and produced or attached to itself a greater number of distinguished men than perhaps any other university in the world. The principal college building, which is very old, and was formerly a religious house, stands on the western side of the town, with a haven in the street in front, and extensive gardens spreading down to the cingel behind. As we came in sight of the old grey edifice, I had my recollection full of the Elzevirs who rendered Leyden famous for their editions of classical works, of the revolution wrought here in medicine by Boerhaave, and the disputes which were carried on regarding theology by Arminius. And, on being led through the low vaulted entrance to the building, and up an aged oak staircase to the floor in which the professors' halls are situated, I remembered that I was treading on the very ground which Goldsmith had frequently gone over, and in a sense rendered classic.

The only apartment worthy of inspection is that in which the senatus meet to examine students and confer degrees. Over the ancient mantelpiece is a remarkably fine portrait of the founder, William Prince of Orange; and round the walls are hung, as close as they can be placed, upwards of a hundred portraits of professors, in proper historical arrangement. These pictures have been respectively furnished by the relations of the professors soon after their death, and are therefore of value as real likenesses of the deceased. To each the name is appended, so that the stranger sees himself at once introduced into the presence, as far as that may be, of a number of men who have been an ornament to literature in the course of the last two

* The above account of the siege and deliverance of Leyden, is abridged from Watson's History of the Reign of Philip II.

centuries. Beginning with the top row of heads, the first is that of Scaliger, and then follow Salmasius, Everardus, Hensius, and Arminius. We recognise, also, those of Boerhaave, Wytenbach, and Schoten. The portrait of Boerhaave is almost the only one without a wig, and his face is by no means that of a grave doctor; it is full of sociality and humour, and impresses us with the idea that he was a man above practising any mystery in his profession. A head was pointed out to me of a very young man who had come to the university with all the external aspect of a poor country lad, and had, by his wonderful abilities as a linguist, risen to be professor of oriental languages in a very few months. Unfortunately, this prodigy of early genius died ere he had long enjoyed his honourable post. His head has the appearance of having been greatly overgrown, particularly about the brow, and I doubt not that his uncommon intellectual powers were connected with, or the result of, disease.

Leaving this interesting exhibition, we proceeded through the famous botanical gardens of Leyden, which cannot be viewed without emotions of delight. They extend over a number of acres of ground, and are laid out not only with the most refined skill, with reference to landscape, but exhibit one of the most extensive collections of plants in Europe. The nomenclature is according both to the systems of Linnæus and Jussieu. In walking along the pathway through the centre of the garden, an ash tree, the *Fraxinus Ornus* of Linnæus, was pointed out as having been planted by Boerhaave. The orange trees in moveable tubs were in full leaf, in the open air, and hung loaded with small fruit, in different stages of advancement. The collection of tropical plants is considered remarkably complete; it occupies a long range of hot and green houses, which shone in gorgeous splendour to the noonday sun.

The college buildings are so much detached, that the stranger has to walk to different streets to visit them. We did not feel inclined to examine the observatory, the anatomical museum, or the library, but proceeded to the Museum of Natural History, which, I believe, surpasses in extent any thing of the kind in the world. The Dutch, as is well known, excel in collecting objects of curiosity from foreign countries. Every ambassador and consul deputed from Holland, considers it his duty to procure interesting zoological specimens, and transmit them to his beloved *Vaderland*. Independently of its enrichment from this source, the university of Leyden has received many valuable presents in natural history, particularly in the department of birds, from Mr Temminck. The *senatus*, likewise, employs a set of travellers to gather rare specimens, from Africa, South America, and other quarters of the globe. In short, no pains are spared to enrich the collection, and consequently it has swelled to its present importance. As an instance of the zeal which is manifested, I was told by my conductor that 2500 guilders, or £208 sterling, had been lately paid by the university for one shell of a nautilus, to complete the series of specimens of this kind.

The Museum, which is daily open to all classes gratis, occupies four sides of a large court, and consists of an upper and under story in the form of long galleries, filled with glass cases along the walls and in the centre of the floor. Beginning at the doorway in the lower floor, we see a complete series of skulls of the human species and monkey tribes; next, full skeletons of monkeys of all sizes; and then the classification goes on through the whole Cuvierian divisions of animals—beasts, birds, fishes, and reptiles. The gallery above contains a similar classification, but the animals are stuffed, to have the appearance of being alive. The last gallery entered is one below, containing a splendid collection of geological specimens, minerals, and precious stones; also some models in wax of alpine districts. I tried to note down the objects which appeared most interesting, but soon gave up the attempt as hopeless; such an extraordinary collection of the most beautiful and surprising of nature's handiworks

must be not only seen, but patiently studied, in order that it may be appreciated as it deserves.

From the Museum of Natural History we proceeded to the Museum of Egyptian Antiquities, which is also extensive, and contains many deeply interesting pieces of sculpture, mummies, and domestic utensils, illustrative of the history and manners of the ancient Egyptians. We had now completed our tour of the academical institutions, and next paid a visit to the ancient church of St Peter, where I had an opportunity of seeing the tombs and monuments of a number of the great luminaries whose portraits embellish the hall of the *senatus*. Near this venerable ecclesiastical structure, we passed through a large open square laid out with avenues of trees, and having a canal flowing through its centre. This spot was once covered with regular streets, but the whole were blown down and destroyed by an accidental explosion of gunpowder, on board a vessel in the canal, in the year 1807. Besides the damage done to property, one hundred and fifty persons were killed, among whom was one of the professors.

The University of Leyden requires no tests or declarations of religious belief either from its professors or scholars, and consequently it comprehends all sects and denominations, both Christian and Jewish. The *senatus* consists of thirty-three professors, who are divided into faculties—Literature, Philosophy, Medicine, Law, Theology, and Mathematics and Physics. The code of instruction embraces nothing new, or suitable to the enlarged ideas of education in modern times. Most of the lectures are still delivered in Latin, and the public announcements of the curriculum are in the same antiquated language. Last year the number of students was 700. The students, who wear no particular dress, reside in lodgings in the town, and are sociable and polite in their manners, though perhaps possessing a little of the wildishness of their brethren, the German burschen. A large number of them own a club-house, where subscribers dine and recreate themselves with various amusements. In their reading-room I observed a profusion of German and French periodicals and newspapers, but not one in English. Many of the students, however, are well acquainted with the English language, having studied it chiefly with the view of being able to read the poetry of Byron and Burns. Much as I had reason to be pleased with what I saw in the society of the students, and what I heard of their diligence in learning, I regret that impartiality obliges me to warn young men against proceeding to Leyden for their education. Every new student is compelled, during a period of six weeks, to be a drudge or fag to those of older standing, and is thus subjected to a course of the most mortifying insults. The practice of duelling is also carried on, without restraint from the professors or civil authorities, and a young man has almost to fight his way into general estimation among his fellows. The garden behind the club-house is the usual arena for these disgraceful encounters; and there, as I was informed, a combatant was two or three years ago run through the body, and killed on the spot. How these things can be tolerated among such an orderly people as the Dutch, is beyond my comprehension.

Before departing from Leyden, I made inquiries as usual regarding the state of education among the middle and lower classes, and found that it was as general, and under as careful management, as it was in any other place in which I had been. Still, I experienced disappointment in learning that, in this university town, where something better might have been expected, no methodic scientific instruction is generally given, and there is no regular plan of intellectual culture. I visited a Primary School, which had been represented to me as a model of good management. I found that it was an Arnen, or Poor School, but, unlike the practice at other schools of this class, a fee is charged from the pupils. This pay-

ment, however, is so exceedingly small, that it can hardly serve as an excuse to keep away the children of the poor. The fee is one cent. a-day, or the fifth part of a stiver, which is less than an English farthing. It is paid every afternoon. If a child do not attend, it does not pay. Monsieur Cousin, who visited the school, mentions a higher payment as being exacted. I was informed by the head master that the practice of exacting these trifling fees does not prevent the education of any children, and that, in point of fact, all the children in the town are instructed. The instruction given is the same as that which I have already described; and, according to the Dutch custom, no religious doctrines are taught by the school-master.

HAARLEM.

The Rhine, after passing through Leyden, traverses a rich level country sectioned in polders, and at the distance of eight or nine miles falls into the German Ocean at Katwyk. About a thousand years since, the mouth of the river was so much blocked up by a barrier of drifted sand, that the waters could only filter their way to the sea, and all passage of vessels was stopped. About the year 1809, M. Conrad, a French engineer, was employed to restore a free passage for the river, which he effectually accomplished, and his work remains one of the proudest monuments of scientific skill. The river is managed as an artificial canal, and is furnished with several pairs of gates, of enormous size and strength, to serve as sluices. When the tide rises, the gates are shut; and when it ebbs, the gates are thrown open, so as to allow the exit of the accumulated waters. It is reckoned that a hundred thousand cubic feet of water pass out in a second on the opening of these stupendous sluices, and the rush or flood is so powerful that it clears away all accumulations of sand in the channel.

In pursuing our route from Leyden to Haarlem, we had occasion to cross the Rhine; but this branch of it is comparatively so insignificant, that it does not appear to differ from an ordinary canal. The road, which pursues a north-easterly direction, and extends to a length of twelve miles, proceeds through a fertile district, partially wooded, and enlivened with villages and gentlemen's houses. A large and elegant mansion, in the midst of a piece of pleasing park scenery, at the distance of half a mile from the road, was pointed out to us as a principal seminary for the education of the Roman Catholic clergy. As we approach Haarlem, the quantity of wood increases; and through openings in the villa plantations on our right, we were able to have glimpses of the large sheet of water, called by the Dutch *Haarlemer Meer* (pronounced *Mair*), or the Haarlem Sea.

Passing through an avenue of lofty trees in the midst of a woody park, we entered Haarlem by a handsome modern gateway, and drove to a hotel in the market-place in the centre of the town. Haarlem is, in external appearance, unlike the other Dutch cities which we had previously seen. It has an ancient and somewhat dingy aspect. The architecture of some of the houses is remarkably picturesque, with sharp pointed gables, and the roofs show several rows of small attic windows, like what one is accustomed to see in old Flemish pictures. The streets are arranged in an irregular manner, with cross alleys and back courts, and few of them have havens in the centre, which is quite a singularity in a Dutch town. The number of its inhabitants is at present 21,000, which is greatly below what it formerly contained.

Eight hundred years ago, during the period of the Crusades, Haarlem was a town of importance; and it makes a conspicuous figure in the history of the war with the Spaniards in the sixteenth century. At this latter period it was fortified with brick walls, parts of which, with an old gateway, still remain inside the *cingel*. The defence which it made when besieged by the Spanish army commanded by General Toledo, son

of the ferocious Alva, was as heroic as that of Leyden. It stood out for the space of seven months, from December 1572 till July 1573, during which period all classes of inhabitants endured the severest privations. The garrison, at length, perceiving that a general death from starvation must inevitably ensue, resolved to rush out, and, with the women and children in the midst of them, cut their way through the camp of the enemy. The Spaniards, it seems, being alarmed at the report of this daring proposal, dispatched a flag of truce, with an offer of certain terms of surrender. Reduced to the brink of despair, the citizens of Haarlem accepted the offer, and the town and its arms were delivered up; but as soon as this was done, a slaughter of the inhabitants was commenced, by order of the perfidious Toledo. This monster in human form planted four executioners on scaffolds in the market place, and delivered to them a host of the most respectable inhabitants, including all the soldiers of the garrison and Protestant clergy, with orders that they should be ignominiously put to death. The executioners, in obedience to this mandate, butchered many hundreds of individuals; but growing tired of their horrid employment, they tied the remaining victims two and two, and had them thus thrown like dogs into the Sea of Haarlem, where they were drowned. This diabolical transaction, which stamps eternal disgrace on Toledo and the cause which he espoused, was productive of the best results to the Dutch. It filled up the measure of detestation in which they beheld their oppressors, and the religion which was attempted to be forced upon them. Occurring at the time when Leyden was suffering a blockade from General Valder, it inspired the citizens and soldiers of that unhappy town with a phrensied heroism which rose above physical privations, and was a main cause of their ultimate deliverance. Haarlem again fell into the hands of the Dutch, four years afterwards.

In walking through the streets of Haarlem, we saw a rather curious memorial of these disastrous times. At the sides of the doors of various houses, hung a small neatly framed board, on which was spread a piece of fine lace-work of an oval form, resembling the top of a lady's cap with a border; the object, indeed, on a casual inspection, might have been taken for a lady's cap hung out to dry. Beneath it, to show the transparency of the lace, there is placed a piece of pink paper or silk. On asking the meaning of these exhibitions, I was informed that they originated in a circumstance which occurred at the siege of Haarlem. Before surrendering the town, a deputation of aged matrons waited on the Spanish general, to know in what manner the women who were at the time in childbirth should be protected from molestation, in case of the introduction of the soldiery; and he requested, that at the door of each house containing a female so situated, an appropriate token should be hung out, and promised that that house should not be troubled. This, according to the tradition, was attended to, and till the present day every house in which there is a female in this condition is distinguished in the manner I have mentioned. The lace is hung out several weeks previous to the expected birth, and hangs several weeks afterwards, a small alteration being made as soon as the sex of the child at birth is known. I was further assured, that during the time which is allowed for these exhibitions, the house is exempted from all legal execution, and that the husband cannot be taken to serve as a soldier.* My

* I asked our conductor, who belonged to the town, "if these pieces of lace-work were ever stolen or injured by evil-disposed boys?" I wish I could convey to the reader an idea of the surprise which the man's face manifested on hearing such a question. The possibility of the commission of such an atrocity had evidently never before entered his mind. He declared that he never heard of such a thing, and that he believed if a boy were to steal or injure these things, the inhabitants would view the crime with the deepest detestation, and inflict the severest punishment on the delinquent. This I present as a trait of manners. Such

taking a drawing of one of these droll-looking emblems, afforded evidently a good deal of amusement to a number of females who were passing, and it was mentioned to me that they were expressing surprise that such things should be looked on as strange by an Englishman. How illustrative of the universal weakness of mankind, in seeing nothing remarkable in their own conduct or customs!

Let us now, after this bit of gossip, return to the market-place of Haarlem, which abounds in interesting features. At the south-eastern corner stands the church of St. Bavon, a vast Gothic structure with a prodigiously high square tower; and on the north side of the church on the open street, is planted the statue of Lawrence Coster, the assumed discoverer of the art of printing. Westward from the church, on the same side, is an exceedingly ancient house, with a richly pinnacled front, which is now used as the flesh-market. And across the west end of the Place is built the Stadthouse, a structure fully as interesting as that at Leyden. Let the reader conceive the remainder of the parallelogram to be filled up with private houses, shops, and hotels, and at each corner a street diverging off to a different quarter of the town, and he has a perfect idea of this ancient Place. Of course, the centre is entirely open and paved, which gives a dignity and a roominess that are not perceivable in our English squares.

As Haarlem forms a link in the series of towns from Rotterdam to Amsterdam, it is visited by all travellers proceeding to the latter city, and is usually stopped at for a few hours, with a view of hearing the great organ, from which the town has derived so much celebrity. I had heard and read so much about this wonderful organ, that my curiosity was greatly excited; and I stood with no small degree of impatience at the door of the Hotel du Couronne, looking across the way to St. Bavon's, where the public are admitted freely at the hour of noon to hear the instrument played. A few minutes before twelve o'clock, the great doors at the west end of the church were thrown open, and about two hundred persons of all classes, native and foreign, were admitted to the interior of the august building. As in the case of all the churches I had seen, the interior of St. Bavon's has a bare stripped appearance, being denuded of its ancient Romish trappings, and yet not furnished in the comfortable style of the ecclesiastical edifices of England. A handsome brass screen, separating the choir from the transepts, is the only ornament that tends to diminish the bare aspect of the place. The seating for the Presbyterian service is in the nave only, and the organ, to which all eyes turn, is placed, like that at Rotterdam, at the west end of this part of the building, over the doorway, so as to fill up the end of the church. In architectural elegance, it surpasses that at Rotterdam. The pipes, of which there are three tiers rising in elegant proportions, are of block tin, and set in light fawn-coloured wood. The whole of the stupendous mass rests on a number of white and black marble pillars, and is highly ornamented in different parts with figures. On the topmost pinnacle is the king's arms in bold relief. Immediately beneath the organ, and between two masses of pillars, is placed a group of figures the size of life, in white marble, representing Faith, Hope, and Charity, executed by Xavery of Haarlem, a living artist. They form unquestionably the best specimens of modern sculpture in Holland, and are among the most beautiful objects of art I have ever seen.

While some of the many strangers continued lounging through the wilderness of empty side aisles, and others were seating themselves on the rush-bottomed chairs in the nave, the organ began to sound. First, a voluntary was played, to bring out the loud strong

tones; then followed a tune in the softest and most melting strain; after which, a quick air was given, involving a wide variety of notes. In playing one of the airs, a tone closely resembling the human voice was occasionally brought out from the vox humana pipe, and was quite thrilling in its effect when blended with the sweet warbling of the lesser tones. Altogether the effect was striking, and calculated to excite the most pleasing emotions. But it fell short of my expectations in point of sublimity; and at the close of the display, it was my conviction that the tones of several large organs in England are upon the whole much finer. The instrument consists of nearly 5000 pipes, some of them of fifteen inches in diameter and thirty-two feet in length. After the church was cleared of the throng, we were, at our solicitation, conducted by the coster, or keeper, to the great tower which springs from the centre of the edifice, and which we ascended to the height of three hundred feet. From an external stone parapet at this altitude, we obtained a most extensive view eastwards across the Haarlem Sea, on the farther side of which the towers of Amsterdam were conspicuous; northwards rose the sand-hills on the coast, shutting out the view of the ocean; and in all other quarters the country was seen spread out like a richly planted park or garden.

Most travellers hurry so fast through Haarlem, that they learn little or nothing regarding it. It was my design to avoid this error, and to spend at least a day perambulating its environs, which are renowned for their tulip-gardens, and also in making some minute inquiries regarding its schools. From the church of St. Bavon's we proceeded to the house of Mr. Prinsen, situated in a back lane of the town, with the hope of being admitted to inspect the Normal School Establishment, or Royal Seminary for the training of Schoolmasters, of which M. Cousin speaks so favourably. Here we seemed likely at first to meet with a disappointment, for Mr. Prinsen had been recently so much offended by a certain statement in a report of his school laid by Mr. Nichols before Parliament, that he refused to receive any individual from the same country. It was with no small difficulty that my friend contrived to mollify him. He at length rose, and threw open a door which led into a neat, moderately large apartment, where a model school was in full operation. From this we were led into another, and so on through several apartments. In each were about thirty children, under the charge of a young man, who, in thus giving instructions, was serving a species of apprenticeship to Mr. Prinsen. At present there are thirty young men under training. During the day they attend the various schools in the town, to obtain a practical knowledge of the art of teaching, and for two or three hours in the evening they attend Mr. Prinsen for fresh instruction. The schools in Mr. Prinsen's house appear only to exist as model institutions for the special training and exercise of the young schoolmasters. The individuals under his care are usually lads who have shown peculiar tact when appointed to act as monitors, and they receive a small salary from government during the period of their probation, which lasts four years.

Mr. Prinsen is director of all the schools in Haarlem and its vicinity, and, according to his own statement, he is independent of the general school commission, and even of the minister of public instruction; he appeared to me to be an enthusiast in education, whom the government is willing to leave to work out his own plans of instruction, and to use his own school-books, of which he has published several, which are in use both in his own schools and others in some of the provinces. His system of teaching consists, firstly, of instructing children in the alphabet, syllables, and words, by means of moveable letters in a frame—thus admitting of endless combination, as in the case of types. Secondly, the sounds and powers of the letters are taught by means of sensible objects, as, for instance, teaching the sound of the letter *i* by the figure of a

articles could not be safely trusted at the doors of houses in any town in Britain, where even bell-handles and knockers are with difficulty preserved.

fly, and causing the children to repeat the word *fly* slowly; after which, explaining that the final sound of the word is the name and power of the letter. Thirdly, he exercises the pupils in the meaning of the words, as, for example, the fly just mentioned, causing them to tell all they know about the animal, and helping them by his own information. He lastly exercises them on all this afterwards, so as to oblige them to reflect on the subject, and thus exercise their mental faculties and memories. This mode of exercising on words, so as to elicit thought, is pursued through all the subsequent lessons, and it is what Mr Prinsen considers as the most important feature of his system. It is precisely the same plan with what is called the intellectual mode of teaching in Britain.

From the model schools we were taken by Mr Prinsen to a large Tusschen School in the neighbourhood, which is, of course, conducted according to his plans. It contains 230 children, who pay a small fee for instruction. One child from a family pays 3d., two pay 5d., and three pay 6d. a-week. The pupils are taught reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, history, Bible history, and music. It was gratifying to observe the order and quietness that prevailed in this school; there was none of that noisy hum which one hears in approaching the door of a school in Britain. Habits of cleanliness and order are strictly enforced at all the Dutch schools, and in this respect they are far in advance of our unruly seminaries, from which the children too frequently rush like a drove of cattle, and behave themselves out of doors as if all that they learnt within went for nothing.

The master of the Tusschen School was a particularly agreeable and intelligent person, who showed the highest pleasure in exhibiting the progress of his pupils, and explaining the plans upon which he cultivated their latent energies. Having seen all that was necessary, I as usual questioned him on the subject of religious instruction. He answered, that he took every occasion of enforcing the principle of religious and moral obligation, when such a theme was appropriate in the exercises on words and sentiments in the lessons, but that no catechism or religious work formed a part of the course of instruction. The following conversation now ensued between us:—"Where are your pupils taught the doctrines and other essential matters in religion?" "All are taught these things by the clergymen to whose congregations their parents belong." "How is this managed?" "Two hours a-week are allowed for their attendance at the clergymen's houses or churches, but I don't interfere in the matter, and leave parents to manage these affairs with their priests." "Do you know how the children in the school are divided into sects; that is, how many in each?" "Oh, no; I never inquire of what religion a child is when it is sent to me; indeed, I cannot help feeling surprised how you should ask such a strange question." I told him that I was governed by no idle curiosity in asking these questions; that I was much gratified in observing the fervent piety and orderly manners of the Dutch, and therefore was interested in the manner of their religious education; that if he had no objections, I should like to be permitted to ask the children, one after the other, to what religious party they belonged. This was good-humouredly agreed to. Selecting the first form in front, he began at the topmost boy, and, bidding him stand up, asked him in a kindly way what religion he was of. The child uttered the word "Romsch;" the next said "Reformaire," and so did the third; the fourth was a Jew; then followed Mennonite (Baptist) and Lutheran—and so on, there was a mixture of all sects as far as we went. "I am now perfectly satisfied; I see that there is a thorough mixture of all sects in the school. But may I ask if they ever taunt or abuse each other on account of their religion?" "No," replied the teacher, "they never to my knowledge do such a thing; in all my experience I never heard of such a thing." This closed the conversation, and we retired.

We now paid a visit to a large Armen School, consisting of about 800 children, in two apartments. Here there is the same routine of instruction as at the Tusschen School, though not carried to the same extent, and here the same arrangements exist regarding religious instruction. I observed in this school, for the first time, that the children are allowed, for the space of one hour in the day, to make drawings of figures in nature or art on their slates. This is a delightful indulgence to them, and we found them all as happy as possible, making figures of horses, trees, flowers, and other things, which they partly copied from pictures on the walls, and partly drew from their own natural tastes. This indulgence, I need hardly say, is perfectly in agreement with the exercise of a useful faculty in our mind, and must be productive of benefit to the pupil. As I walked amidst the rows of little Dutch boys and girls, and witnessed the pleasure they experienced when I smiled an approval of their labours, I could not help comparing what I saw with my own unhappy school days, when the drawing of a figure on a slate was visited with a punishment suitable to a high moral transgression.

I am afraid that these must prove but dry details to many of my readers; but I promise them that they shall not be again troubled with any thing about schools till I get to Amsterdam, and then not much either, for I was now satisfied on the subject, and felt convinced that I had seen all that was worth seeing in the national system of instruction.

We may now proceed to the tulip-gardens of Haarlem. The sun shone in cloudless splendour as we walked through the western suburbs of the town, and emerged on the road which had brought us from Leyden on the previous day. A few steps carried us into the piece of park scenery which lies in this quarter, and is only surpassed in beauty by the Bosch at the Hague. It is perfectly open to the public. Wander where you will, in the avenues of tall beeches and elms, or in the smaller paths which cross the fields, no one hinders or molests you. At the head of a fine vista in the landscape, and at no great distance from the public road, stands a large elegant mansion in the Grecian style of architecture, styled the Pavilion. It was built upwards of thirty years ago by Mr Hope, an eminent merchant of Amsterdam, who sold it, with the adjacent domain, to Louis Bonaparte, when king of Holland. At the peace, which restored the old order of things, I believe the property was sequestered by the nation; but the case was litigated by Louis, on the plea that he had bought it with his own money. How this affair was settled, was not explained to me; at present, the house seems shut up, and is designed to form an institution for the exhibition of the works of living Dutch painters.

Adjacent to the grounds of the Pavilion, and lying in a southerly direction from the town, are the famous tulip and flower gardens, or "Bloemen-Tuin," as they are called on the various sign-boards over the entrances. Each garden is secluded from the public road by a high wall, or a brick house tidily painted; and when admitted, you find yourself in the midst of offices or warehouses devoted to the great business of drying and packing the roots. Thence, the garden stretches out to the length of perhaps a quarter of a mile by a breadth of a hundred yards, and is separated from other gardens, as well as frequently divided across, by partitions of wood six feet high. In the sunny square spots thus sectioned off, we perceive, according to the season, all the varieties of tulips, dahlias, hyacinths, ranunculuses, and various other flowers, also shrubs and plants. We were politely conducted by Mr Krelage, one of the principal bloomists, over his extensive garden. I remarked that here, as elsewhere in Dutch flower-gardens, there is a practice of covering the surface of the ground with sand. All the flowers appear to grow from a soil like that of the sea-shore; but this is merely an exterior dressing: beneath the layer of sand the ground is rich and soft, like that of

the best prepared flower beds. The drying-houses are filled with shelves, in stands, on which are spread myriads of roots, and in adjacent apartments men are kept constantly busy packing for exportation. In packing, each root is first twisted into a small piece of paper, and then a hundred are put together in a paper bag, according to sorts. The bags are afterwards packed in cases, and are thus sent to all parts of the world. Mr Krelage mentioned that he exported annually 100,000 hyacinths, 300,000 crocuses, 200,000 tulips, and 100,000 ranunculuses, besides many roots of other flowers.

In the present day, the exportation of all these flower-roots from Haarlem is a matter of sober trade, and is no way tainted with the wild speculative spirit which once characterised it. About two hundred years ago, as is well known, the roots of tulips became objects of such general interest, that to obtain a single root of some peculiar sort cost a fortune. In 1637, they were actually converted into stock by a set of stockbrokers in Amsterdam, and keenly purchased, like shares in a favourite undertaking. According to the accounts given of this stockjobbing mania, one of the kinds of tulips, called the *Semper Augustus*, rose to the factitious value of two thousand florins for each root. Neither these, nor any other roots, however, were ever delivered, or passed from hand to hand; the whole of the sales and purchases were a series of gambling transactions, or speculations on the demand for the article, and were finally suppressed as illegal by the Dutch government. The greater part of the tulip roots now cultivated and sold by the bloemists of Haarlem are valued from a penny to twentypence each, though there are some much higher in price.

The north-eastern environs of Haarlem are enlivened by scenery of a different description. On this side of the town the land is lower, with a river or canal answering as a haven for barges, which carry on a communication with Amsterdam and the sea. The ancient defences of the town have on this side been removed, and the green embankments within the *cingel* are levelled, and planted with trees. The walks amidst these plantations are delightful in summer, and are much enjoyed by all classes of citizens in the evenings, and as a quiet retreat on Sunday afternoons. Here and there the walks jut out from below the trees, and offer seats for the contemplative promenader, at spots where a picturesque prospect is afforded of the water of the *cingel*, with its woody islets and serpentine windings, as well as of the fertile meadows on the opposite bank. In the midst of these meadows stand the ruins of the castle of Brederode, once the seat of a family which signalised itself in the struggle for Dutch independence, but now only a heap of broken walls overrun with the verdure of the plain. Close by the road which leads from the town to these public walks, and near the seat of traffic on the haven, an extensive cotton factory has been erected, and is now in full operation. I was informed that the king of Holland, who is most zealous in encouraging the introduction of manufactures into the country, has a share in the concern, which is conducted by a Scotchman, and is in the most prosperous condition. Steam-engines are employed, as at Glasgow and Manchester, to turn the machinery. The coal consumed here and elsewhere in manufacturing, is admitted from England free of duty. There are three factories of this kind at Haarlem, which employ two thousand individuals—men, women, and children. The weekly wages given to workmen in the factories amount to only twelve or thirteen shillings, and boys and girls get about one shilling and sixpence each. Low as these payments are, they are felt as a great blessing by the poor of Haarlem. The environs of the town also possess several extensive bleaching grounds for linens, and here were at one time prepared those fine fabrics which were long known in England by the name of Holland. It is said that the water round the town possesses some peculiar property for purifying cloth in the bleaching process.

Haarlem possesses a few private collections of pictures, and also a Museum of Natural History, but I had no desire to spend time in visiting them. The remainder of the day was consumed in rambling through the halls of the ancient Stadthouse at the head of the market-place, which had survived the bombardment and siege of 1673. A heavy flight of stone steps leads from the street to a large antechamber or hall, which is hung round with old grim pictures of the Counts of Flanders, and communicates with inner rooms for the courts of justice and the meetings of the civic magistracy. One of these has a marble chimney-piece at each end, measuring at least eight feet high, and supported on pillars of the same material. Over each is a picture of Lawrence Coster, whom the town boasts of as a citizen who invented the art of printing. A figure of Coster in stone, as I have already mentioned, is placed at the foot of the market-place near St Bayon's. In the various inscriptions connected with these representations, Coster is spoken of as "*Haarlem's glory*," and the town has in fact almost deified him. It is now, however, certain that Guttenberg was the first inventor of printing, notwithstanding the existence of very early executed works by Coster. But be this as it may, the Haarlemites have little to be proud of. Once celebrated for its printing, the town has suffered itself to be stripped of its character as a mart of literature, and retains little else than a manufacture of types, particularly those of the Hebrew and Greek character. At the present day its printing is not more extensive than that of an English country town.

AMSTERDAM.

On looking from the higher parts of Haarlem in an easterly direction, the numerous lofty spires of Amsterdam are visible on the horizon, at a distance of ten miles. They appear as if rising from the farther shore of the large expanse of water already adverted to by the name of the Haarlem Sea. This sea, or inland lake of brackish water, is an excrescence or off-shoot from the Zuyder Zee, which, as is well known, is a great inlet or gulf of the German Ocean. The Zuyder Zee first sends off a channel of about a mile broad, usually called the river *Yor Ai*, on the south side of which Amsterdam is built; the channel of the *Ai* proceeds in a westerly direction, and expands first into a large lake, and then sends off a shoot to the south, which forms the Sea of Haarlem. The whole of these intricate waters are the result of bursts of the ocean upon the land in former times. The Sea of Haarlem was formed by an inundation at the end of the sixteenth century, which transformed four small lakes into one sheet of water, and, overflowing the surrounding country, laid several villages waste and destroyed much valuable property. Since that period, the Haarlem Sea has existed in its present form. It extends to a circumference of thirty-three miles, and stretches up the country to within a short distance of Leyden, where it is named the Leyden Sea. It is generally shallow, except in the middle, and is easily agitated by winds, which drive the waves with great fury against the dykes that are erected round its shores. On account of the danger of squalls on its surface, it is very little used for navigation. Its overplus waters find an artificial outlet by the Rhine at Katwyk. Various schemes have been devised for expelling the whole mass, and leaving at least fifty thousand acres of land open to agriculture, but nothing effectual has ever been done.

In travelling from Haarlem to Amsterdam, the land on both sides of the way consists at first of flat green meadows; but after proceeding a few miles, the *Ai* lake on the left, and the Haarlem Sea on the right, approach so closely to each other, that the traveller has some little fear that the road will ultimately terminate in the water, and the diligence will have to swim its way on to Amsterdam. The existence of a regular highway in the midst of such a scene of water,

is almost inconceivable; and we are reminded that the only other land communication of the same description was that which existed at the ancient city of Mexico, through the lake of Teztuco. To make the resemblance the more complete, both roads are equally celebrated as the battle-ground of Spanish invaders. The road from Haarlem, which proceeds in an almost straight line to Amsterdam, consists of a brick-paved causeway running along the top of a broad dyke, and which, about half way between the two cities, crosses a bridge over the channel which connects the Ai lake with the Haarlem Sea. Here also are situated sluices and gauge posts for regulating the height of the innermost water, and so preventing, as far as possible, any new inundation.

One half of the wonder of the road from Haarlem to Amsterdam has yet to be revealed. On the left-hand side, all the way between the two places, there is a canal for barges and treckschuits. At first this canal gets on pretty well through the meadow grounds, but after a time it becomes desperately hampered with the Ai lake, and finally merges in the lake altogether; a distinction is still, however, kept up in its course by a row of strong posts, to prevent the heavy waves of the Ai, during storms, from dashing against the road. As the diligence rattled along the paved causeway, and carried us through this singular scene of land and water, we were amused to observe that the Dutch are actually forming a railway on the farther side of the canal, to connect Haarlem with Amsterdam. It is obvious that nothing in the form of water or quagmire can daunt the perseverance of this remarkable people. We observed that they were constructing the embankment on the spongy ground by means of a mixture of earth and brushwood, the materials being brought to the spot by barges on the canal; but how they propose to arrange matters when they come to the lake, unless they put their railway on stilts, is beyond the reach of my imagination.

Day was declining in the west as we drove over the latter part of the way, and entered the streets of Amsterdam, which is the largest town in Holland, and at present contains about 220,000 inhabitants. Rotterdam, with its havens, its wooden draw-bridges, and its lines of trees, had prepared me for the appearance of this large city; nevertheless, I found myself in the midst of a scene of considerable novelty and interest. As has been already mentioned, Amsterdam stands on the southern bank of the Y, or Ai, a neck of sea inferior in breadth to the Mersey at Liverpool, but possessing all the appearance of a navigable firth. The quays and piers rise sheer out of the water, so as to afford the greatest facility for the shipment of goods from the warehouses. The country on the opposite bank is bare, with a few houses at a ferry, and will come under our notice by and bye. The figure of Amsterdam is that of a large semicircle, with its straight side on the Ai, and extending two or three miles inland. The river Amstel, from which the town takes its name, intersects it diagonally from the south, and assists in filling the numerous havens in the streets. The cingel, or exterior belt of water, pursues a zig-zag line round the sites of ancient bastions, which are now crowned with windmills; and the ramparts being levelled, space is afforded for public walks of the usual agreeable character.

It is beyond the power of any writer to convey a correct idea of the apparently inextricable maze, or rather the bewildering confusion, of land and water in this remarkable city. So much is the town interwoven with havens, that the ground is cut up into ninety-five islands or detached blocks, which are connected with each other by two hundred and ninety bridges. The principal havens, called here *grachts*, are from a hundred to a hundred and forty feet wide, and extend in semicircular curves one after the other through the town. In consequence of this peculiar arrangement, the traveller, after entering at one of the outports, is compelled to cross a number of broad

harbours, before he reaches his place of destination at the interior. In making the necessary deflections in passing from *gracht* to *gracht*, all recollection of points of the compass vanishes, and the impression sinks into his mind that he is wandering in a labyrinth, from which it is impossible to escape by his own unassisted efforts.

All the houses are built of brick, and generally rise to a height of four or five stories, with fantastic pointed gables in front. Instead of rising smooth from the street, as at Rotterdam, many have a sunk cellar story, which is inhabited by persons following some humble trade, or is occupied as a paltry shop. Above is the main dwelling, reached by a few outside steps; and the common practice prevails, of having back courts with wide entrances, for carrying on extensive mercantile concerns. Little or no freestone is seen here or any where else in Holland. Door-steps, flag-stones, and monumental tablets, are usually of a hard blue stone, of the limestone order, which is largely imported for these purposes, and has a disagreeable coldness in its aspect. Many of the houses are constructed in an elegant style, with splendid interior decorations, suitable as the residences of wealthy merchants, but no street that I observed can be described as possessing a general appearance above that of Wapping, or any similar part of London. All classes of inhabitants seem to be desirous of making their dwellings look as like warehouses as possible. Almost every house has a piece of timber projecting from the wall over the uppermost window in the gable, to which a pulley apparatus may be fixed for the purpose of hauling up fuel or articles of furniture to the top story. This causes the upper floors of the houses to resemble the grain lofts which one is accustomed to see in sea-port towns, and an air of meanness is thus communicated to the whole city. All the houses are erected on piles of wood driven into the soft ground; but so insufficient is this precaution in giving stability, that many of the buildings, as at Rotterdam, lean considerably from the perpendicular, and seem as if about to fall into the streets. About sixteen years ago, a large warehouse, containing a heavy weight of corn, was unable to keep itself above ground, and went down like a stone half sunk in the mud. The same arrangement exists here as at Rotterdam, respecting the growing of lines of trees, and paving with brick on the quays; but so narrow is the roadway between the houses and the water, that in some of the most respectable streets a coach cannot conveniently turn round.

Formerly, the channels of the havens were, from some tidal influences, frequently offensive; but this, I believe, has been remedied, and now the havens are kept uniformly full of water, against which no serious complaint can be raised. This liquid, however, is unfit for drinking; and therefore, although situated amidst so much water, few towns are so ill supplied with this indispensable article of daily use as Amsterdam. The deficiency is partly supplied by rain water collected from the roofs of the houses, and partly by means of carts which bring water from a neighbouring river. Seltzer water, a sparkling fluid imported in stone bottles from Germany, is pretty generally consumed at table by the more opulent classes, and, with the cheap wines and brandies of France, leaves little cause for discontent to those who follow the Dutch mode of living. Judging from these various peculiarities of character, it will doubtless appear to the reader that Amsterdam is any thing but a comfortable or agreeable place of residence. The stranger, indeed, feels surprised that human beings can willingly choose to live in it, and that they are able to preserve their health in such a humid climate. There is a buoyancy of mind, however, which leads mankind to disregard physical annoyances, when they are animated with love of country, or of political and religious freedom, and, above all, inspired with hopes of pecuniary advantage. Amsterdam in its swamp, is the freest town in the world.

It has for ages been a city of refuge to the oppressed of all nations; and therein lies the main cause of its existence and its prosperity.

From the condition of a fishing village on the Amstel, in the thirteenth century, Amsterdam (or Amstelredam, as it was originally called) rose, under the fostering privileges of the Counts of Flanders, to be a commercial town of considerable importance; and the establishment of the Dutch independence so greatly accelerated its prosperity, that in the beginning of the seventeenth century, it had attained the first rank as a maritime city. It became the entrepôt of commerce, ships visited it from all nations, its merchants were famed for their honesty and frugality, and its bank enabled it to take the lead in the great pecuniary concerns of Europe. During this period of prosperity, its burgomasters exercised a power hardly less influential on the fate of Holland than that of the stadtholder, or president of the republic. Their civic establishment, or stadthouse, which included the bank of Amsterdam, still survives, and is more magnificent, even in its altered condition, than any royal palace in England. The bank of Amsterdam was an institution of so much importance in its day, that it well deserves a passing notice.

BANK AND STADTHOUSE.

The bank of Amsterdam was established in 1609, under the guarantee of the city, and in one respect was a department of the municipal economy. Its chief object was to remedy the defects of the currency of Europe generally, which consisted of mutilated coins and imperfect standards of value. The bank received deposits of coin or bullion at its true value, and gave credit for the same. The amount credited was called bank money, for which receipts were issued, and formed a commodious paper currency. The profits of the bank consisted in certain charges made for keeping the deposited bullion, and in negotiating accounts and bills. Adam Smith, in describing the institution, mentions that about 2000 persons kept accounts with it, and that, in all likelihood, the aggregate amount of bullion these persons had deposited was three millions of pounds sterling. "At Amsterdam (says he) no point of faith is better established, than that for every guilder circulated as bank money, there is a correspondent guilder in gold or silver to be found in the treasure of the bank. The city is guarantee that it should be so. The bank is under the direction of the four reigning burgomasters, who are changed every year. Each new set of burgomasters visits the treasure, compares it with the books, receives it upon oath, and delivers it over with the same awful solemnity to the set which succeeds; and in that sober and religious country oaths are not yet disregarded. A rotation of this kind seems alone a sufficient security against any practices which cannot be avowed. Amidst all the revolutions which faction has ever occasioned in the government of Amsterdam, the prevailing party has at no time accused their predecessors of infidelity in the administration of the bank. No accusation could have affected more deeply the reputation and fortune of the disgraced party; and if such an accusation could have been supported, we may be assured that it would have been brought." Such is the flattering picture presented by Smith of the integrity of this celebrated institution; and it is to be regretted, both for the sake of his character as an acute writer, and also the character of the Dutch, that the directors should have abused their sacred trust, and secretly given out the money committed to their charge. This startling fact was disclosed in 1795, when the French invaded Holland. The provisional government of the city announced, that, during the last fifty years, the directors had successively advanced upwards of ten millions of florins to the Dutch East India Company, the provinces of Holland and West Friesland, and the city of Amsterdam. This declaration ruined the credit of the establishment; the bank of the immaculate

burgomasters became bankrupt; and Amsterdam cannot be said to have held up its head as a money market ever since.

In setting out on an excursion through the streets of Amsterdam on the morning after our arrival, the first object of attraction was the edifice which had at one period served as the stadthouse and bank. It occupies a conspicuous situation in an open space on the east side of one of the main havens or grachts, and is a vast square stone structure, bearing a resemblance to the front of Somerset House in London. Its exterior exhibits several rows of windows interspersed with pilasters, and a pediment in the front, surmounted by a handsome turret, on the top of which is placed a colossal figure of Atlas, with the globe on his shoulders. All round on the basement story is a row of small windows, which give light to the lobbies and passages leading to the upper floors. The centre of the structure is open with two narrow courts, but the only use of these is to light the inner side of the large halls and galleries. The building was erected between the years 1644 and 1648, and it is said to stand upon 13,695 piles of wood. Until 1808, it remained as a stadthouse for the burgomasters and other civic authorities, and was then converted into a royal palace by Louis Bonaparte. Latterly, it has formed one of the palaces of the king of Holland, when he visits this part of his dominions. The main door of the house not being opened except on state occasions, we were admitted by a public entrance on the side next the haven, and thence conducted by an attendant to the show-rooms above. The vaulted passages through which we pass towards the staircase are gloomy and prison-like, being over the vaults once used as the bank treasury; and it is only on gaining the top of a broad stair, that the princely character of the mansion is developed. All the accounts which I have seen, fall considerably short of a true description of the place. In the present day, the house is much shorn of its magnificence, on account of certain extensive galleries having been intersected with modern patchwork partitions, in order to increase the number of apartments: still the appearance is both tasteful and grand. That which most strikes the eye of an English stranger, is the profusion of white and veined marble—marble floors, marble walls, and ornaments of sculptured marble over the doors of the various apartments. These ornaments have been executed by artists of much skill and fancy. Each tablet of figures is designed to be emblematic of the business to which the room within was originally devoted. Over the door of what was the secretary's chamber, is a human figure of small size, with a finger pressed on the closed lips, significant of silence; and over that which was the registry of bankrupts, is the figure of a falling angel, and also of rats escaping from a sinking ship. After being led through a suite of elegant rooms, furnished as private apartments for the king, we entered the public audience chamber, the walls of which are hung with light green satin, and embellished with some large modern pictures by Wappers, Vlink, and Ball. One of these paintings represents Van Speyk, a heroic young Dutch sailor, in the act of advancing to blow up his vessel, rather than let it fall into the hands of the Belgians. This intrepid, or, properly speaking, mad action, which took place a few years ago, is still the theme of universal admiration among the Dutch. There are Van Speyk songs, Van Speyk dresses, Van Speyk hotels and taverns—in short, the name of Van Speyk is heard and seen everywhere, and has attained a distinction as great as that of Tromp, and other luminaries of the seventeenth century. It is curious to consider what a local affair greatness often is. Here is a person who is almost deified by a whole nation, situated within a day's sail of England, and yet we know hardly any thing about him; many of us, indeed, never before heard his name. What if some of our great men, whose fame we presume to be over the whole earth, were in the same manner never heard of

beyond the shores of our own little island? The idea is humiliating.

Elegant as is the king's audience chamber, it is not worthy of a moment's consideration in comparison with the grand hall into which we were next introduced. This magnificent apartment measures fifty-six feet in breadth, by a hundred and twenty feet in length, and is a hundred feet high from the floor to the ceiling. The lofty walls are built in compartments with white Italian marble, and the doorways are lavishly embellished with sculptured figures, on a scale much more imposing than those of the smaller rooms. A light balustrade goes round the walls at about two-thirds of their height, above which is a row of windows to admit light into the interior. For light during evening entertainments, several massive cut crystal lustres hang from the roof, and round the balustrade are disposed three hundred lamps. The general effect produced by the appearance of the hall is inconceivably grand, and the stranger is astonished when he is informed that in former times the apartment formed the vestibule or public waiting-room of those who attended the levees of the burgomasters. In these times of Amsterdam's burgal glory, the floor was of the same marble material as the walls; but as the place now forms a ball-room of the palace, the marble pavement has been covered with boards. During the short reign of Louis Bonaparte, the room formed the Salle de Trone, by which name it is still known.

CHURCHES AND SECTS.

At a short distance to the north, on the same open space of ground, stands the New Kirk of Amsterdam, which, notwithstanding its name, is upwards of four hundred years old. It is a Gothic structure of aged appearance, but is so much surrounded with parasitical buildings as to be deficient in dignity. The interior, which has been called the Westminster Abbey of Holland, is vast and imposing. Originally it contained thirty-four altars, all of which have been swept away, along with other insignia of the Romish worship. The furniture of the Presbyterian service, as usual, occupies only the centre of the nave, and is remarkable for its antique massiveness; the pulpit is particularly fine, being of old black oak, most elaborately carved all over with figures. The walls of the side aisles, and of the choir, are in different places embellished with elegant monumental structures in white marble, both of an old and recent date. Among the newest, and most chaste in point of design, is one erected to the memory of Van Speyk, near the principal entrance. The great attraction is the monument of De Ruyter, the famous Dutch admiral (killed 1676), which is placed against the end wall of the choir, and excels those of the admirals whom I formerly noticed. The figure of the hero in white marble is seen lying on its back on the top of a sarcophagus, while above is the representation in relief of a naval engagement, and all round a plentiful decoration of emblematic figures blowing horns, and objects of a warlike character. A long inscription in Latin beneath, concludes with the words "Immensi Tremor Oceani"—the Terror of the Immense Ocean. Among the other monuments to Dutch naval commanders of lesser celebrity, may be noticed those of Van Galen, Bentinck, Sweers, and Kinsbergen. I regret to say that the church which contains these and many other valuable memorials of a nation's respect for departed worth, is kept in an exceedingly dirty condition, and reflects little credit on the taste of its present possessors. We observed also that the very improper practice of interring the dead is still continued in it, a burial having taken place in the floor of one of the transepts while we were inspecting the building.

Amsterdam contains a number of other churches of much interest, from their history and decorations. The Old Kirk, dedicated to St Nicholas, is particularly worthy of a visit, on account of its containing three beautifully-painted windows, which were spared

by the early reformers. Many of the church spires of Amsterdam have a globular termination, resembling the bulged turrets of temples and mosques in eastern nations. This peculiarity of construction, which is common all over the Netherlands, is understood to have been derived from the Spaniards, who copied it from the works of Moorish architects.

"I will make England the Amsterdam of all religions," said King William, when about to assume the place vacated by James II.; and from this expression we may learn that at a period prior to our revolution, Amsterdam was distinguished as the seat of perfect toleration and equality in matters of religious belief. In the present day, the same character pertains to it; and it may be confidently asserted, that in no town in Europe are the people of all sects so marked by the qualities of practical piety, general benevolence of disposition, and mutual forbearance towards the opinions of each other. All social discordance on account of religious belief has long since vanished; and the profession of any particular faith neither communicates particular privileges, nor excludes any one from public office.

The population is composed of a more extensive variety of sects than is usual in large cities, there being not only almost every class of Christians, including those of the Roman Catholic, Jansenist, Greek, and Arminian churches, but ten thousand Jews of the German and Portuguese nations. The established Dutch Reformed Church possesses eleven places of public worship, and the total number of congregations of all kinds is stated to be fifty-three. Among these is one of English Episcopalians, and another of English Presbyterians.

COMMERCE AND WEALTH.

Amsterdam has been styled the Venice of the north. Commerce is the prevailing object of pursuit. Neither the Dutch in general, nor the citizens of this large city in particular, are noted for their manufacturing industry. The genius of the people evidently lies in buying and selling—making money by traffic, or the water carriage of goods. The only manufactures worth noticing are of dye stuffs, some cotton and silk fabrics, strong liquors, refined sugar, leather, cordage, and cut diamonds. The preparation or cutting of diamonds for the lapidaries is peculiar to the town. There are five principal establishments, besides many of a smaller description, devoted to this business, and nearly all belonging to Jews.

The Dutch whale fishery is, I believe, nearly extinct, but the trade of fishing and curing herrings, which was once so important, is still carried on upon a considerable scale. It is the custom in Holland to decorate the shops for the sale of fish, as soon as the new herrings for the season are brought to market. In Amsterdam we observed some shops garnished, on this account, with large crowns of gaudy flowers and coloured ribbons over their doorways. Amsterdam continues to possess a considerable trade in ship-building, both for government and private individuals. The royal dockyard is situated on the Ai, at the north-eastern corner of the town, and is as extensive, and under as excellent management, as that on the Thames at Deptford. The general mercantile trade of the port has, like that at Rotterdam, been improving since the separation of Holland from Belgium, though not to the same extent. The situation of Amsterdam is much inferior to that of Rotterdam for conducting a commerce on a large scale, either with foreign countries or with the interior of Germany. The communication between Amsterdam and the sea for large vessels is carried on by means of a ship canal, fifty-two miles in length, leading from the opposite shore of the Ai to Helder and the Texel, while it has no great river behind it like the Rhine to float steam-vessels and lighters to the higher regions of the continent. As a well-established emporium of traffic, however, Amsterdam takes the lead among the ports of the Netherlands; and as the seat of a stock-ex-

change of considerable local and some general influence, it possesses an importance in character of which other towns with greater physical advantages are deficient. The merchants are signalised for their commercial integrity and patient industry, and, as may be supposed, many of them have realised ample fortunes by their business.

The wealth which now exists in the town falls much short of what it was previous to the French revolution, or during the period of Dutch commercial pre-eminence. It is not long since strangers, in visiting Amsterdam, were shown the spacious house of a merchant, who, after lavishing much on furniture and paintings, actually caused the floor of one of his apartments to be laid with Spanish dollars, set on edge. Whims equally ridiculous for disposing of an overplus of wealth appear to have been far from uncommon in former times in Holland. A gentleman of my acquaintance, passing through Arnhem a few years ago, had his attention directed to an old fantastical-looking dwelling, concerning which he gathered the following historical reminiscence:—The original owner was a Jew, and he erected the house out of pure revenge. His coffers were so well replenished that he was at a loss how to employ his superfluous cash. At last he hit upon a fanciful expedient. He determined to make a pavement before his residence of large massive plates of silver, and to surround it with an ornamental chain of the same costly metal. Before carrying his plan into effect, it behoved him to obtain the sanction of the authorities. These worthies, however, void of sympathy, set their face against a proposition which might have compelled them to increase the strength of the town-guard. Enraged at their non-compliance, Moses determined to punish them. He ordered his dwelling, situated in the principal street, immediately to be pulled down, and on its site erected the one now standing. It is literally covered with diabolical figures, amounting, it is said, to 365. The discomfited millionaire, besides drawing largely from mythology, must have sadly taxed his own and his architect's inventive powers, before conjuring up this unearthly spectacle. The statues seem to grin most fearfully on the passers-by. They may be seen scowling at the main entrance, above the windows, and also on the roof—not always in seemly postures. The most modestly attired of the whole group are stationed on the top of the chimneys, like so many *screeps* at work; but, unfortunately, it has not been recorded whether the distortion of their faces was occasioned by the unkind refusal of the burgo-master, or, as has been safely presumed, from their being doomed, for nearly two centuries, to have their chubby cheeks daily enveloped in clouds of turf smoke.

PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS.

To pursue the narrative of our excursion through the streets of Amsterdam. In the course of our ramble, we visited the principal literary and philosophical institution, called *Felix Meritis*, which is located in a handsome large edifice in one of the chief streets. The house is laid out in a number of large apartments for meetings of members, and some of a smaller size, containing philosophical instruments, pictures, casts of statues, and other objects. The principal apartment is a large rotunda with a gallery, which is used for musical entertainments. From what I could learn of the nature of the institution, it appears to consist of a body of annual subscribers, who enjoy the benefit of a reading-room, lectures on scientific and literary subjects, and musical entertainments. At the top of the house, to which I was conducted, there is an astronomical observatory; and from this elevated spot I enjoyed a most extensive prospect over the city in all directions. The odd appellation, *Felix Meritis*, which is given to the institution, is derived from the first words of a Latin inscription in one of the halls dedicatory of the establishment to the cultivation of the fine arts. Besides this association, which is of a

select kind, and includes the royal family among its members, there is an association having similar objects in view, composed of merchants and others, styled *Doctrina et Amicitia*. There are also a number of societies in Amsterdam instituted for the promotion of literature, the arts, and sciences, including that called the Society for the Public Good, which has already been alluded to.

Amsterdam abounds in educational institutions of a high and low grade, including a theatre of anatomy and college of surgery. The schools for primary instruction, both Tusschen and Armen, are numerous and well attended. The Armen schools, which are eleven in number, are planted in all quarters of the city to accommodate the poorer inhabitants of each district; and such is the efficiency of the arrangements under the school committee and special inspector, that the whole juvenile population are receiving instruction. In the course of our rounds, we visited the largest of these schools for the poor. It is located in a large building of only one apartment, formerly used as a French chapel, and resembling a wide lofty warehouse with raftered roof. Without any pretensions to elegance, the place is perfectly suitable for its present purpose, and we found in it 950 pupils of both sexes, all of whom were receiving instruction gratis. The plan of teaching, and the subjects taught, are much the same as had formerly come under my attention. There is a head master, and several young men acting as his assistants. As usual, every teacher was on his feet, and busy talking to the children, or listening to the lessons, it being against the rules for any teacher to have a seat in the school. The head master acknowledged that there was a disadvantage in having so large a number of pupils in one apartment; but as it is an object of much importance to conduct the poor schools economically, the size and the appearance of the school-rooms are deemed matters of little consequence. It is only by doing things cheaply that all are educated.

The hospitals and charitable institutions of Amsterdam are exceedingly numerous and varied in their character. Whether arising from purely charitable motives, or from the influence of custom, the Dutch, as already mentioned, are liberal in their support of the poor; and the practice of wealthy persons bequeathing money to endow hospitals, has been carried to an extraordinary extent. In every town which we passed through, we heard of charitable foundations of this kind; but Amsterdam is their chief locality, and there a pretty considerable part of the population is less or more supported by bequests from deceased citizens, religious bodies, and philanthropic associations. The number of hospitals, alms-houses, and charitable foundations of various kinds, is stated to be as many as twenty-three. Some of these are for the aged poor, and orphans of particular religious bodies, and others are quite general in their application; all, however, are spoken of as patterns of skilful management, and places of much comfort to the inmates. I was informed of a class of hospitals, or Provident Asylums, established in most of the large towns for the comfortable maintenance of aged men or women, who are admitted on payment of a comparatively small sum. These establishments, which are on a respectable footing, are found to be very suitable for the reception of aged domestic servants; and therefore persons in that rank of life may, by a timely saving of their wages, retire thither in their old days. Masters and mistresses frequently reward old and faithful servants by paying for their admission to these excellent institutions. As a transient resident in Amsterdam, I do not feel myself entitled to give any opinion of the moral results of the great system of eleemosynary provision which is there established; I can only speak with certainty of the fact, that neither here nor elsewhere in Holland were we troubled with mendicants in the streets (though occasionally alms were sought from us by children); and this absence of beggars may be assumed as a

decided trait of good social management on the part of the Dutch.

One of the places to which we proceeded in our tour through Amsterdam, was the Museum, or National Picture Gallery, which originated in a collection formed by the republican government in 1793, and occupies an entire but plain building of several stories, in a conspicuous situation. The various apartments on the different floors are stored with nearly five hundred pictures, chiefly of the Flemish and Dutch schools of painting, and of all sizes. The collection has been considered, by good judges of this class of productions, to be of great value. It comprehends works by Van der Helst, Flink, Berghem, Ruessael, Cuyt, Jan Steen, Carel du Jardin, Gerard Duow, Paul Potter, Vandervelde, Backhuisen, Ostade, Wouvermanns, Teniers, Rembrandt, and Vandyk. Laying out of view the pieces of Paul Potter, which are always delightful, I felt most pleasure, both here and at the Hague, in contemplating the landscapes of Berghem. The rich woodland scenes of this painter, full of life, and deeply mellowed by time, described in the catalogue as "un paysage montueux avec une riviere," or "un paysage montagneux d'Italie, représenté à l'effet de soleil couchant le retour du bétail," or better still, "une belle vue d'Italie, avec plusieurs figures toutes de grandeur naturelle"—all are charming. Here are also some beautiful pictures, of a nearly similar size and character, by Wouvermanns. This painter's delineations of old-fashioned mounted cavaliers, in their jack-boots and plumed beavers, sallying out on a fresh summer morning with a band of roistering attendants, holding hounds in leash ready to start for the chase, absolutely carry one's mind back a good couple of hundred years at least, and make us almost sorry that we live in this far-on age of the world, when every thing is improved out of all fun and romance.

The chief painting in the collection is a large piece by Van der Helst, representing a repast of officers of the civic guard of Amsterdam, on a festive occasion in 1648. It contains thirty portraits of individuals, and is called the marvel of the Dutch school of painting. One of Rembrandt's best pieces—perhaps his very best—is also here exhibited; namely, the Meeting of Directors of the Drapers' Company and their Servants. His other great piece, the Lecturer of Anatomy and his Pupils, I had seen at the Hague. The collection, altogether, does much credit both to the general government and to the civic authorities of Amsterdam, the latter having transferred all their valuable paintings from the stadthouse when it became a royal palace, and they removed to an edifice of humbler character. The gallery is open daily, Sunday excepted, to all persons, gratis.

AMUSEMENTS.

It came under our notice in Amsterdam, as in other towns which we had visited, that there are few wheeled vehicles, either of a public or private character. It is only in comparatively recent times that carriages of this nature were allowed in Amsterdam, as the rolling of the wheels was supposed to shake and endanger the foundations of the houses. The hackney carriages were therefore fixed on a low frame, and drawn, sledge fashion, by a single horse. We remarked that sledges for carrying goods are still common, both here and at Rotterdam, but all hackney and private carriages are now set on wheels, and do not materially differ from those in use in England. The recreations of the Amsterdammers, like those of the Hollanders generally, take the direction of in-door amusements, and these not of a very intellectual kind. The people, with all their steadiness of character and good dispositions, are at that point of intelligence and refinement at which pleasure is sought in the petty gratifications of the senses, and hence a state of manners is produced similar to what existed generally in Britain forty or fifty years since.

As suitable to this imperfect social condition, there

exist in Amsterdam a number of houses of evening entertainment, which excel our gin-palaces in splendour, and are the admiration of every stranger. My object being to see all that could be supposed to throw light on the character and habits of the people, I was induced to spend a few hours in making a tour of the chief places of resort of this nature. The result, I am sorry to say, was by no means gratifying. In general, these places of recreation resemble the more superb cafés of the Palais Royal in Paris, but are conducted with a much less degree of refinement. Splendid saloons, decorated with mirrors and gorgeous chandeliers, and crowded with well-dressed persons, who are engaged in drinking, smoking, and listening to a musical performance, constitute the substance of what is to be seen and heard. In one establishment the sole amusement consists in eating hard-boiled eggs and pickles, a species of food for which the Dutch of all ranks show a most extraordinary fondness. Whatever may be the nature of the place, the utmost decorum prevails. In the most elegant of the saloons, I observed both merchants and their wives, as I imagined them to be, the men with their pipes filling the atmosphere with clouds of smoke, and the ladies in the enjoyment of some light liquid refection, such as tea or coffee. As for the musical part of the entertainments, it was quite a novelty. On a platform at the inner end of the room—I speak of the Café des Mille Colonnes—and raised a foot or so from the floor, were planted several Swiss musicians in tall narrow hats, pretty much like inverted flower-pots, black velvet shorts, and white cotton stockings; also, two or three women of the same nation in equally picturesque costumes—the whole forming a kind of orchestra, and executing a tolerable concert with guitars and singing. Such, then, are the evening amusements of large numbers of the citizens of Amsterdam, and which seem strangely at variance both with the religious tendencies of the people, and the efforts of those literary institutions to which I have had occasion to allude.

BROEK.

Beyond Amsterdam, in a northerly direction, there is no town of any particular interest in Holland, and we had resolved to return thence to Rotterdam, by way of Utrecht and Gouda, with the view of proceeding on our journey up the Rhine. While at Amsterdam, however, we were persuaded to cross the Ai to see the great ship canal which leads to the sea at Helder, and to make an excursion a few miles farther to the village of Broek, or Brook.

The Ai, opposite Amsterdam, is a fine firth-looking channel of brackish water, pretty nearly a mile in breadth, communicating, as formerly explained, with the Zuyder Zee a few miles to the east. Like the Mersey at Liverpool, or the Clyde at Greenock, the Ai affords deep water close up to the quays and wharfs, and floats vessels into the grachts, or street-harbours, of Amsterdam. The open channel is, it seems, liable to extreme agitation from certain winds, by which the waves are dashed with much fury against the projecting quays. To lessen the chances of damage from these storms, the whole shore for a good distance within the water is stuck with rows of strong wooden piles, which break the force of the angry waves as they roll towards the land. These stakes, or booms as they are termed, serve another purpose, which none but Dutchmen can appreciate. A number of them form foundations for quays or pathways erected over the water, and on these are placed rows of wooden pavilions or summer-houses, the property of citizens who come hither to smoke their pipes and sip their coffee, in the fine summer evenings. There is nothing, of course, to be seen from their windows but the flat opposite coast of the Ai, the heaving of the wide expanse of water, or the ferry-boat going to and fro on its trips; but these form sufficient materials of enjoyment to the quiet Hollander, when accompanied with

fresh air, and the occasional sight of richly laden vessels issuing from the Helder canal.

A projecting pier from the Haring Pakkery quay, permits the most commodious embarkation on board the ferry-boat, which resembles a steam-vessel in outward appearance, but has its paddles moved by several horses, which walk round in the hold as if turning a mill. We descended by a ladder to take a view of the poor animals which were thus condemned to spend their lives in a floating dungeon; they seemed in good condition, and had paved stalls close by their circular tramp, with a plentiful supply of fresh clover in their mangers. The movement of the vessel is slow by this clumsy mode of propulsion; but as nobody is ever in a hurry in Holland, it is quick enough for all purposes. The reader will now be so kind as follow us across the Ai, and land with us in North Holland, as the district is locally named. The country, which is bare and exceedingly uninteresting, forms a peninsula, bounded on the east by the Zuyder Zee, and on the west by the ocean, and it is through the whole length of the peninsula that the famous ship canal is carried. Landing at a ferry-house, we found the opening of the canal adjacent, with its huge gates forming a lock to let vessels down from the summit level to the Ai. Before this canal was formed, vessels reached Amsterdam by means of the Zuyder Zee, which is full of sandbanks, particularly at its entrance, and in which ships were frequently detained for weeks, on account of contrary winds. To overcome these obstacles, the canal was begun in 1819, and finished in 1825, at an expense of £850,000. Its length is nearly 52 English miles; its breadth 125 feet at the surface, and 38 feet at bottom; and its depth 20 feet 9 inches. Traversing a perfectly flat country, it has no locks except at its extremities, and is of such magnitude that two frigates or the largest merchant vessels can pass each other. There is a towing-path for horses on each side, and about eighteen hours are required to perform the voyage from Amsterdam to the ocean. As a commercial speculation, I understand the canal is paying as badly as our Caledonian Canal; but its service to the shipping of Amsterdam is incalculable, and without it the town must have sunk into comparative insignificance.

Having hired a vehicle and driver at a neat village on the way, we sped on our journey without delay or inconvenience. The country around was green and pastoral; herds of black and white spotted cattle browsed in the polders; and at short intervals we passed trim-looking farm-houses and cottages, whose inhabitants seem exclusively devoted to the preparing of dairy produce. The land is here more than usually marshy; but this, though unfitting it for agriculture, is not disadvantageous for cattle-feeding, as there is a saltish quality in the pasture which renders it nourishing and acceptable to animals. All the houses which we saw were formed of wooden boards nailed on posts, and these rested on a foundation of brick; for so soft is the ground, that if the edifices were reared of brick entirely, and not secured by piles, they would sink below the surface. The general aspect of the people and of the villages in this quarter, is somewhat different from what we had previously seen. They have a dash of old-fashionedness about them that has disappeared in the south. The houses are preserved in a state of fastidious cleanness, and all look as if just come from under the brush of the painter. Walls, chimneys, window boards, and palings, flourish in green, yellow, and white paint; and in one place we observed that even the trees round a horse paddock were painted as high as the branches.* No part of Holland has fallen

so much from a condition of commercial prosperity as this district; the towns, of which Alkmaar is the chief, are only the ghosts of what they were, while the inhabitants continue to cling with fondness to customs which are associated in their minds with all that is excellent and respectable, and hold in contempt the usages of a new order of things.

A pleasant drive of about an hour on the road which for a certain distance pursues the line of the canal, brought us to Broek, the limit of our journey. Passing a small lake or pond on our left, on the farther side of which stands the village, the vehicle stopped at a little inn by the way-side, kept by a middle-aged woman, whose head was embellished with gold plates in the approved North Friesland fashion. Broek has no carriage-way through it; so we alighted, and crossing a wooden bridge, set out in our exploratory excursion, determining to see all that could be seen in this curious specimen of a genuine old-fashioned Dutch village. Broek may be described in two ways—gravely or ironically; it may be portrayed as an earthly paradise, or as a laughable toy. Its character is so ambiguous, that I had some little difficulty in making it out. Let the reader imagine a wide flat swampy country, full of pools of water, and intersected in all directions with wet ditches, pretty nearly full to the brim, and mantled over with beautiful light green duck-weed. Let him then picture to himself, as placed in the midst of the swamp, on the north margin of one of the pools, a confused cluster of houses, mingled with gardens, having a spire rising from the centre, and parcels of trees here and there interspersed. Such is Broek in its external aspect. In its internal organisation, no kind of regularity has been preserved. The pathway of entrance leads in all manner of zig-zag—among the houses, across wooden bridges, up lanes and down lanes, and along the winding margin of the pool or lake, so as to form a complete labyrinth. All the houses are of wood or plaster, based upon two or three rows of brick, and are of different heights and various scales of magnificence, from the humble cot of one story, to the elegant mansion of three stories. Most of them stand within, or close by, little flower gardens, which bloom in great beauty, and show clusters of shrubs, sunflowers, and dahlias, along the trimly kept borders. It is impossible to conceive any thing more gaudy than the exterior of the dwellings. On some, painting and gilding have done their utmost—doors and window-shutters in pea-green, the wooden walls a fresh white or cream colour, door-steps yellow, garden gateway green and tipped with gold, and ornaments on the door also highly gilded. These may be considered the mau-

great naval station of the northern squadron of the Dutch navy, is, with its dockyard and arsenal, a place of great consequence, from being that by which ships enter and depart from the canal of Amsterdam. The towns in North Holland, if we are to credit what is recorded of their former manufactures and commerce, have greatly declined in both. Mendemblik [on the Zuyder Zee], from which the finest ships were fitted out for Guinea, and which carried on a very extensive commerce with various parts of the world, has now scarcely any foreign trade. Ekhuysen [also on the Zuyder Zee], which had four hundred vessels sailing annually from its port to the deep-sea fishery, has at present not fifty, and the population has diminished one half. Hoorn [also on the Zuyder Zee], once so famous for its dockyards, herring-fishery, and extensive commerce, is now reduced to a town dealing only in the cheese and butter of the country, and in importing cattle and grain from Denmark. Edam [also on the Zuyder Zee], in which nearly the whole fleet of Admiral de Ruyter was built, and which had formerly a great whale-fishery, carries on now a humble cheese trade.—*My Note Book*. To this list may be added Saardam, on the Zuyder Zee, once a considerable port, at which ship-building was carried on to some extent. Here Peter the Great of Russia wrought for a few days while acquiring the craft of a ship-carpenter. Being incommoded by the number of persons who came to see him, he removed to Amsterdam, and wrought for some time in the ship-building yard of the Dutch East India Company. The cottage in which he lived at Saardam is still preserved with much care, being encased to defend it from the weather

* Mr Macgregor, who visited this part of Holland in 1836, thus enumerates its principal towns:—"Alkmaar is the largest town, and the rallying point for the great cattle, butter, and cheese trade of the country. It was once famous for its breweries and its cloths. It has now only a few canvass manufactories, and some rope and salt works. Helder, on which Napoleon spent some millions [of francs] to render it a strongly fortified and

sions of the aristocracy of the village. The cottages lining the pathways are less dazzling, but all are painted in some way, and it must require no small degree of attention and expense to keep them "pretty." The pathways are not less the object of solicitude. They are paved entirely with small bricks, and in front of some of the houses the bricks are set in figures, such as stars, in different colours—brick Mosaic, as some tourist has waggishly called it. The odd thing about the place is, that you do not see any body, and that the greater part of the houses seem shut up; the window-shutters are closed, the front door fixed, and all is as silent as a desert. Turning round the corner of an alley, we encountered the dominie or clergyman of the village; and how much of a piece was he with the locality! His three-cornered cocked hat, sleek black court dress, and buckled shoes, were hailed as a vision of bygone times, which we thought we had long since seen the last of; and his courteous recognition in passing confirmed us in the lingering belief that there was somehow a connection between cocked hats and a certain kind of gentlemanly manners which one does not see in these days of round brims and shoe-ties.

The church, which we next entered, is an old building of venerable aspect, furnished with dark oak seating, much in the style of a village church in England, and remarkable from the number of substantial quarto Bibles, garnished with antique brass clasps, dispersed on the benches. The walls are hung with two or three pictures, which are not very creditable to the fine arts in Broek, and an inscription mentions that the edifice was burnt by the Spaniards in the course of their destructive campaigns in the country.

From the church we proceeded to the farthest extremity of the village, to see the garden and pleasure grounds, lately the property of Mr Baaker, but now, I believe, of Mr Verbeek, whose elegant painted and gilt mansion stands in front of the domain. The grounds, which are several acres in extent, are laid out partly in the old Dutch style of gardening, and partly in that of the modern English, which is becoming prevalent in Holland, and superseding the fantastic trimness of former fashions. Walks wind among parterres of flowers, through shrubberies, and across little canals and painted bridges, so as to bring every point conspicuously into view. The contrivances of the original proprietor are in some cases amusingly absurd. In making a sudden turn at a bridge, we are startled by the dressed-up figure of a gamekeeper with his gun, sitting watchfully in a recess. Next, we are expected to be surprised on observing a painted figure of the dominie, who appears sitting reading in a Grecian temple, which overhangs a pond ornamented with a wooden swan. Lastly, to complete the coup de théâtre, we were ushered into a thatched cottage, in which an aged dame is spinning, her not less ancient spouse reeling off the thread, and a dog on the ground barking, as may be supposed, at the intrusion of the strangers. The clock-work which moves the various dramatic personæ is exhibited behind the wooden bed, and seems a piece of elaborate mechanism. Hastening away from these drolleries, and the pleasure-grounds which enclose them, we were conducted at our desire to one of the principal dairies in Broek. The establishment to which we were introduced has been described as possessing extraordinary claims to attention on account of its cleanliness; and one traveller, in the warmth of his enthusiasm, states, that the very stalls for the cows are decorated with china, and that the boards on which the animals repose are as bright as the floor of a parlour. At the risk of upsetting some of the romance of these flowery descriptions, I offer a simple account of the nature and appearance of the famous Broek dairy.

The dairies of the Dutch are all pretty much on one plan. Each consists of a house, of great length and breadth, of one story. The stalls for the cows run along one side of the building; another side is devoted to the business of churning, salting, cheese-pressing, and so forth; and the remainder of the interior forms

the dwelling of the dairyman and his family. This dwelling is of course not large, and consists frequently of only two apartments—a kitchen with beds in it, and an inner room, or, as the Scotch would term them, a but and a ben. By arrangements of this kind, both the cows and the human beings enter at one outer door, and the dwelling of the family is in fact a part of the cowhouse. In entering dairies of this description, you may see a considerable part of the domestic menage at a glance; and it need excite no surprise if the family be observed seated round a table at coffee, within a few feet of the cows' tails, or at least of the place where the cows' tails usually hang. Some readers may perhaps be inclined to think that such a situation as this cannot be very comfortable—nay, that it is positively barbarous. We must, however, always bear in mind the remarkable cleanliness of the people. The floor of the cowhouse, which is paved with brick, is scrubbed and washed daily; and, what could not be expected, an air of exceeding freshness and purity is imparted to the whole establishment. Further, it should be recollected that the cows in Holland are kept in the open fields day and night, during the period of summer and autumn; a practice which often proves exceedingly injurious to the animals, particularly in wet weather, but which has the effect of keeping the cowhouse clear of its four-footed inhabitants, except in the cold wintry season, when their warmth is acceptable to the family.*

The Broek dairy we found to be constructed on the usual plan—the stalls of the cows running in a line on the left of the entrance, and the inner door to the dwelling being on the right. It being still early autumn, all the cattle were in the fields, and members of the family, consisting of the mother and daughters, were seated at a table in the passage in front of the entrance, engaged at their mid-day meal. The stalls we perceived to be as clean as a scoured kitchen floor, and on temporary shelves within some of them were tea-cups, plates, and other articles of earthenware. I perceived at a glance, however, that the display of these and other ornaments in the stalls was a device to excite admiration, and thus, if possible, gather a little money from visitors. Placed ostentatiously in a stall near the door, stood an elegantly-painted and gilt apparatus for pressing cheese, which was evidently kept for show, and brought carefully under our attention by the mistress of the establishment. The chief working apparatus is placed modestly along with other utensils in a secluded situation at the inner end of the building. A large trough was pointed out to us, containing a number of newly-made cheeses of the round bullet shape, and each cheese I observed was covered with a handful of wet salt. This, as we learnt, is a common practice in Dutch dairies; the saline flavour being imparted to the cheeses while they are soft, and capable of imbibing moisture. Perhaps, also, the moist salt may be serviceable in keeping the cheeses cool, and free from sourness. Having been shown through the establishment, including the family apartments, we retired, on paying the expected fee.

We had now seen the outside of Broek, and hoped that some lucky circumstance would occur to give us an opportunity of seeing the interior of its toy-like mansions. The closed doors and shutters of the rooms next the street gave token of the ancient Dutch practice of reserving the best apartments for very particular and festive occasions. The inner room of the dairy-house, as its mistress informed us, was never

* During my stay in Holland, the cattle in the fields were generally afflicted with a complaint which caused many deaths among them. One Sunday that I was at the church of St Lawrence in Rotterdam, the clergyman prayed that the epidemic among the cattle might be stayed. I could not help thinking, on afterwards seeing herds of cows kept out day and night in the wet polders, without a shed to shelter them, that the Dutch did not use the obvious and natural means in their power to stay the progress of the malady.

used except at baptisms, marriages, deaths, or particular holidays, when relations meet after a lengthened separation. While the main-doors of Broek are thus closed against all ordinary ingress, the doors for daily use are in narrow side lanes; and as the families live entirely in the rear of their dwellings, where they command a prospect of their small gardens and the bounding lines of green-mantled canals, the whole place, as I have said, has an air of inexpressible dullness.

It has been frequently said, and with much truth, that wherever we may travel, be it in the torrid or the frigid zone, in the centre of Africa or in the centre of the Pacific, we will be certain to alight upon a Scotsman. It will not therefore excite any surprise when I mention, that here, in the centre of Broek, did we find a sample of the wandering race. Threading our way out of the village, we were suddenly arrested by observing a small board stuck in the garden of one of the cottages, on which the designation "Captain Sutherland, pensioner," was inscribed. Here was a chance not to be resisted. On a meagre but well-maintained plea of being fellow countrymen, the captain might act the part of a hospitable citizen of Broek, and we might be permitted to view the interior of one of its many curious-looking houses. After a slight qualm of conscience as to the crime of intrusiveness, we resolved upon fixing ourselves upon the supposed Scotsman; and my friend accordingly made the proper inquiries of an attendant who came to the door, with respect to the place of her master's nativity. By a courteous reply we were at once ushered into the parlour—and such an old-fashioned place it was!—huge beams over head, old oak furniture with well-burnished brass ornaments, clear waxed floor, and walls hung round with various warlike accoutrements. Little time was allowed us to note these interesting objects, before the master of the cottage entered the apartment; he was a gentleman of venerable appearance, in the decline of life, his thin person wrapped in a long frock-coat, and, greatly to our relief, he addressed us with much politeness in tolerably good English. In three minutes our acquaintance was complete, and the captain had begun to give us his history. It was as follows:—His father was a Scotsman, who, like many of his countrymen at the period, entered foreign service as a soldier during the seven years' war in Germany, and ultimately settled in Holland as a soldier in the pay of the States General. He died thirty years ago, leaving his son to follow his footsteps in the capacity of an officer in the Dutch service, in which he had remained till the period of his retirement, with a pension for life. The captain was born in Holland, and had never seen Scotland; but his mother, who was a native of Edinburgh, taught him to speak English, and he was in early life initiated by his father in much of the traditional lore of the Scottish Highlands. He has now three sons, who are all officers in the Dutch army, one being at present with his regiment in Java; and he has a daughter married to an apothecary in Broek, from which circumstance he has been induced to set up his staff of rest in the village, although he is pretty certain that his constitution is unable to contend with the miasma from the surrounding swamp, which will be sure to carry him off at last.

According to the captain's account of the manners of the Broekians, they are a curious unsocial set of beings. Many of them are persons retired with competencies from active life, and their sole pleasure now consists in sitting within doors smoking their pipes, which they do pretty nearly all day long. Each family minds its own affairs, and there is extremely little intercourse among the inhabitants. The men are not married till they have attained their thirtieth year, and the ladies must also have reached a discreet age, before they enter the connubial state. Marriage is indeed very much regulated by the possibility of getting a house, for no new dwelling is ever erected in the village, unless to supply the place of an old one about to fall from age, and therefore a young couple must

wait patiently till a vacancy occur by the death of an occupant. By these established regulations, the population of Broek remains fixed at about eight hundred souls, a number which is exactly suitable to the extent of its accommodations.

Captain Sutherland, like a true descendant of a Scottish Highlander, pressed us to remain to take some refreshment; the shades of evening, however, were beginning to fall, and we had a journey to perform not altogether free from danger; so with mutual expressions of good will, we took our leave, and hastened on our way to Amsterdam.

UTRECHT—GOUDA.

By early dawn we were ready to start from our inn in Amsterdam, and pursue our way by the diligence to Utrecht, which lies at the distance of twenty-six miles inland, in a south-easterly direction, or nearly midway betwixt Amsterdam and Rotterdam, though not on the common route between these cities.

Departing from the commercial capital of Holland by the Utrecht port or gate, and skirting for a short way the public walks formed on the site of the ancient ramparts, we soon emerged on the open country, which is as flat and uninteresting as can possibly be imagined. The only objects which attract the attention of the passenger, are the country-houses, or *Luists*, of retired merchants and others, placed here and there along the side of the road, and each, according to the usual practice, named by some quaint motto significant of the feelings of the possessor. We also saw here, for the first time, some storks stalking majestically about the dewy polders, and, alarmed by the approach of the carriage, taking their flight to their nests on the tops of the trees which environ the adjacent *Luists*. The stork is a bird held in veneration by the Dutch, and they are glad when they can induce it to settle and build a nest upon their dwelling, or on the summit of a neighbouring tree. With the hope of encouraging its settlement, sometimes an old wheel or circular board is placed horizontally on the elevated top of a chimney or tree, and there the storks may be seen standing in silent dignity, looking down upon the flat territory around. In this manner they enjoy protection from the inhabitants of both town and country, and to kill one of them would be deemed a sacrilegious crime, worthy of the deepest reprobation. I am not aware that the stork possesses any qualities which entitle it to so much respect from the Hollanders, except that of peculiarly deep affection for its young. It is mentioned that on the occasion of a great fire in Delft, in long-bygone times, the storks were seen on the wing bearing away their young through the flames, and, when unable to accomplish this, perishing with them rather than abandon them. This tender solicitude of the elder birds is amply repaid by the young, who will not forsake their parents when in danger, but remain with them, and defend them even unto death. On account of its affectionate nature, the stork is called in the original scriptural tongue by the name of mercy, or pity. On the approach of winter, the birds proceed southwards to a warmer clime, and come back to their former haunts on the return of mild weather. This is alluded to in the prophetic writings in words which need hardly be quoted—"the stork knoweth her appointed times, and the turtle, and the crane, and the swallow, observe the time of their coming." As the Dutch are distinguished in a very peculiar manner for their love of offspring, and their tender regard for the aged, it is not unlikely that they venerate the stork for the possession of qualities of a kindred nature.

In the course of the ride to Utrecht, the traveller has occasion to pass through a district, in which, instead of the ordinary rich green polders, he observes tracts possessing a poor heathiness in the sward, and in some places he may notice lands in a state of partial clearance, and flooded with water. It is, it seems, from this part of Holland that much of the peat is

dug for the purpose of domestic fuel. The ground for several feet in depth is taken up in a soft liquid state, not unlike tar, and by being dried and otherwise prepared, it is formed into small peats of a particularly fine quality. This Dutch peat differs from any turf that I have seen in Scotland or England. It burns without any sensible smoke; and a small piece, once ignited through, will retain its condition of a red-hot cinder for hours, till it moulders away into fine white ashes. As already mentioned, it is extensively used in Holland for keeping water, tea, coffee, or any other food hot, and is burnt in boxes for keeping the feet of the ladies warm in houses and churches. In the absence of native coal, and the comparative scarcity of timber, it is not easy to see how this article could be dispensed with by the Dutch. I may also remark, that the consumption of the article assists in extending the quantity of productive land in Holland. Beneath the upper stratum of peaty matter, a layer of good soil is found, so that when the superincumbent mass has been entirely removed, the cleared space becomes a fertile polder. Thus, the obligation to seek for fuel in the upper coating of the country, has from the earliest ages been a prime moving cause of the clearance of the swamps; and hence, as I was told, in order to encourage the still further creation of productive polders, a heavy prohibitory duty is laid on importations of coal, except for manufacturing purposes.

As we approach Utrecht, the country begins to alter in character. The land has a more than usually dry appearance, being slightly raised above the dead level of that which lies nearer the coast; fields of wheat and other kinds of grain are now seen instead of the almost unvarying green pasturages; and the novel spectacle of rivers and canals flowing below the general level of the country, not above it on the tops of mounds, now cheers the eye, and seems like a restoration of the wonted habits of nature. The country also becomes beautifully wooded with clumps and strips of trees, while the farm-houses, cottages, and Luists, agreeably fill up the landscape. The immediate approach to Utrecht is remarkably fine, being through an avenue of trees forming a part of the beautiful public walks for the citizens, which surround the town outside the cingel. The first glimpse we obtain of the ancient city is a view of its lofty brick walls, broken and dismantled; and as the diligence rolls on its way through the broad vaulted port, and issues upon the street beyond, we are sensibly reminded that the town figured in former times as one of the principal warlike strongholds in the Low Countries.

The situation of Utrecht on a slightly elevated patch of ground, alongside of which flows the old branch of the Rhine that afterwards passes through Leyden, at an early time induced a settlement of inhabitants on the spot; and from the Romans, who made it one of their stations, it received the name *Ultra trajectum*, which is the original of its present appellation. The whole appearance of the place bespeaks its extreme antiquity, though we saw here, what came under our notice nowhere else in Holland, new houses in process of erection, and general symptoms of improvement. Utrecht is chiefly known in history as the seat of a series of bishops, who, from the tenth to the twelfth centuries, exerted the power of princes within their diocese, and as such competed in distinction with the bishops of Liege and counts of Flanders. About the middle of the thirteenth century, the power of the bishop-prince of Utrecht drew to its close. The citizens of all ranks could endure his sway no longer, and, driving him from his throne, proclaimed the principles of civil and religious liberty. These were among the earliest efforts in Europe to establish constitutional freedom, and are, therefore, full of interest. The bishops, as is well known, never regained their palatine ascendancy, though they endeavoured to do so by every means in their power, for nearly two hundred years. The province of Utrecht was among the foremost of

the Dutch provinces to join in the struggle for emancipation from the Spanish yoke; and in the city of Utrecht, on the 29th of January 1579, the famous act called the Union of Utrecht, declaring the independence of the Seven Provinces, was subscribed.

Deeply affected with the recollection of the historical incidents of which Utrecht was thus the principal scene, I lost no time after my arrival in proceeding in search of the Old Cathedral, which had at one time reverberated with the thunders of excommunication against the recusant provincials. We found it in a central part of the town; but how fallen from its ancient grandeur! Originally, and before the hand of the destroyer had fallen upon it, the building must have been larger than York Minster, though of less elegant construction, being chiefly of brick, with a prodigiously high tower at the east end. All that remains of the edifice are the choir, the transepts, and the tower; the nave is entirely swept away, leaving the tower standing alone, and affording room for a wide street to pass over the spot where the nave had formerly been. The transepts are dilapidated and shut up, and the only portion in use is the choir, which is fitted up in a plain manner for the Presbyterian service. In a side aisle, entering from this enclosed part, an apparatus is now fitting up for the purpose of manufacturing coal-gas. Yet, miserable as the appearance of the choir now is, it is not altogether deficient in memorials of its high and palmy days of priestly magnificence. There are several finely-carved monuments, among which is one of a bishop, whose colossal figure, in black marble, lies conspicuous, and in a mutilated condition, within the doorway.

The tower of the cathedral, although shortened in some measure by the ravages of time and the elements, is one of the highest in the Netherlands. It stands a huge square block of masonry three hundred and eighty-eight feet high, and the eye is fatigued in trying to scan it from the ground to the summit. A stone stair, which is open to the street, admits the ascent of strangers; and impelled by curiosity to have a bird's-eye prospect of the surrounding country, my friend and I hastened to mount to the upper regions. With many a pause for breath, and to catch a glimpse from the loop-holes as we ascended, we reached a height of a hundred and eighty-eight feet, when our further progress was arrested by arriving at the door of a dwelling-house. While some little degree amazed at this unforeseen obstacle, we were relieved by the appearance of a respectable matron, who invited us to enter her dwelling, and rest before ascending to a greater height. Embracing her offer, we found ourselves in a house consisting of one central and several side-rooms, all on one floor, forming sufficient accommodation for a family. This, it appeared, was the dwelling of the clock and bell keeper, and was so far a slyterij, or public house, that wines were sold to visitors. In order to hear the woman's chat about her family, and the tower, and the bells, and the great clock, every tick of which we heard sounding like the stroke of a hammer, we asked her to fetch a bottle of her best French wine; and sitting down in a neat apartment of about ten feet square, cut out of the solid wall, we enjoyed a prospect from the window which was worth going at least twenty miles to see. The mistress of the establishment, as we learned on cross-examination, had lived in the tower upwards of thirty years, and had here brought up a family of several sons and daughters, some of whom had not yet left the paternal mansion for a residence nearer the earth's surface. On remarking to what an enormous trouble she must be put in going up and down stairs on errands connected with the household, our anxiety on that score was set at rest, by the exhibition of a windlass and chain on the outside of the tower, with which every necessary article is wound up from the ground. When any persons below wish to send up so much as a letter to the family, they ring a bell, and the windlass is immediately put in requisition. By this contrivance,

therefore, almost all communications are readily carried on between the family of the clock-keeper and the lower world. The noise which the wind makes at this altitude, is, according to the woman's account, sometimes truly dreadful, though habit has nearly banished all sense of danger. A year or two ago, a storm blew with such violence, that it dislodged a ponderous mass of building, which fell from the summit clear down through the tower to the bottom, dashing, in its destructive descent, through the house of the keeper, and leaving a monstrous hole in every vaulted story of the structure. Fortunately, none of the family were injured. The damages done on this occasion are at present in course of being repaired.

After resting a short time in the slyterij, we were conducted by a spiral stair to the higher part of the tower, paying a visit in passing to the floor containing the clock and bells. The bells are six in number, and of enormous size. Each is called after some saint, with whose name it had been baptised previous to its elevation by the Romish clergy. The largest of the group, which is styled *St Salvador*, is several tons in weight. Emerging upon a bartisan at the height of three hundred feet, a view of inconceivable extent greets the eye. On the west, the whole country towards the coast lies exposed to view from Rotterdam to Amsterdam, the church spires of both places, at the distance of sixty miles asunder, being equally conspicuous on the horizon. A much wider prospect than even that is to be seen by looking towards the south-east, where the turrets of *Bois-le-duc* are faintly discernible with the aid of a telescope; and from this point to Amsterdam, in an opposite direction, the distance cannot be less than from seventy to eighty miles. I am not aware that in any other part of the world so great an extent of territory can be taken in at one range of vision, from an artificial elevation, and no fact that could be mentioned can convey so impressive an idea of the extreme flatness of this part of the Netherlands. Towards the east, the prospect is much more limited. In this direction we see a richly-wooded country, interspersed with fields waving in yellow grain and flowery buckwheat, and bounded in the distance with the rising hills of *Guelderland*, which forms the most beautiful province of Holland. Within a few miles of Utrecht, in the midst of the woodland scene just alluded to, is seen the ancient village of *Zeist*, in which an establishment of *Moravians* is situated; and the spectator readily allows that these quiet and orderly religionists could not have chosen a more secluded and pleasant retreat. The immediate vicinity of Utrecht, particularly on this eastern side, abounds in wood, disposed in avenues and masses, and highly ornamental to the grounds near which the university is placed.

The university buildings, to which we walked after descending from the tower, are of a miscellaneous and plain order, without any outward show, and apparently with little internal convenience. They possess museums of anatomy, pathology, and surgery, on a very extensive scale. One room containing models of diseased parts in coloured wax, exceeded all that I could have believed possible to accomplish in this branch of art. The museum of natural history, in a series of upper rooms, is likewise extensive, but after that of *Leyden* it appeared to great disadvantage, and excited little interest. The university of Utrecht, which was founded in 1630, has five faculties and nineteen professors; and with about six hundred students, ranks next to that of *Leyden*. The only other university in Holland is that of *Groningen*, in the extreme northern province of the same name, which by all accounts educates about four hundred students.

Utrecht has long maintained a name for the excellence of its education, as besides its college it is said to possess several schools of an advanced nature, equivalent to our higher order of academies. In the course of our ramble through the town, we visited the principal of these seminaries, which was established under the auspices of the local school commission and magistracy.

As *M. Cousin* speaks highly of what he saw here, I was more than usually inquisitive. Yet I have nothing of the least value to communicate. The school consists of two chief departments; one for primary instruction after six years of age, and another for pupils after they have reached their tenth year. The latter learn French, a little mathematics and algebra, and also a little natural philosophy. I inquired if the pupils were taught such branches as animal physiology, astronomy, geology, chemistry, hydrostatics, optics, or, what is not less important, mental philosophy—the answer in each case was no, no, nothing of the kind. Laying these deficiencies out of view, the course of instruction appeared in all respects worthy of approbation; one decided improvement on the plan pursued in England consists in devoting those years of youth which we expend on Latin, to the important purpose of acquiring a thorough knowledge of French and other practically useful branches of instruction. As far as it goes, therefore, I believe that the school is deserving of the high character it bears. Its deficiencies are those of the educational institutions of Holland generally, as I shall take occasion to explain in my concluding remarks.

Utrecht boasts the possession of a national museum of agricultural implements, and at the recommendation of the *Guide-books*, we went to see it. Situated in an elegant mansion, once a palace of royalty, and consisting of a series of extensive saloons, I had reason to expect something worth visiting; but such a collection of, what shall I call them! rubbish—no, that is rather too strong a term; but it comes nearest their character, and so let it stand. The specimens of ploughs, harrows, grubbers, rollers, seed-sowers, carts, mills, and a thousand things besides, are amusing pieces of antiquity, some of which have been exploded in Scotland for at least a century. The exhibition, altogether, was calculated to excite both laughter and pity, if not contempt; for, no doubt, there are members of the Dutch government who possess a knowledge of the modern improvements in British implements of husbandry.

As Utrecht forms a provincial capital, and is the centre of a populous and generally agricultural neighbourhood, it is more bustling than is the case generally with the small Dutch cities. At present, its population amounts to about 36,000. The slightly elevated situation which the town enjoys, gives it a much more airy and dry appearance than what belongs to the other towns in Holland. Here, we can breathe with some degree of pleasure, and are not offended at every turn by the aspect of a sluggish canal or haven. The water-courses are few in number, and are managed in a very remarkable way. In the streets where they exist, the ground is dug out to the depth of from forty to fifty feet, with a corresponding breadth, and built up the sides. At the bottom of this long grave-like excavation, the water pursues its course on a level with the surrounding country. In order that the inhabitants of the adjacent houses may have the benefit of the water, a subterranean passage is made from the cellar story, proceeding below the street to the brink of the canal. In some cases an out-house is placed at the extremity of the passage, and there washing and other household operations are carried on.

Our next stage on the way was *Gouda*, a remarkably neat town, with beautiful woody environs, and possessing about 12,000 inhabitants. *Gouda* is unknown in Britain for any thing but its cheeses and its manufacture of tobacco-pipes; in Holland, however, it enjoys a reputation for objects of a very different nature, namely, its painted windows. These I had frequently heard spoken of, and now visited with much satisfaction. They are the windows of the old church of *St John*, a large Gothic structure, which is kept in excellent repair, and in a particularly cleanly condition. The windows are thirty-one in number, each measuring about thirty feet in height, with the ex-

ception of those of the transepts, which are nearly double that altitude, and all illuminated with pictorial representations, in colours of the most brilliant hues. The subjects are either scriptural or allegorical, and are full of figures, whose robes in blue, purple, and red, shine with extraordinary lustre. The faces are the best part of the execution, the remainder of the figures being painted in a stiff and formal style, though nevertheless interesting from their antiquity. Besides the large windows, there are several of a smaller size, chiefly blazoned with the coats of arms of the old Netherlandish nobility. In the vestry, copies of the whole in vellum are shown, and these far excel the originals both in point of drawing and colouring. The windows, as appears from the printed account which is sold by the beadle, were principally executed about the year 1560, and were presents from different towns and wealthy individuals, on the re-erection of the edifice after its destruction by an accidental fire. Their inspection afforded me a treat of no ordinary kind, and it was not without regret that I left them while the departing rays of the sun were still sufficiently strong to light them up.

A drive in a calash along an excellent brick-paved road, bordered for several miles with trees, brought us in a couple of hours to Rotterdam.

DORT.

I had now seen all the towns of any particular note in Holland, with the exception of Dort, or Dordrecht, which lies in a direction south from Rotterdam, or contrary to that in which we had hitherto gone, and therefore required a day's excursion specially devoted to itself.

Dort is a town possessing more than usual historical interest, and the excursion to it from Rotterdam may be effected with both ease and satisfaction. There are two ways of proceeding—either by a steam-boat, which carries you at once round to the channel of the Rhine, on which the town is situated, or crossing the Maas, and then proceeding by a land conveyance. We chose the latter route as the most varied, and best calculated to show the state of the country. The ferry across the Maas is a few hundred yards below Rotterdam, and is one of the best appointed in the country. A steam-boat capable of taking across horses, carts, or droves of cattle, leaves the landing-place on each side every alternate half hour, and the fare for a single passenger is only a few stivers. For a certain number of hours every market-day, the fares are considerably reduced, for the accommodation of the farmers and female peasants who come to town with their rural produce. The ground on the left bank of the Maas, on which we are landed by this commodious conveyance, forms part of the district of Isselmonde, which is constituted an island by the branching of the waters of the Rhine. The appearance of the country here is much superior to that of the right bank. The shore is slightly elevated, and affords room for an old-fashioned village, embowered in woods and gardens, and apparently destitute of those stagnant duckweed-covered pools which render the opposite shore unendurable for residence to all except the natives of the country. Notwithstanding, however, the accessibility of the place from Rotterdam, there are here no villas or Luists, and no general symptoms of improvement.

Having hired a vehicle at the village, we proceeded by an excellent road across the island to the opposite corner, a distance of ten or twelve miles. The land is everywhere divided in polders with boundary dykes, which are broad enough for roads or canals on their summits, and are well planted with trees and shrubs. It may give an idea of the vast trouble which has been taken to preserve the land from inundation by means of these enclosures, when I mention, that in Isselmonde, which may measure about fifteen miles in length by seven in breadth, there are two hundred miles of dykes or artificial embankments. Flax forms a principal article of produce in this quarter of the country.

Almost every farmer seems to grow less or more of it, and we observed that in the small villages many of the humbler order of peasants were busy preparing it for the market. After being hackled in a rough way in their barns, it is ready for purchase by the flax-merchants or their agents. Dort is a centre for the traffic thus carried on in flax, and considerable shipments are there made for British and Irish ports. Much of the flax of the fine linens of Ireland is, I understand, sent from this place.

On arriving at the small old town of Zwyndrecht, we find ourselves on the right bank of the river opposite Dort, and are conveyed across by an oared boat. This branch of the Rhine, which is called the Waal, forks off from the Maas a mile or two above Dort, and after passing the town, divides into two or three sub-branches, one of which goes to the sea by Helvoetsluis, and another joins a separate main branch of the Rhine called Holland's Diep. In order that any thing like a correct idea may be obtained of the singular branching of the mouths of the Rhine, it will be necessary for the reader to examine a map of the Netherlands. All around Dort there is a bewildering complexity of water and land. The emotion raised in the mind of a stranger on visiting the scene, is, that the country is choked full of water; every hollow is full; and the fear is excited that, by the rising of a tide or flood in the Rhine, only for a foot or two, or even for a few inches, the whole territory would at once be covered by the waters. Such a terrible catastrophe as this once did take place, and Dort stands on an island saved from the general destruction. In the year 1421, a storm brought up the tide with unusual force, and bursting one of the dykes, the water spread with direful fury over a large tract of country. It is stated that the inundation covered upwards of 70 villages, and drowned 100,000 inhabitants. I am inclined to think that this is an exaggeration of the truth, at least as respects the number of villages; it is certain, however, that many villages, farm-houses, and cottages, were irretrievably lost, and that the land was deluged to such an extent, that till this day it has not recovered its former condition. The most conspicuous ravages of the inundation are visible to the south-west of Dort, where a large tract of land, called the Bies Bosch, is now a marsh, and unfitted for agricultural purposes. The inundation had also the effect of altering the size and number of the mouths of the Rhine. The Waal was made more than double its former size, and on going a little above Dort, we find it branching off, and flowing over places which were once dry land. On a woody island, formed by these forks, stands the ruin of an old baronial castle or tower, the only vestige which remains of the many human habitations laid waste by the inundation.

Dort is one of the oldest cities in Holland; its history is lost in remote antiquity, and it is noted as having been a central point of those political turbulencies which had for their object the establishment of constitutional liberty. Here the Counts of Holland—or Hollow land, being so called from its exceedingly depressed nature—first had their abode, and from this source the province of Holland (anciently the country of the Frisons), and, latterly, the whole kingdom, have received their appellation. On the declaration of the independence of the Seven Provinces, in 1572, the first meeting of the members of the states was held at Dort, and constituted William Prince of Orange stadtholder. But the celebrity of Dort from this incident, has been eclipsed by that derived from the famous synod of divines held here in 1618-19, of which I shall have occasion immediately to say a few words.

Situated with its quays on the deep water of the Waal, which is equal, if not superior, to the Maas, both in breadth and depth, Dort is admirably adapted for being an entrepôt of traffic for the countries on the upper Rhine. But here, as almost every where else in Holland, there is a deadness in the general aspect of the place—all is silent as if a Sabbath; and

we are forcibly impressed with the conviction that the days of Dort's greatness are past. The streets are lined with houses of a much more antique fashion than I had previously noticed. As usual, the gables are turned outward, and they rise with many grotesquely ornamented windows and crow-steps to a considerable altitude, while the practice of painting the bricks a bright red, and the ornamental stones and cornices a light colour, adds to their fantastic appearance. A number of the houses, as appears from the dates carved on their exterior, were erected during the period of Spanish occupation, previous to 1572. At our request we were conducted to the house in which the synod of Dort held its sittings. The edifice, which is of stone, stands in a narrow back street, and is of two stories, resembling an old chapel, with a row of tall windows on the higher floor. Along the front are a row of heads in stone, carved in relief, which at least indicate that the house must have been of some note in ancient times. In the present day it is degraded into the condition of a low slyterij, or public-house, and a female servant conducts visitors by a winding stair to the apartment in which the famed assembly of divines is said to have met. On being shown into this upper chamber, we beheld a spectacle calculated to shock the feelings of every true Calvinist. The objects of horror were the tawdry painted and gilt scenes of a species of theatre or opera, stuck at one end of the room; and our attendant confessed that the place was now used for dancing, music, and theatricals, on the Sunday evenings. A few forms, and shabby apparatus for lighting, confirmed this sad narration. The synod of Dort, as some of my readers are perhaps not aware, was an assembly of Protestant clergy, both native and foreign (equivalent to the ancient councils or great meetings of the church), who were called together to adjust the differences betwixt Calvinists and Arminians, or rather to settle whether Calvinism or Arminianism were the true doctrine according to the correct interpretation of Scripture.* The synod sat for six months deliberating on this important question, and finally came to the solemn conclusion that the opinions of Calvin regarding predestination are the true doctrine, and, consequently, that the principles of Arminius are erroneous. The apartment in which this decision was come to by the gravest men of the time, was that which we were now visiting; and it was impossible to avoid drawing a contrast between the character and the aspect of the reverend assembly, and that of the buffoons who now make it their nightly haunt. Notwithstanding the lapse of more than two hundred years, the room is still in the best condition, and the beams overhead have all the appearance of enduring for two hundred years longer. What, in the vicissitudes of time, and the changefulness of continental affairs, the place may become, no one can foretell.

From this scene of historical interest we adjourned to the church of Dort, an old Gothic structure with a heavy square tower, which is conspicuous from a great distance. There is little in the interior to interest the visitor, if we except a number of very old monumental stones, and a highly ornamented pulpit of pure white marble. The monuments are in a better state of preservation than is the case in many other churches, a circumstance arising from an ingenious contrivance of the Dutch during the occupation of the country by the French. They concealed the monumental erection by a screen of plaster-work, and the sculptures thereby escaped the general doom of defacement. On one of the walls we perceived a marble monument erected by order of the Duke of York, and inscribed to the memory of a Lieutenant Western, who was killed in

* James Hermann, or Arminius, as he was called, according to a custom at the time of Latinising the names of learned men, was a native of Holland, and was born in 1560. He died in 1609, leaving behind him a character for great candour and amiability. The controversies which the promulgation of his opinions created in Holland, led to the appointment of the above synodal meeting.

the British expedition off the Moerdike in 1793. The floor is entirely covered with flat monumental stones, some of which are of great antiquity. On one I observed the inscription "Fundata Sum 1095"—a date so extremely ancient that I should doubt its authenticity. From the contemplation of these memorials of mortality, and also from the examination of some interesting old carved wood-work surrounding the choir, the visitor is attracted by the marble pulpit, which is placed against one of the pillars in the nave, and is now in use in the Presbyterian Sunday services. This pulpit exceeds in beauty of material and carving any work of art of a kindred nature which I had ever seen. The pulpits in all the churches of Holland I had visited, are fine pieces of sculpture in black oak, many of them probably having survived the general clearance at the Reformation; but this, which is comparatively modern, being executed by a Dutch artist in the last century, surpasses all the others in elegance of design and elaborateness of carving. The body of the pulpit, from the floor to the cushion, including the stair and the door, is entirely of marble of a pure white colour, and the canopy overhead is of black oak, richly carved in a similar taste. Each side of the pulpit is sculptured in relief to represent a scriptural scene. On the door is the Ascension; on the front, the Baptism of St John; and on the other side, Christ preaching; while all the inferior parts are profusely covered with ornaments equally well designed and executed. Any thing more beautiful of its kind cannot well be imagined, and to those interested in this species of workmanship, I cordially recommend it as deserving of a visit. On passing out of the church, the wife of the keeper conducted us into a small room within the porch, and displayed the baptismal font and communion plate, which are of pure gold, and of massive fabric. That these articles, which must be worth several thousand pounds, should be thus unsuspectingly exposed to the handling of strangers, tells strongly in favour of the general honesty of the people, and leaves an impression on the mind much greater than that which could be produced by the most lengthened eulogy.

In the course of the seventeenth century, Dort became a place of settlement for a considerable number of tradesmen and merchants from England and Scotland, particularly the latter country, with which the states of Holland maintained a friendly intercourse, both for the sake of kindred religious feelings, and for purposes of trade. There appear to have been British residents in Dort as early as 1618, for the clergymen sent as commissioners from England and Scotland to the synod in that year, were instrumental in planting a Scottish church, which was well supported, and an English Episcopal church was subsequently set on foot. The wealthiest of these settlers were extensive dealers in wool; and among the tradesmen were cloth manufacturers, gold-wire drawers, pin-makers, &c. In after times, the congregation of Episcopalians merged in that of the Presbyterians. Such are the changes of times, that this Presbyterian church maintains a lingering existence with only two or three members, one of whom is a Scotchman, who is the last of his nation in the place.

From these circumstances of antiquarian interest, we turn to objects connected with the existing traffic of Dort. Proceeding through the streets and bye lanes of the town, we were conducted to the margin of the river, at a short distance below the point where the great timber rafts of the Rhine are brought to anchor and dismembered. Hiring a trim-built boat, we were speedily rowed from the quay to the vicinity of the rafts, one of which we circumnavigated and finally landed upon. I despair of giving my readers a proper idea of this floating island of wood, for it really deserves such an appellation. It consisted of twelve lengths of long square logs of wood, each log measuring sixty feet, whereby the total length amounted to seven hundred and twenty feet. The breadth was a hundred and

twenty feet, and was formed by lines of logs lying close to each other. The depth I could not ascertain by inspection, but was told that it consisted of several layers of logs, or was about six or seven feet. The whole were strongly bound together by means of chains and iron rivets, so as to preserve the mass entire during its lengthened navigation, and the upper stratum was laid with rough deals, to form an even floor or deck for the inhabitants. The mass was so sunk by its weight, that the water nearly reached the flooring. The most conspicuous thing about the raft was a line of houses or cottages formed of rough planks, running down the centre, like the side of a street in a village. On inquiry, we found that the whole of the navigators had left the raft a few days before; the only individual remaining was the cook or steward, and by this functionary we were politely shown over the establishment. First, we entered the kitchen, a rude boarded house, hung round with culinary utensils, and having a cooking-place in the middle of the floor, formed of a wide and elevated mass of brick. Next, we went through the common sleeping-houses, in which the accommodations consisted of little else than wide boxes filled with straw. Last of all, we entered the captain's house, which contained several rooms, and was placed at the end of the row of habitations. The sleeping apartments and closets were neatly fitted up as in ordinary dwelling-houses, but with the difference that every thing, even to the wash-hand stand, consisted of undressed deals. The sitting apartment was of a superior order, with a few good articles of furniture.

I had afterwards several opportunities of seeing rafts of this nature floating down the Rhine, and was struck with their majestic appearance, and the busy scene which their decks invariably exhibited. These rafts of timber are, I believe, the property of associations of men who join their capital and energies together in the undertaking. The rudimental formation of the rafts is at some point on the higher parts of the Rhine and its tributaries—the Neckar, the Main, and the Mosel; to which single logs, or a few logs bound together, are floated from the forests where they are grown. The small rafts formed by such combinations are floated still farther down, generally to Mayence or Coblenz; and being there united in the immense masses I have described, and fully manned and equipped, are set fairly off on their downward expedition to Dort. The number of men employed to navigate each, varies from two hundred to five hundred—the number who had been engaged on the raft we visited at Dort was two hundred and fifty. During favourable weather, the voyage from Mayence is accomplished in eight days; but if the weather be unpropitious, six weeks may be consumed in making the descent. The quantity of provisions required for the crew is therefore considerable. It is not unusual to consume 10,000 pounds of bread and meat, besides butter, cheese, vegetables, beer, wines, coffee, sugar, &c., in proportion. The scene presented by the raft when going in full play, with its numerous body of navigators at their posts, is exceedingly lively. At each end you perceive a row of perhaps fifty men working at large oars, and so keeping the raft in its fair way in the channel. Besides these, if at a dull part of the river, you may notice several boatfuls of men tugging at the mass, and helping it in its sluggish course. Above all, you will observe an elevated erection, like a tall pulpit, or observatory, at one end, in which the pilot or the captain has his station, and from which he issues his orders to the companies of workers. When the floating mass reaches its destination at Dort, it is sold to wood-merchants, either for exportation in the form of logs, or for being sawed into deals—the sawing being generally executed at Dort, where there are many windmills for the purpose. Every article in the raft is sold, the carriage upwards being too expensive to permit the taking of any thing back. The price realised for a raft varies from 300,000 to 400,000 guilders, or £25,000 to £33,000.

THE DUTCH HERRING FISHERY.

The Dutch greatly excel in the art of curing herrings. The herring in a salted state is the animal delicacy of Holland, and enjoys a very different estimation from that of the common salt herring in Britain. Yet the fish of both countries are the same, being caught in the same fishing grounds; and there is no reason why our herrings should be in any respect inferior in quality and mercantile value.

There are about eighty vessels employed in the Dutch herring fishery, nearly all of which belong to Vlaardingen and Maas-sluis, two ports on the Maas, situated between Rotterdam and the sea. The fishing is conducted on an organised plan. All the vessels set sail on a fixed day, namely, the 15th of June, which is held as a day of rejoicing and merriment. They are accompanied by a vessel of war, which carries a chaplain for the fleet, and to this vessel, at the beat of drum, the fishermen proceed on Sundays for public worship. The fishing grounds are towards the northern coasts of Scotland; but agreeably to a law of old standing, no vessel is expected to approach within three leagues of the shore. The first day that nets are allowed to be hauled is the 24th of June, when the fishing at once commences in all its vigour. The whole process of curing is conducted on shipboard. Immediately on being caught, the herrings are bled, gutted, cleaned, salted, and barrelled. The bleeding is effected by cutting them across the back of the neck, and then hanging them up for a few seconds by the tail. By being thus relieved of the blood, the fish retain a certain sweetness of flavour or delicacy of flesh which unbled herrings cannot possibly possess. The rapidity of the process of curing must likewise aid in preserving the native delicacy of the animal, for the herring is salted and in the barrel in a very few minutes after it has been swimming in the water. The superiority of the Dutch herrings, I was assured, is solely ascribable to this mode of curing, though it is not unlikely that something is also owing to the nature of the salt employed, as I have somewhere seen it mentioned that the salt in use, in reference to other processes of curing in Holland, is of a less bitter quality than that which is commonly employed in this country.

The first herrings caught and cured, to the extent of two or three barrels, are instantly dispatched by a fast-sailing vessel for Holland, where their arrival is anxiously expected. On landing at Maas-sluis, one barrel, decorated with flowers and with flags flying, is dispatched to the Hague as an offering to his majesty, who on this occasion presents the fortunate fishers with 1000 guilders. The other barrels are sold by public auction, and generally fetch from 900 to 1100 guilders. These precious barrels are then subdivided among the dealers, who retail them at a high price. A single herring of this first importation brings one and a half to two guilders—that is, half a crown to three shillings and fourpence each. So highly are they esteemed, that a single herring is considered a handsome present; and it is a custom to make such gifts to friends and acquaintances on this auspicious occasion. Livery servants may be seen passing through the streets with a plate, on which lie one or two herrings, covered with a fine white cloth and a neat card of presentation. When a second importation takes place, the price falls perhaps to a guilder, to half a guilder, to fivepence, and finally to a penny each. The period of my visit was shortly after the early importations of the herrings from the Dutch fleet, and, as formerly stated, I observed some shops still decorated with the gaudy crowns of flowers with which their exterior had been invested a few weeks before. Both in Holland and in the countries up the Rhine, I had an opportunity of seeing these delicious Dutch herrings brought to table. Two or three of them form a dish at dinner, and are partaken of as an entremet, or something tasteful between the courses. I observed that some persons at the table-d'hôtes began their

meals by taking a small piece of them. They are always brought to table raw, and cut across, as if crimped. At Rotterdam, on asking for one boiled, I shocked the feelings of our domestic attendant, who expressed no small degree of surprise at so singular a proposition.

CONCLUDING REMARKS ON HOLLAND.

The excursion to Dort terminated my wanderings in Holland. The objects for which I had visited the country were now satisfactorily accomplished. I had seen many of the scenes and memorials of the first great struggle for civil and religious liberty in Europe—had ascertained by personal examination the nature of those educational institutions for which the Dutch have obtained not a little celebrity—and acquired, as I was willing to believe, some useful information on the existing social condition of the people.

With respect to education, I had received the most satisfactory proofs that elementary secular instruction is given to the whole juvenile population, without respect to sect or party, and that religious instruction is to the same universal extent communicated by the clergy—to such an extent, indeed, as leaves the process of religious instruction in this country, whether in or out of school, immeasurably behind. The course of secular instruction, as I have had occasion to point out, is in many respects very deficient; and it may be for the benefit both of the Dutch themselves, and of those whose minds are engaged in the subject of education in Britain, that the precise nature of the deficiencies should be stated.

In all that regards the organisation of the system of instruction, there is nothing to find fault with, but every thing to praise. The law obviously works well. There appears to be no wrangling about how this or that shall be done—no local feuds about the appointment of school-commissioners—and no jobbing, either with respect to building or maintaining school-houses, these being generally very unobtrusive, if not humble edifices. Whether arising from the explicit provisions of the law, or the natural love of order and quietness among the people, it is certain that the administration of public instruction is on a well-regulated and satisfactory footing, and might be advantageously introduced into our own country.

The instruction given in the schools is deficient of nearly all that bears on the cultivation of the perceptive and reflective faculties, and, consequently, the expansion of the intellect. As has been frequently intimated, it extends only to reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, national history, and singing or musical notation. Youths of a superior order are instructed in French. Such are the general limits of education in Holland, and the course of schooling in most instances terminates before the child has reached fourteen years of age. I saw few pupils of a more advanced age than twelve years. It is remarkable that neither Cousin nor any other investigator of the Dutch schools has thought fit to point out the imperfection of the course of instruction; Cousin, indeed, seems to have been perfectly satisfied when he found that pupils were learning French, as if the acquisition of that or any other tongue constituted what was chiefly desirable in a rational system of education. The Dutch do not appear to be conscious of any defect in the nature of the instruction in their schools. Like many persons in our own country, they imagine that the ability to read, write, and cipher, is education; and that nothing else is required. Education, rightly considered, consists in training and cultivating the whole faculties of the mind. For one thing, the child ought to be informed of the nature of the external world in which he is placed—he should be taught to comprehend the character of those principles which, established by a wise providence, regulate the phenomena of the universe. In acquiring this species of knowledge, the mind is expanded, and learns to look beyond the little spot of earth on which it chances to

be placed. Except in the higher order of schools, there is a total absence of scientific instruction. A knowledge is not even communicated of the nature of civil government, or of the simple conventional arrangements of society. The common instruction in no case goes beyond words. Things or objects are not shown or commented upon. The system, therefore, where most advanced and best managed, as, for instance, at Mr Prinzen's schools at Haarlem, is only words, or ideas explained by words—all which, as is well known, may be acquired by rote, while the pupil remains ignorant of the world in which he will be called upon to act a part.

The imperfection of the course of instruction, and the positive fault which may be described as the inculcation of an undue or irrational love of country, are manifested in the condition of society. The excellence of the moral and religious training renders the people orderly and pious. In no other country, as far as I am aware, is there so little crime in proportion to the population; and, judging from external appearances and the private information I received, I believe I am safe in stating that Holland does not contain the hundredth part of the squalid misery which prevails in Scotland. There is no reason, however, why the Dutch should not be an intelligent and liberal-minded, as well as an orderly people. At present, their lack of intellectual culture renders them conceited, and obstinately disinclined to improvement. It is extremely desirable that this defect in their course of secular instruction should be remedied, for, by falling behind their neighbours in the adoption of mechanical expedients and popular improvements of various kinds, they must unquestionably suffer both in national and individual prosperity.

The course of school instruction seems also to fail in inspiring a general taste for literature. There are, doubtless, many men of enlightened feelings and tastes—judges, lawyers, divines; also a number of artists and poets; while not a few are animated by an enlarged spirit of benevolence, and, through the agency of societies, are at present endeavouring to advance the intellectual condition of the people. The mass of the people in Holland, however, derive their chief enjoyments from the pursuit of their commonplace occupations, and gratifications of a sensual or unrefined nature. Literature exists, but cannot be said to flourish, as might be expected both from the tone of mind of the people, and the surveillance in which the press is placed by the government. No book, paper, or even so much as a handbill, can be printed without a licence, specially granted on application; neither can any translation of a foreign work be executed without a similar permission. Thus, the press in Holland is able to exercise but a circumscribed influence on public manners or sentiments. With the exception of a single newspaper in Amsterdam, I believe, no public journal takes the liberty of questioning the policy or measures of the government, or of urging improvements in the social organisation. Where there is such a lack of energy in all that concerns the diffusion of native literature, it cannot be expected that the mechanical preparation of books will be far advanced. Latterly, there has been some little improvement in this respect, but the greater part of the books which came under my notice are executed on exceedingly coarse paper, and in the poorest style of printing. For those who read French, there is an ample supply of Parisian and Brussels editions of standard French works, in all departments of polite literature.*

I was surprised to observe that all printed affichés on the walls, in Rotterdam and other towns, were

* There are in Holland 14 literary periodicals, monthly and weekly, but only two or three of these are of importance. There are also some religious periodicals, and a few almanacks. Holland possesses 25 newspapers, namely, three in Amsterdam, three in the Hague, and other towns one each; two of those of Amsterdam, and one of those of the Hague, are published daily; the greater part of the others are issued three times a-week.

stamped like newspapers in England; and on making inquiry, found that these ephemeral productions were regularly taxed. A tax upon every placard and hand-bill would be felt rather awkward in England, but I am not aware that it disturbs the placid temperament of the Dutch, whose submission to taxation, for the glory of Vaderland and King, is in the highest degree exemplary. Englishmen talk of their public burdens—let them go to Holland and take a lesson in endurance! How would they relish the following arrangements! All persons carrying on any species of business or holding office, are taxed according to a graduated scale. This is called paying for a *patent*, and the charge varies from five shillings to twenty-five pounds annually. Besides this personal burden, every dwelling-house is taxed, on a principle as oppressive as it is inquisitorial: doors, windows, fire-places, male or female servants, and lastly, furniture, all pay so much. The tax on the furniture is estimated at one per cent. on a sum equal to five times the annual rent; for instance, if the rent be five hundred guilders, the tax will be twenty-five guilders. Should the householder suppose this to be too high, he can demand that his furniture be valued by appraisers who are appointed for the purpose, and upon whose valuation one per cent. is charged. In towns there are additional taxes or rates, imposed by the *raad*, or council, for lighting, watching, and cleaning, also for any improvements which that body may determine upon executing. Generally, the state and town taxations on a dwelling-house amount to a fourth of the rent; in other words, if the rent be £50, the taxes upon it will be £12, 10s. There are likewise indirect taxes of an equally burdensome nature. Bread and butcher-meat are subject to a regular taxation, and for convenience in laying the impost on the last of these articles, the sale of meat is confined to one hall in a town; frequently a large apartment below the Town-House or Hotel de Ville.

On account of the taxes of various kinds, the cost of living is very high. Bread is at present dearer than it is in this country, while, at the same time, the wages of labour are much lower. Few artisans in Holland receive more than eleven or twelve shillings per week of wages; the sum of seven guilders, or eleven shillings and eightpence, is considered a good wage. With high house-rents, taxes, dearth of food, and these low wages, the living of the working-classes is necessarily very poor. The diet, which is chiefly vegetable—as, for example, a mess of cabbages and apples stewed together, or potatoes with lard and vinegar—is such as an English workman, or even an English pauper, would despise. The great solace seems to be coffee, of which, as formerly alluded to, immense quantities are consumed. The amount of annual sales of this article of colonial produce alone, in Rotterdam, is three quarters of a million of pounds sterling. The tobacco pipe is likewise in universal use, and, as in other stringently-governed countries, serves to assuage the condition and deaden the feelings of the humbler orders. Tea, coffee, tobacco, native gin, and French brandy, are the only articles which seem to escape the fangs of the tax-gatherer, and they are consequently sold at a comparatively trifling cost.

The manner in which all classes of the people submit to taxation and fiscal regulation in Holland, is, as I have said, in the highest degree exemplary, and forms a striking point in their character. Englishmen accustomed to a display of energy in political discussion, and also in the choice of representatives in parliament and municipal bodies, would be astonished to observe the perfect tranquillity of the Dutch in all such matters. At the elections of members of the *raad* in Rotterdam, I learned that neither the electors nor the elected gave themselves the smallest trouble. In many instances, the schedules sent to the qualified voters are either returned blank, or names are inserted without the least inquiry or regard to qualifications, party, or politics; the thing, indeed, seems to be looked

upon as of small moment, and the return is consequently very much a matter of chance. The truth is, there is little or no public or political spirit in Holland; certainly there is none in concert. There are no public meetings of the inhabitants for municipal or political purposes—to seek redress, to remedy abuses, or to plan or forward public improvements. All is left to the undisputed will of the “powers that be.” The close system is the order of the day. The public are not made acquainted with the internal movements of the machine, nor do they seek to be so. They are too much absorbed in business and individual interest, to trouble themselves about public affairs or the public weal. There is but one newspaper in Rotterdam, published three times a-week. The issue is not above 800. It is a poor paltry thing, and is principally for commercial purposes. It belongs to no party—never expresses an opinion on any subject—but merely gives short notices of the chief political events, extracted from other papers. The Dutch, then, I say, are not a public-spirited people—not that they do not pry into and express their opinion individually on the affairs of other countries; this they do with great industry and pertinacity, but of the ordinary political transactions of their own country they take no heed. It requires something extraordinary, or directly affecting their particular interest or prejudices, to excite them to action. Individuals, indeed, may sometimes grumble, but their complaints are confined to themselves—they unite not in making their grievances heard by the legislature; consequently, their isolated cries never reach the ear of the “high and mighty lords;” or if they do, they are too feeble to ensure attention.

But it may be asked, “How, then, are we to account for the manner in which the nation acted at the time of the Belgian revolt, when the people rose simultaneously to repel a threatened invasion of their territory, to support their king, to maintain his rights and the national honour; when not only thousands of the most respectable young men flocked round the Orange standard, but considerable sacrifices of money were made, and a heavy taxation was borne, with tolerable equanimity, for two or three years, to support an army of upwards of 100,000 men?” The answer to this may be found in what the Dutch call their *Vaderlandsliefde* (love of country), and loyalty to their king. These virtues they cherish to the exclusion of any liberal feeling towards other countries, especially towards any whom they may chance to view as their rivals or opponents. The Hollander, as repeatedly explained, is bred up from his infancy to have the highest ideas of his Fatherland, of her people, her learned men and warriors, her wealth, her power—he hears all these sung in the nursery—the same song is echoed with interest at school. There he is taught to consider his Fatherland as standing highest in the rank of nations—that in almost nothing does she need to bow to any. Thus early impressed with the idea that every thing belonging to her is *best*—her king, her government, her institutions, her laws, her *abuses*—he, of course, never challenges these, where they do not directly interfere with his particular line of business, or make direct inroads on his own purse. This is the grand effect of his *Vaderlandsliefde*; he is an admirer, without being a benefactor, of his country; a patriot, without being a public-spirited lover of his country; a contented self-satisfied being, pleased with his own country and every thing belonging thereto; and therefore not an agitator—not a promoter of public weal—not a reformer of public abuses—not an advocate for improvement, either public or private. In fact, he is rather an enemy to the march of improvement, to innovations, to alterations of old-established customs; satisfied with things as they are, he is jealous of any thing new—he is slow, very slow, of adopting even those things, the benefit and advantage of which have been for many years proved by other countries. In a conversation on this

subject with one of the most liberal-minded of the people whom I met with, he confessed that such was their character; that the land was small, and that the minds of the people were naturally contracted; and that their opinion of their country was just in the inverse ratio of its size. This, he said, was actually necessary to its existence as a separate and independent country. Were they, perhaps, more liberal—less national and bigoted in favour of their Fatherland—Holland would, long ere now, have been merged into one or other of her more mighty neighbours. Thus it is, then, that if any enemy ventured to invade their country, they would rise to a man, and most obstinately resist his progress—for obstinate they are in all matters. As has been justly observed by an English writer, "They are obstinate when they are right, and still more so when they are wrong;" and with this observation let me take leave of their character as politicians.

Whether from the excessive burdens imposed by the state, or from a natural quality in the minds of the people, I had frequent occasion to observe that "nothing for nothing" is a fully recognised principle in Holland. As in England, among certain servile classes, every little civility is a matter of calculation and money. The domestic servant expects at least a fivepenny piece from every invited visitor to her master's house; while all door-keepers of public edifices, and every species of under-official with whom you come in contact, in like manner expect a fee, or that something will be bestowed for the poor. On receiving from the police-office a printed ticket of permission to reside in Rotterdam for a few days, I was called upon to contribute a coin to what was pointed out as a poor's box fixed in the desk of the officiating clerk. Possibly, there was no actual obligation to give any thing in such cases, but having, in the instance specified, dropped a guilder into the treasury, I experienced the benefit of my liberality, by being exempted from some of the stricter rules of the establishment.

This disposition to exact and gather money by all available means, may be said to form one of the shadows in the general character of the Dutch. But on such traits in the national character, seeing that they are relieved by a number of excellent qualities, we need not dwell with any severity. Unenlightened as the people are—speaking according to an enlarged view of intellectual advancement—they assuredly deserve respect for the orderliness of their habits, their regard for cleanliness, their careful industry, which has transformed a swamp into a habitable country, their unostentatious piety, the admirable organisation of their schools, their solicitude for the poor, and their judicious system of prison discipline and correctional police.* Though not by any means keeping pace with the improvements of the age, they continue, by virtue of the fixity of their usages, to maintain a respectable and comfortable exterior. Not aiming at great things, they may thus for ages enjoy a national mediocrity of condition, neither troubled internally by rash political experiments, nor quarrelling with

those who leave them at liberty to pursue "the noiseless tenor of their way."

With the exception of a certain modernisation of manners and costume, also the prevalence of the French language and code of laws—the result of the occupation of the country by Napoleon—the condition and habits of the Dutch are now very much what they were a hundred and fifty years ago, as described by Puffendorf. "They are (he observes) commonly very open-hearted, downright, and honest, very free in words and conversation, not easily to be moved or stirred up; but if once made soundly angry, not easily to be appeased. If you converse with them without haughtiness and with discretion, so as to accommodate yourself a little to their inclinations, you may do with them what you please. Charles V. used to say of them, 'That there was not a nation under the sun that did detest more the name of slavery, and yet if you did manage them mildly and with discretion, did bear it more patiently.' * * * They are also generally very parsimonious, not much addicted to the belly, it being not the custom here to spend their yearly income, but to save every year an overplus. This saving way upholds their credit, and enables them to bear such heavy taxes without being ruined by them. They are very much addicted to commerce, not refusing to undergo any labour or danger where something is to be got, and those that understand trade deal very easily with them. They are very punctual in every respect, pondering and ordering every thing very well before they begin it. And there is scarce any nation in the world so fit for trade as the Dutch, this being very praiseworthy in them, that they always choose rather to get somewhat by their own industry, than by violence or fraud. But, especially, the greatest liberty which they enjoy is a great encouragement of trade. [There being no aristocracy or privileged class to impose restraints on commerce.] The chief vice among them is covetousness, which, however, is not so pernicious among them, because it produces in them industry and good husbandry. There is a great many who have been amazed at the great conduct which has appeared in the management of their affairs, notwithstanding that the Hollanders in general are rarely of extraordinary wit or merits. Some allege this for a reason, that a cold temper and moderation of passions are the fundamental qualifications of such as intend to manage state affairs."

Having thus finished my observations on Holland, I have to beg the reader to accompany me in my journey up the Rhine, not promising him, however, a lengthened account of that far-famed river, but only a few brief sketches of its appearance at various points, with a passing notice of the principal objects of interest on its banks.

COUNTRIES ON THE RHINE.

THE LOWER RHINE.

In commencing the tour of the Rhine from Rotterdam, travellers seldom proceed by water. They usually make a circuit by land through Gouda and Utrecht, and strike in upon the Rhine opposite Nimeguen, by which means they see something of Holland, and avoid the tediousness of a steam-boat voyage up the lower and uninteresting part of the river. From Nimeguen they proceed upward to Cologne by a steam-vessel, that forming the second stage of the journey. As we had already visited the principal places in the land route, and were desirous of repose after the lengthened excitement of sight-seeing, we preferred the journey from Rotterdam to Nimeguen by water. At an early hour on a fresh and clear August morning, we stepped on board a neat and respectable steam-vessel which lay alongside the Boompjes, and with many adieus to kind friends, we took our departure from the "low lands of Holland."

In about a quarter of an hour after leaving the quay,

* At Rotterdam there are several apartments within the precincts of the Dol Huis, or lunatic asylum, which are employed as a place of confinement or house of correction for dissolute and abandoned characters, confirmed drunkards, &c., who may be incarcerated by the town authorities, or by their friends on a representation of the case and proper application. All houseless vagrants, youths who haunt the public thoroughfares and can show no ostensible means of subsistence, and others in a deserted miserable condition, are taken hold of by the police, and sent off to one or other of the home colonies, of which, I believe, there are three in the province of Deventer and Groningen, the largest being that of Frederick's Oord. At these pauper settlements the individuals are employed in draining and improving large marshy and heathy tracts of land, and also in some useful handicrafts. By these various means, and also by the universal establishment of schools, the streets of the Dutch towns are kept free of mendicants, and all classes of disorderly persons, whether youths or adults.

a bend in the river shuts out the view of Rotterdam, and we are left to find what amusement we can from a passing observation of the low green banks of the river. About a mile above Rotterdam, on the left bank,* our attention was drawn to Fijnoord, a considerable steam-vessel-building station, where at present a large number of men are employed, many of them upon an iron steam-vessel of great magnitude which we saw on the stocks. Farther up, on the right bank, we passed a station for building merchant trading-vessels. Here, as we were told, a number of boors, or small farmers, who had made some money by their industry, lately united, and were at the expense of building several vessels for foreign trade. With the view of encouraging enterprise of this kind, the Netherlands Trading Company (of which the king is a shareholder and patron) freighted their first vessel, which they called the King. Being successful, they ventured upon another, which they called the Queen; and a third which they afterwards built, they named after the Prince of Orange. Success still following their speculations, they built a fourth vessel, which they entitled the Gratitude, in allusion to their grateful feelings for the early assistance of the Netherlands Trading Company. Some one, however, remarking that the name was too vague in its application, they finally built a fifth vessel, to which they gave the name of—*de Dankbaarheid aan den Nederlandsche handel Maatschappij*, signifying "the Gratitude to the Netherlands Trading Company," which it was certainly as difficult to mistake as to imitate. We now come to the separation of the Maas and Waal branches of the river, and in passing get a glimpse of Dort, after which the steamer holds on its course on the Waal, and shortly passes Gorcum, an old walled town on the right bank. Nearly opposite, the Waal receives an accession from a branch of the Meuse, a river which rises in France, and after passing through Liege, flows through Brabant to this spot, and to another embouchure higher up the Waal. Beyond this point, all is flat and dull, and it is only after eight or nine hours' sailing that the ground shows any demonstration of rising into hillocks. Darkness ensues, and late at night the steamer, much to the relief of the voyager, arrives at its destination alongside the quay at Nimeguen.

NIMEGUEN.

Nimeguen is a town of about 18,000 inhabitants, placed in a most inconvenient situation on the face of a sloping hill on the left bank of the Waal. Except from its having been a station of the Romans, and still possessing the ruin of a castle built by that warlike people to defend their German frontier, it possesses little to interest or please tourists. On the morning after our arrival, sufficient time was allowed us to walk through its steep ill-paved streets, and enjoy an extensive view from the woody heights that bound the outskirts of the town; but even for this gratification the place cannot be said to be worthy of receiving a passing visit. As the last town in this quarter within the Dutch territory, it is strongly walled and barricaded with gates. The quay is just without the walls, and therefore the utmost inconvenience is experienced in getting into the town after the gates are shut. Military officers, with a company of soldiers, superintend your arrival and departure, and, with the formalities of inspecting passports, forcibly remind the Englishman, that, whatever may be the degree of personal liberty existing in Holland, it is still far below that which prevails in his own free country. Escaping from these insignia of a military system, we were glad to take our place in the steamer, which was about to start for the voyage up the river.

To this point we had been accompanied by Mr Schultze, who now separated from us, and proceeded

* The reader will please to recollect that here and elsewhere the terms *right* and *left* apply to the right and left in coming down, not ascending, the Rhine.

downward to Rotterdam. It was with no small regret that I bade this gentleman farewell, for he had accompanied me in all my excursions in Holland, and both from his knowledge of the Dutch language, and his enthusiasm in entering into my views, had been a most valuable friend and companion; without his aid, indeed, it would have been quite beyond my power to have procured the information which I did, or, like Goldsmith, to have seen any thing else than "the out-sides of the best houses."

Above Nimeguen, the banks of the Waal continue low and pastoral, but more woody than they are lower down, and the country in the background begins to put on an air of much sylvan beauty. At the distance of six or eight miles above Nimeguen, is the point of land where the Rhine parts into two branches, the Waal and the Leck, and above which the name of Rhine is given. This separation of the waters of the Rhine is the first that occurs in its course, and great care is taken, by means of dykes, to regulate the division, so that neither channel may receive more than the quantity it can properly contain. The Leck passes through Guelderland, by way of Arnhem, and, after sending off a shoot to the sea by Utrecht, Leyden, and Katwyk (the old Rhine), joins the Waal above Rotterdam.

ENTER PRUSSIA.

Shortly after passing into the Rhine, now flowing in undivided majesty, we enter the Prussian territory; and at Emerich—a small old-looking town on the right bank, a few miles farther on—the vessel suddenly stops, and is compelled to remain at rest for two or three hours, to allow the inspection of the Prussian authorities. In a few minutes, half a dozen custom-house and police-officers, the latter in shabby green uniforms and hangers, have possession of the steamer; and now commences an immense deal of writing in the cabin. The tables are covered with papers; passports are taken from you, and something unintelligible written on their back; boxes and packages of goods are examined—though I am bound to state that none of the luggage of the passengers is opened, every mark of politeness in this respect being shown—and any stray pounds of tea or gown-pieces, the property of the German housewives who are on their return from Rotterdam, are duly taxed. After several quires of paper have been written, and a great many curious-looking blank schedules filled up, much to the edification of the passengers, the possé of officials take their leave, and the vessel once more gets on merrily in its course.

At the interval of every mile or two, new points of interest attract the eye. Strange old towns, each with a church spire, appear seated on the banks, or reposing on the woody meadows beyond. Amidst a richly wooded piece of country on the left bank we see the ancient city of Cleves, with lofty spires and towers, one of which, called the Swan Tower, has afforded materials for a romantic legend, forming the subject of one of Mr Southey's poems. As the steam-boat designed to proceed upwards during the night as far as Cologne, an arrangement unsuitable to the feelings of our party, we directed the captain to put us ashore at Wesel, a town on the right bank, which he did about six o'clock in the evening. Behold us, then, landed within the Prussian dominions, at the suburb of this old walled town, which differed materially in aspect from that of the trim neat villages in Holland. Having received permission to enter the place, we passed through a series of bulwarks, and across bridges over wet ditches—these being the fortifications of the town, and powerful fortifications they seemed to be—and finally emerged upon the confused mass of miserable streets in the interior, among which we sought out a hotel wherein to pass the night. Here we found ourselves as completely out of the common track of travellers as if we had been in the midst of a desert, and, to our discomfort, discovered that there was a total ignorance of the English tongue.

Wesel is a Prussian fortress of the first class, and seemed to us to be full of military. This being the first time we had seen any Prussian soldiers, we were much struck with their appearance, which was considerably different from that of the Dutch army. The Dutch soldiers, both officers and privates, whom we saw in every town in Holland, have a coarse undisciplined appearance, with clothing and accoutrements which do not seem to fit their persons; and a similar character may be assigned to the soldiers of Belgium. The Prussian soldiery, on the contrary, are smart and trim in their aspect, and go through their evolutions with surprising dexterity and animation. I shall never forget the alertness with which a regiment marched into Wesel, wheeled off into companies, and each company resolved itself into a close committee for some species of consultation, with the officers in the centre; the whole affair was done in a twinkling, and with an apparent cordiality between officers and men that was quite new to us. We afterwards saw some general officers, decked out in their splendid uniforms, nodding, talking, and smiling to private men in the street, as if they had been their equals in rank, which added to our astonishment, as we had not been prepared to meet such unequivocal symptoms of the democratic spirit in Prussia. Subsequently, we ascertained that Prussia, though politically a despotism, is to a high degree democratic in the social economy of the people; in other words, the higher and lower ranks mingle much more freely together than is the case in those countries which possess the liberal principles of a constitution. The comparative poverty of the nobility, the abolition of the law of primogeniture, and the universal spread of a wholesome system of education, may be instanced as among the causes which concur to produce this remarkable state of things.

From Wesel, our party proceeded next morning for Dusseldorf, a town on the same bank of the Rhine, at the distance of about thirty miles. Our vehicle was of the calash genus, which are common in Germany, and to which we adhered in all our subsequent land journeyings, as both the most convenient and the cheapest mode of travelling. The vehicle resembles a covered landau, with seats inside for four persons, as in a coach, and is drawn by two horses. To whatever town you go, such a vehicle can be procured at a very short notice, and frequently a number are seen standing on the street, with the words "*Retour à Köln*," or whatever else may be the name of the place to which they are about to return, written on paper, and stuck upon their sides. These retours may be hired at something below the full charge, but even the highest price is not great. The usual sum which we paid was a shilling per English mile, including a trifle in the name of *trinkgeld*, or drink-money; all tolls are paid by the driver. The rate of speed at which these vehicles jog on their way, is five to six miles an hour, and no persuasion will induce the driver to go in the smallest degree faster; as far as we could perceive, the prime regulator of his movements is the hour of dinner—one o'clock—at which he knows full well there is something worthy of his attention at the next stage-house. To the cattle which he drives he stands in the relation of proprietor, and he accordingly treats them as if he depended on them for his subsistence, which is really the case. At every short stage where there is a small public-house by the wayside, he draws up and allows the animals a rest of half an hour, along with a solacement of food. This provender, which he carries in a box below his seat, consists of brown rye bread, cut in small lumps in a trough, and is administered in two courses, with a handful of corn between, and a drink of water as a finish. On this fare the horses evidently thrive, and go through a vast deal of work. They will trot with ease from thirty to forty miles a-day for months; and if the party of travellers please, the driver will seldom object to proceed any distance with them, be it from the borders of the Netherlands to Italy, every day's journey being,

if required, the subject of a fresh bargain. All the drivers speak French as well as their native German, and in some cases they can talk a little English, which they greedily pick up on hearing words spoken by travellers. On the whole, the plan which they pursue in letting their vehicles, is a decided convenience to tourists on the continent, and might be advantageously introduced into Britain, to serve the purpose of excursions out of the ordinary track of stage-coaches. For those who prefer posting, there is a most perfect system of post-horse establishments in Prussia.

The roads in Prussia, as well as in the small principalities through which we passed, are macadamised, and kept in excellent order. They are under the charge of the government, and we occasionally saw men in uniform superintending their improvement. The toll-bars are very odd sort of things. Instead of a gate, there is a long pole or beam stretching across the road, and which may be raised like a lever at one end to allow the free passage of vehicles. These poles, and also every sentry-box and post in Prussia, are painted in black and white stripes, like the wreathing colours on a barber's pole, and have an exceedingly disagreeable effect.

The road from Wesel to Dusseldorf proceeds across a flat stretch of country, forming part of the district of Westphalia. The land in this portion of the Prussian dominions is only here and there cultivated for grain crops, the greater part being in a state of original heathiness, or in green pasture. There are also few enclosures. The sides of the road have no boundary walls or hedges, but are lined with rows of apple trees, and from these the country spreads away into a wide open expanse, with few appearances of inhabitants, except in small mud-built villages, the picture of poverty and desolation. After crossing the Lippe—a tributary of the Rhine—with our vehicle in a flat-bottomed ferry-boat, and pursuing our way for a short distance, the emblems of Roman Catholicism began to make their appearance in representations of the crucifixion on tall poles by the roadside, and small open chapels or shrines bedizened with Virgin Maries and saints—all being indications that we were coming within the influence of the intensely Catholic city of Cologne. As we approached Dusseldorf, the Rhine began to show itself on our right, winding, with steady smooth current, between fertile green banks. The country around, also, improves as we advance, and requires only to be well cultivated to produce the most abundant crops of grain. On our way, we passed what appeared to be some kind of cotton factory with steam power, a sign that we were now within the great manufacturing district of Prussia, the centre of which is at the picturesque and populous town of Elberfeld, which lies half a day's journey to the east of Dusseldorf. We afterwards heard much of Elberfeld, and regretted that we should have passed it without paying it a visit. It is the Manchester of Germany, and its name appears on the sign-board of almost every dealer in cotton and silk fabrics throughout this part of the continent. The manufactures for which it is most celebrated are cottons, thread, and silk, also Turkey-red dye. This beautiful red colour is here executed with such brilliance and cheapness, that cotton yarns are actually sent from Great Britain to be dyed with it, and returned when finished. Many large bales of cotton yarn, exported from Glasgow or other places, came under our notice at Rotterdam, on their way to and from the dye-works of Elberfeld. In the adjacent vale of Ennepe, the manufacture of iron also employs a large population. A gentleman whom we afterwards met, in talking of these places, mentioned that such was the harmony of feeling subsisting among the working people of Elberfeld on the subject of religion, that, in a church which had been lately built at that place, a congregation of Roman Catholics and of Protestants met alternately for public worship, according to their respective forms. We heard of the same thing being done at other places in Germany.

DUSSELDORF.

Dusseldorf, which we reached in the afternoon, delighted us with its singular neatness, and the beauty of its environs. It stands so close upon the Rhine that vessels can sail up to its quays, and there take on board the merchandise of which the town is the depôt for the manufacturing district adjacent. At present the population is about 25,000. Near the river the streets are narrow, and full of symptoms of industry; but beyond these the town consists of handsome white stone houses disposed in rows as streets, or as open squares and places with trees in the centre, all which thoroughfares we observed to be remarkably clean and quiet. Dusseldorf is the chief town of the duchy of Berg, and being the place of assembly of the estates of the Rhinish provinces, and also possessing a palace for the residence of members of the Prussian royal family, it has a number of the features of a capital. In former times the city was walled for defence, but all its fortifications have been removed, much to the benefit of the place, for the site of the ramparts has been levelled, and laid out with charming walks in the landscape style of gardening. Some years ago the town contained one of the finest collections of pictures in Germany; the pictures are now removed to Munich, but latterly there has here sprung up a school of historical painting, which has already attained a considerable degree of celebrity. Our time permitted us only to ramble through the streets, and round the shady groves which bound them on the sides apart from the river; we, however, saw enough to give us a high idea of the town as a place of residence for those who wish to enjoy retired leisure. The sunshiny clearness of the atmosphere, the elegance of the walks, the neatness and cleanness of the better class of streets, and the readiness of communication with England by means of the Rhine steamers, all give it advantages enjoyed by few other inland continental towns. In the after part of our excursion, we often thought of Dusseldorf.

Had daylight served, we should have been glad to hasten on to Cologne, for the morrow was Sunday, and we were naturally desirous of spending it in that city, which may with propriety be called the Home of Northern Europe. But as circumstances prevented us from proceeding thither as intended, we remained in Dusseldorf during the night, and at early morn proceeded by another voiture to Cologne, which we reached in time for the church services of the day.

COLOGNE.

In approaching Cologne from Dusseldorf, the country gradually improves. The ground is no longer flat, but undulates like some of the richer parts of England, while the landscape begins to be bounded with ranges of hills, and is much more populous than farther down the country. We had now entered a completely German territory, and the frequent occurrence of crosses and figures by the wayside, told us that the population was purely Roman Catholic. If any doubt had remained as to this fact, it would have been dissipated before entering Cologne. It was Sunday morning, about ten o'clock, when our voiture drove through the small fortified town of Deutz, on the right bank of the Rhine, on its way to cross the river, and the inhabitants in their holiday dresses had turned out to witness a spectacle on the street. This was a long procession consisting of clergy, in their robes, bearing tall crosses and banners, followed and preceded by some hundreds of boys and girls walking two and two, while the inhabitants, to testify their good-will to the pageant, were bringing out of their houses baskets of flowers and leaves of evergreen, with which they were strewing the way in front. The whole scene was quite new to us; and on asking its meaning, we were informed that the procession was in honour of the birthday of the celebrated Rubens, who was a native of Cologne, and whom the Cologne, from that circumstance as much as from an admiration of his works, have almost deified.

Passing onwards, we immediately crossed to the left bank of the Rhine, on which Cologne is situated, the passage being made by means of a bridge consisting of a railed platform resting on a series of stout boats firmly moored by anchors and cables. Here, at the distance of at least two hundred miles from the sea, the Rhine is a magnificent river of about a third of a mile in breadth; its ample volume of water from bank to bank bearing a greater resemblance to the Thames at Westminster than any river with which I am acquainted. The view of Cologne from the opposite end of the bridge is exceedingly striking, in consequence of the number of spires and towers which are seen to shoot upwards from the dense mass of dark old houses and walls, and above the rest are observed the unfinished Gothic tower and lofty ridge of the cathedral. On entering the city by a portal guarded by Prussian soldiers, and proceeding to our hotel, the aspect of every thing was novel. The streets, as narrow as the Cowgate of Edinburgh, or Tooley Street of London, and infinitely more dirty and uncomfortable than either, inasmuch as they have neither regular side-pavements nor drains—the tall stone houses with many of the lower windows staunched with iron bars—the greater part of the shops open, although it was Sunday—the gay dresses, and the clatter of foreign tongues—all combined to make up a scene to which we had not hitherto been accustomed.

Subsequent investigations did not convey any different feeling respecting the place. The town is altogether a collection of dirty streets, lanes, and ill-arranged open places, jumbled together in a confused mass; and, unlike every other town in the world, it seems to have no main street, or any thoroughfare much better than another. Great antiquity, no improvement, and confinement within walls, have combined to render it what it is. Although occupying a salubrious situation on a slightly elevated ground, close by one of the noblest rivers in the world, these and other advantages are neglected; stagnating pools, sufficient to produce a direful pestilence, lie unheeded beneath the strong glare of the summer sun in every thoroughfare; the quay, instead of being disposed for wharfs and warehouses, is a strip of road outside the lofty walls, and destitute of any accommodation for traffic; the whole physical constitution of the place is, in short, disgraceful, or, more correctly speaking, lamentable; for, of course, all is to be traced to the low intellectual condition of the inhabitants, and the political and ecclesiastical thralldom under which they labour. What a glorious town might Cologne be under a right system of things! What a miserable place is it under a wrong one! Instead of its sixty thousand inhabitants—a number which includes from two to three thousand common mendicants—it might furnish the means of comfortable subsistence to hundreds of thousands of human beings.

Cologne owes its origin to the invasion of Germany by the Romans. A Roman army under their General Marcus Agrippa, a contemporary of Augustus, here pitched their camp about the first year of the Christian era, and from the favourableness of the situation, the encampment became a regular Roman station. Here was afterwards born Agrippina, granddaughter of Agrippa, and wife of the emperor Claudius, and by this lady the town was enlarged, and called Colonia Agrippina. Its present name, Cologne, or, as the Germans style it, Köln, is only a modernisation of Colonia, and hence is from the same root as our English word colony. The later Roman emperors and their generals built a number of edifices in the town, of some of which certain portions are still pointed out; but the greatest increase, both to its magnificence and its size, took place during the middle ages, when it was one of the free towns of the German empire. Under the auspices of its archbishops, it became a town of religionists; and to such an extent was church-building carried within it, that the place is said to have at one time possessed two thousand five hundred ecclesiastics,

and as many steeples as there were days in the year. Allowing this to be somewhat of a quiz, it is certain that at the period of the French invasion, towards the end of last century, the town contained eleven collegiate churches, nineteen parish-churches, nineteen convents of monks, thirty-nine convents of nuns, and forty-nine chapels. The period of prosperity, however, of the town and its ecclesiastics, was long past. The commerce which used to centre at the spot in the middle ages, had taken another direction, and the repeated violent persecutions of Jews and Protestants from the fourteenth to the seventeenth century, had been the means of expelling the most wealthy and industrious inhabitants. The French gave the last blow to the ecclesiastical glory of Cologne, by sweeping away the whole of the ancient religious institutions, and, after stripping the churches and monasteries, turning them into stables and barracks. Under the government of Prussia, the town now enjoys a degree of repose; something like a shadow of the old ecclesiastical rule is established; and such churches as have been restored, are again, to all appearance, in full operation.

Prepared with these brief explanations, the reader will be able to follow us in the excursion which we made soon after our arrival through this many-church town. First of all, as a matter of course, we besought our conductor, an intelligent individual from the hotel, to conduct us to the Dom Kirk, or Cathedral, at which, as we were informed, grand mass was to be performed with the whole strength of the clergy. The edifice, which stands at the side of a bare open piece of ground, is of the pure Gothic style of architecture, and, if finished, would be the most beautiful structure of the kind in the world. The foundation was laid by Conrad de Hochstetten, archbishop, in the year 1248, but being conceived on too magnificent a scale, was never completed. All that has been built and roofed in, is the choir at the east end—the nave is only partially built and roofed in a temporary manner, and the tower at the west end is only built about the height of the choir. Though centuries have elapsed since the work was stopped, a crane-like beam for hoisting the stones still stands on the summit of the tower, and is conspicuous from a great distance. It is understood, however, that this is not the original crane, left at the interruption of the work. The people, it seems, ceasing to hope for a renewal of the building operations, took down that engine a great many years ago. Soon after, there happened a destructive storm of thunder and lightning, which of course was only attributable to the removal of the crane. In a great fright, the Colongnes hastened to put up a new one, and this, or some other in its place, still remains. The architectural elegance of the Dom Kirk reminded me of the chapel of Henry VII. at Westminster Abbey, but the stupendous, yet airy proportions, were without a parallel in my recollection. Unfortunately, the freestone, which had been dug from the Drachenfels, is soft, and mouldering so fast away on the exterior surface, that the renovations taking place at the expense of the king of Prussia do not appear sufficient to stop the general progress of decay. Entering by a door at the side of the choir, we were as much struck with the loftiness of the arches, and the gracefulness of the pillars, as we had been with the outside of the edifice. Our attention was, however, immediately absorbed in the religious spectacle around. Pushing our way through the crowd that filled the broad passage outside the screen of the choir, we reached the terminating aisle of the church under the great east window. Here a most extraordinary scene was presented to our eyes. A kind of temple of marble, having pillars in front, and decorated with a profusion of enamel and gilding, stood in the aisle below the window, reaching to the height of eight or ten feet, and measuring five feet square inside. There were two or three steps in front, and above these there was

an opening like a window, the sides of which were lighted with lamps. Observing the anxiety of the people to get a look through the window, we inquired what was to be seen, and were informed that this was the famous shrine of the “three kings of Cologne”—in other words, here were preserved the bones of the three wise men or kings who came from the east to worship the infant Jesus.* These, according to the account given, had been originally procured in the east by the Empress Helena, and by her carried to Constantinople, from which they were afterwards removed to Milan, where they were found by the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa, when he captured and destroyed that city (1162), and were presented by him to the archbishop of Cologne. The bones of the skeletons are said to be preserved in a coffin of silver, which is placed beneath the shrine, and not open to public gaze. The only portions displayed are the skulls. Proceeding up the steps of the shrine, and looking through the opening, we with difficulty perceived, in the midst of the partial gloom, three skulls stuck in a row like barbers’ blocks, and of as jetty darkness as if burnished with Warren’s blacking. Around the brow of each ghastly object, beneath a crown of gilt metal, was bound a fillet, on which, in sparkling gems of different colours, was inscribed the name of the particular saint. The three names so blazoned were, GASPAR, MELCHIOR, and BALTHAZAR. On the shrine are inscribed the following lines:—

*Corpora sanctorum recubant hic terna magorum;
Ex his sublatum nihil est, alibi locutum.*

Which may be thus translated—

*Here lie the three bodies of the holy Magi;
Nothing of them has been removed or placed elsewhere.*

According to custom, the shrine was open, in the manner I mention, only during the continuance of mass. As soon as the service in the choir terminated, the sacristan, a jolly, good-humoured priest, extinguished the lamps, shut a brass screen over the opening of the shrine, and after that no inspection is allowed, unless by payment of a fee. It is asserted that the shrine, and its various ornaments, is worth six millions of francs, or £240,000, which is doubtless a gross exaggeration. When the French approached the town in 1794, the relics of the three kings, and all the valuable furniture of the cathedral, including the entire fabric of the shrine, were transported to Arensburg, in Westphalia, whence they were not brought back till 1804. In the course of the removal and return, the shrine was greatly damaged, and a number of the most precious of the stones either lost or stolen. On being replaced, the inhabitants contributed all the jewels they could spare, to decorate the skulls afresh; still, with all such aids, it is whispered that a number of the glittering objects are now only bits of coloured crystal, and that there is more gilding than substantial gold in the structure.

On the pavement between the front of the shrine and the back of the high altar in the choir, we observed an inscription which mentions that the heart of Mary of Medici is entombed beneath. Passing over this spot, and making our way through the miscellaneous crowd, we turned into the choir, where grand mass was already in the act of celebration at the high altar, and where the pealing organ overhead, with a powerful orchestra, were performing some excellent sacred music. Round the old oak seats and projecting stalls, and also on the floor of the choir, there was a respectable congregation, composed both of natives and strangers, while at each of the antique desks was a priest, chaunting from a large old folio volume of psalms, written in red and black German characters on leaves of vellum. At the upper part

* “Now, when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea, in the days of Herod the king, behold, there came wise men from the east to Jerusalem, saying, Where is he that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him.”—*St Matthew*, CHAP. II., 1, 2.

of the altar were five or six priests, in vestments of gold brocade, and of different ranks; while across the floor below, seventeen priests in black and white robes stood in an even line, each holding in his hand a candle, measuring at least eight feet in height. From the living objects in the scene, the eye was attracted to the fabric of the altar, which is of white and grey marble, surmounted by a handsome tabernacle or pillared structure, ornamented with gold. This is, I suppose, a reliquary; for, during the service, there was taken from it, with great ceremony, a splendid golden object, like a small box, which was carried, amidst the waving of censers, to be kissed by a venerable aged priest, who appeared to be a high dignitary of the church, and sat in one of the side stalls. An architect, however, would not, for a moment, have heeded minutiae of this kind. His attention would have been rivetted on the graceful tall pillars reaching to the lofty groined arches above, and supporting on their sides excellently sculptured figures of St Peter and other saints, the size of life. An antiquary would have been equally interested in the fine old tapestries, wrought with designs after some of the larger pictures of Rubens, which were hung round the lower part of the pillars and walls of the choir.

Adjourning from the church, shortly after the termination of the service, we were carried along by the flood of spectators to an edifice adjacent, styled the Museum, which consists of several apartments on an upper and lower floor, filled with paintings, chiefly of the early school of Germany, and some antique Roman stones dug up in the neighbourhood. It would be mere waste of time to give a description of this extraordinary collection. It consists almost entirely of pictures representing the crucifixion, heads of saints, and scripture pieces, the first mentioned being repeated so frequently, and depicting such acute suffering, that visitors of an unhardened mind are glad to escape from their contemplation.

In the course of the after-part of the day, we visited the church of St Ursula and the eleven thousand virgins—the church of St Andrew—the church of the Apostles—the church of the Jesuits—the church of St Peter—and others of lesser note. The church of St Ursula is visited as one of the chief *lions* of the town, for it is reputed to contain eleven thousand skulls which may be seen by strangers. Anxious, like other English, to see such a collection of crania, we visited the church in the afternoon, during the time that a sermon was delivering from the pulpit by a young and animated priest. On entering and looking around us, we discovered that the skulls are not openly exposed, but enclosed along with many other bones in glass frames, resembling windows set in the walls. The panes of glass are small, and through each a skull looks into the church. These windows are along the upper walls of the nave, choir, and other places; in fact, wherever you turn your eyes, they encounter the hideous spectacle of skulls, and leg and arm bones, set in close array within the glass enclosures. There appear, however, nothing like eleven thousand, or even eleven hundred skulls, and we were told that the principal part of the collection is in a private apartment, or chapel, called the Golden Chamber. There also is shown a vessel of eastern alabaster (*cruche d'albâtre oriental*), which was brought hither from the Holy Land, and is (said to be) one of the vessels which contained the water that was turned into wine by our Saviour at the marriage feast in Cana. In the church are hung a number of very old pictures, perhaps amongst the very oldest in oil. One of them is intended to represent the landing of St Ursula at Cologne from Britain, of which she was a native, with her eleven thousand female followers. The whole, according to tradition, were slain by the Huns, and their bones afterwards placed in their present receptacles. St Ursula herself is buried behind the altar, this being the spot, indicated by a dove, where her remains should repose, and over which the church was built. A Latin inscription

narrates the circumstance. Some writers have alleged that the story of St Ursula, and her eleven thousand maidens, is a fable; for, that, in translating the legend from the original Latin, the word *undecemilla*, the name of a single female attendant, has been, by mistake, confounded with *undecem millia*—eleven thousand. Others consider this an unwarrantable mode of disposing of St Ursula's maiden train, and adhere to the legend. I decline giving any opinion on the subject, and leave the reader to judge between the opposite statements presented.

From the church of St Ursula we proceeded to the church of St Andrew, a Gothic structure no way remarkable, but containing a good painting of the martyrdom of the saint, and a magnificently carved shrine of dark oak, with a beautiful carved rail of the same material. The church of the Jesuits, which we looked into in passing, was exceedingly elegant and captivating. Its ornaments were not alone fine pictures or carving; they comprised a profusion of natural flowers and shrubs in full bloom. Between each pair of pillars stood a beautiful oleander in full leaf and bloom, growing from a moveable green box; and on the steps and top of the altar flourished roses and orange-trees—forming a spectacle grateful to the feelings, when combined with some of the most splendid works of art. On proceeding to the church of St Peter, we found the ancient edifice filled by a congregation who were taking part in a service in commemoration of Rubens. This, it appeared, was the church in which he had been baptised, and the large brazen baptismal font was pointed out to us in a side chapel. Squeezing our way through the dense multitude, who politely gave way on recognising us as strangers, we arrived at the foot of the altar, close by the officiating priests, and here were enabled to pause in contemplation of the altar-piece—Rubens's Crucifixion of St Peter. The figure of the suffering saint is head downwards, an unnatural and difficult position to be handled by the artist; yet the whole lineaments of the body and the drawing struck us as being remarkably faithful, and worthy of the fame which the piece has obtained. Sir Joshua Reynolds has made some remarks upon it as a work of art, which seem to me captious, and to a certain extent unjust. This esteemed picture was carried off by the French to the Louvre at Paris, where it remained till 1815, when it was restored to the town, and solemnly inaugurated in its former situation. The house where Rubens was born, in 1577, is in a street at no great distance from the church; we observed that it was gaily hung with flags, and a general festival seemed to prevail all round the neighbourhood.

Almost ready to drop with fatigue from our lengthened perambulations over the ill-paved streets, in a sultry atmosphere, we took refuge for a little rest in the church of Santa Maria in Capitolio, or St Mary of the Capitol. This is reported to be the oldest church in Cologne, having been founded by Plectrude, wife of Pepin, king of the Franks, about the year 720, on the ruins of a castle which had been erected on the site of the Roman capitol, from which its name has been derived. Originally, the site had been a prominent knoll, but the ground being levelled around, we now ascend to the floor of the church by a flight of steps leading from a cloister in a back court: entering it by this secluded path, we found a tolerably large congregation at vespers, and sitting down, spent some time in scanning the pictures, monuments, and other works of art with which the walls were decorated. Though founded in the eighth century, which gives it an amazing antiquity, it did not appear older than some other churches we had visited, and has, most likely, been renewed at some period within the last four or five hundred years. The edifice contains a splendid reliquary of marble and gold over the high altar, and the sculpture of some of the monuments is more than usually interesting. In one of the side chapels, as we were afterwards informed, there is a carved stone representing a child

holding up and offering an apple to the infant Jesus in the arms of the Virgin. The meaning of this piece of sculpture is explained by a little story, which I find in a foreign publication, entitled "Ruins of the Rhine," and may here be presented as a sample of a class of traditions, of which there is a great abundance in this part of the continent.

"Near the church of St Mary of the Capitol, there lived in former times a poor but pious family. The husband, who was a shoemaker, sought to support his little family by the labour of his hands. The greatest delight of the parents was their only son, Herman Joseph, a pious, good, and virtuous child, who endeavoured, by obedience and filial affection, to repay all that their anxious love had performed for him.

Herman Joseph was sent by his parents to school, and never did he go thither without first offering up his infant prayer before a stone image of the holy Virgin in the neighbouring church. On holidays, when the other boys were playing about in the streets and public places, he hastened to the image, and communicated to the heavenly child which she bore in her arms, all that he had learned and still wished to learn. The infant Saviour listened to his narration with a kindly ear, and often invited him to come up and play with him, but it was always too high for the boy to reach the place where the image stood. When, therefore, he looked up with a sorrowful countenance, the holy mother consoled him by saying that he would one day be bigger, and would then be able to play with her blessed son.

One day, when his mother gave Herman a beautiful apple, he hastened with great joy to the sacred image, and offered it to the child, saying, 'There, there is my apple for you.' The blessed image then stretched forth its hand to him, and with an expression of marvellous kindness, took the apple.

Inexpressible was the delight of Herman Joseph; so that whenever he received presents, either of fruit or cakes, his first thought was to carry them to the image of the infant Jesus, who always accepted them with thanks and kindness.

Herman Joseph was now to become a shoemaker, for his parents could no longer afford the expense, and were therefore obliged to withdraw him from school. With a heavy heart, for he was still desirous to acquire knowledge, he stole one afternoon into the church, to make known his sorrows to the infant Christ. And as he now looked up with tearful eye to the child and its holy mother, our most blessed Virgin addressed him, saying, 'What ails thee, Herman Joseph?' Thereupon he related the cause of his grief, and stated how gladly he would continue to attend school, but that it was too great a burthen for his parents, and that he must consequently become a shoemaker.

'That shall not be, Herman Joseph,' answered the Virgin, consolingly. 'Go to the cross passage; there thou wilt see on the left hand of the door a stone; lift it up, and thou wilt find what thou needest.'

With tears in his eyes, Herman Joseph thanked his protectress, and hurried to the stone, which, although somewhat ponderous, he removed without difficulty, and beneath it found what he sought. He could now continue his studies, without being any burthen to his poor parents, for whatever he wanted he found under the stone.

Never did he cease offering up thanks to his patroness; and the statue of the blessed Virgin, in St Mary of the Capitol, continued to be his favourite place of resort. He now studied very diligently, and succeeded in every thing which he undertook through the assistance of the Virgin.

When he had arrived at an age to make choice of a career, he determined to devote himself to the church, and to enter the Benedictine order. He chose the monastery of Steinfeld in the Eifel, where the pious youth was received with joy. He now applied with great assiduity to the study of philosophy and theology, and neither desisted day or night from his pur-

suit, so that he almost forgot his former patroness, the holy Virgin. But somehow all his exertions were fruitless: notwithstanding his ardent application, he was unable to make any progress in the sciences. He therefore again had recourse to prayer. Whilst, overwhelmed with the toil of the day, he lay prostrate one night before the altar in earnest supplication, a sweet sleep came over his eyes, and he dreamed a most exquisite dream, in which the blessed Virgin of St Mary of the Capitol appeared before him, leading the infant Jesus by the hand, who invited Herman with a friendly mien to come and eat with him, in return for the fine apples and other delicious things with which Herman had so often presented him.

Herman Joseph thankfully accepted the invitation; and whilst he sat at the costly table, attended by cherubim of exceeding beauty, enjoying the heavenly repast, he awoke, and the vision also vanished. But he felt himself wonderfully strengthened, and completely changed in his inmost nature. His studies now proceeded at a rapid pace. Universally beloved and respected, and, above all, celebrated for his learning, Herman Joseph continued long to live in the Abbey of Steinfeld, where he died, and where his tomb continues to be shown till this day."

Cologne contains a few secular edifices, of an interesting nature, which we had an opportunity of seeing in passing through the town on our return down the Rhine. The principal is the Rathaus, or town-hall, a fine old building of two stories, with a front of pillars and arcades, and a conspicuous tower at one end. The town possesses a theatre, a large public library, and news-room, and various respectable educational institutions. There are likewise many excellent private collections of paintings, which are liberally shown to visitors. The town contains several good and large hotels, chiefly placed near the port and quay whence the steam-boats depart. That which we selected (Cour Imperiale) was in the centre of the town, and possessed as good accommodations as are to be found in any inn in England. An idea may be formed of its size, and the business which is transacted in it, when I mention that about a hundred individuals sat down to dinner at its table-d'hôte.

Cologne is celebrated for the manufacture of a highly scented distilled water, which, as is well known, passes by the name of Eau de Cologne. The preparation and sale of this liqueur form a considerable trade in the town, though, to the surprise of the stranger, the trade seems to be all in the hands of persons of the same name. The name which is so multiplied in different quarters is FARINA, upon which a variety of changes are rung in the form of prefix letters. The truth is, there is only one genuine Farina, to wit, Jean Marie Farina, whose warehouse is in the market-place; the others are mean impostors, or imitators, who want courage to stand upon their own merits, but dishonestly assume a name similar to that of the original manufacturer. Cologne is the seat of a few other manufactures of no great importance, which it would be uninteresting to notice.

THE RHINE FROM COLOGNE TO COBLENTZ.

Now commences what is, properly speaking, the tour of the Rhine. Below Cologne, as already mentioned, the scenery on the banks of the river, though frequently rich and beautiful, is not picturesque. The picturesque and truly interesting portion of the Rhine scenery commences about twenty miles above Cologne, and extends to Mayence, forming an interval of about ninety miles by land, but upwards of a hundred when following the windings of the river: about half way up this lengthened tract stands Coblentz, which is the limit of the day's journey from Cologne. The scenery, therefore, which is so much the object of pursuit among travellers, occupies what is locally termed the Middle Rhine, the part of the river below Cologne being called the Lower Rhine, and the part above Mayence the Upper Rhine.

As the situation of Cologne renders it an excellent starting point for the Rhine scenery and the countries beyond, the town is amply provided with inns for the accommodation of tourists, and means for sending them agreeably on their journey either by land or water. Whatever may be the backwardness of the people of this part of the continent in many useful arts, there is nothing to reproach them with as respects accommodating and expediting travellers; and, in point of fact, a party of tourists will find no more difficulty in proceeding on their route, in any direction from Cologne, than they would experience in almost any part of Britain. The steam-boats on the Rhine are as neat and commodious vessels of their kind as those which we see on the Thames or the Clyde, and appear to be under remarkably careful management. They possess three distinct functionalities—a captain, who superintends the navigation of the vessel; a clerk, who books and receives payment from the passengers; and a steward, who supplies the meals. Judging from what came under my own observation, I consider this a judicious arrangement. The clerk is generally a gentleman-like person, who politely hands on board passengers at the various stopping places, and bows to them on their going on shore—he is, in short, a very different being from the common class of stewards in British vessels, and neither he nor any other functionary seeks a donation for his trouble; that is a piece of beggarliness which I believe exists only in our English and Scotch steamers. The stewards on board the Rhine steam-boats provide capital meals, and at very moderate charges; their dinners on all the occasions that we partook of them were first-rate, both in profusion and cookery, though put down in the odd continental fashion; and to sum up in the approved newspaper phrase, “the wines were excellent.”

The rate of speed of the steam-boats on the Rhine varies considerably ascending and descending. The stream of the river flows from six to eight miles in an hour, which, though not very discernible by the eye in such a mass of water, retards the progress of steamers to that extent; and, therefore, although the paddles go round at the rate of ten or twelve miles, the vessel advances perhaps only five miles in an hour. In descending, the rate of speed is not less than fifteen miles; a rapidity so great as to render a voyage down the river utterly useless for enjoyment of the scenery on the banks, while the slow progress of the upward journey is well calculated for that purpose, and seems no way tedious.

The steam-boats for the higher parts of the Rhine lie at the quay of Cologne, a short way above the bridge of boats, and in one of these—the *Agrippina*—we took our place at ten o'clock of a morning of serene beauty, with the prospect before us of a lovely day, suitable to the scenery through which we were to be transported. The passengers were about sixty in number, a fourth of whom were English, and the remainder chiefly Germans. The sail during the forenoon showed nothing remarkable. The river winds in a serpentine manner, now one way and now another, with reaches of three or four miles in length between each bend, through a flat country well wooded and cultivated, and thickly studded with villages, both on the banks of the river and in the distance. As the steamer advances, the prospect of the elevated district of country becomes more distinct. The summits of the Siebengeberg, a range of mountains on the right bank, open to view, like a compact series of peaked hills of different heights. The gorge of the romantic region, of which these are the outworks, is not, however, fairly before the eye till the vessel has reached Bonn, which is situated on the left bank of the river, at about sixteen miles above Cologne. As I shall have occasion to describe Bonn in my downward journey, it is sufficient here to state, that the steamer, after putting on shore and taking on board some passengers at its quay, proceeded on the voyage up the stream.

On departing from Bonn, the interest of the scene increases every moment; all the passengers are on deck, some standing on forms, and others at the front part of the vessel, for the sake of catching a clear look ahead. So eager is every one on the outlook, that it would be useless for the steward to set out his dinner in the cabin; he wisely places tables on deck, and, amidst the hubbub of knives and plates, and the handing about of bottles of Rhenish wines, the vessel approaches the gorge of the mountains, where begins the picturesque scenery of the Rhine. Just before entering this much-looked-for region, we see, at the distance of about a mile inland, on the left bank, the conspicuous ruin of the castle of Godesberg, perched on the top of a conical mount which rises from the richly wooded plain. This may be called ruined castle number one, there being some hundreds of precisely the same character and appearance, reckoning from this spot upwards to the higher parts of the river and its tributaries. The castle of Godesberg was built in 1210, on the remains of a Roman fort, by Theodorich, archbishop of Cologne, and was destroyed by an invading army of Bavarians in 1583. The most conspicuous part of the old grey structure is a tall round tower, which is seen from a great distance. Near the castle is the village of Godesberg, an agreeable place of summer resort, and also enjoying some celebrity for its baths and mineral waters. Passing Godesberg, the vessel comes speedily abreast of the seven mountains, or Siebengeberg, when the landscape immediately closes—adieu is bidden to the plain country, and welcome given to the land of hills, ruined castles, vineyards, and towns which seem as old as the mountains among which they nestle.

The outermost of the Siebengeberg, standing almost close on the right bank of the river, is named *Drachenfels*, and is a rough craggy knoll of volcanic origin, but now mouldered on its sides, so as to afford the means of support to vegetation. On its summit stands a ruined castle, once a stronghold of the counts of *Drachenfels*, a family of daring robber chieftains. The front next the Rhine is steep, and almost inaccessible without climbing; nevertheless, it is sectioned in terraces for vine gardens; and when we passed it, the steep slopes were clad in the green livery of the grape plants. In passing the spot, one can hardly fail to remember the beautiful lines of Byron:—

The castled crag of *Drachenfels*
Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine,
Whose breast of waters broadly swells
Between the banks which bear the vine,
And hills all rich with blossom'd trees,
And fields which promise corn and wine,
And scatter'd cities crowning these,
Whose far white walls along them shine,
Have strew'd a scene, which I could see
With double joy wert thou with me.

And peasant girls, with deep blue eyes,
And hands which offer early flowers,
Walk smiling o'er this paradise;
Above, the frequent feudal towers
Through green leaves lift their walls of grey,
And many a rock which steeply lowers,
And noble arch in proud decay,
Look o'er this vale of vintage bowers;
But one thing want those banks of Rhine—
Thy gentle hand to clasp in mine!

The river nobly foams and flows,
The charm of this enchanted ground,
And all its thousand turns disclose
Some fresher beauty varying round:
The haughtiest breast its wish might bound
Through life to dwell delighted here;
Nor could on earth a spot be found
To nature and to me so dear,
Could thy dear eyes in following mine,
Still sweeten more those banks of Rhine!

The *Drachenfels* is frequently ascended by tourists from the village of *Königswinter* near its base, and the

extensive and varied view which is obtained at its summit, amply repays the toil and loss of time incurred in the excursion.* The height of the mountain is said to be 1056 feet, though whether this be above the level of the sea or of the river, no authority has thought fit to explain. Nearly opposite the castle of Drachenfels, on the top of a craggy mount on the left bank of the river, is the similarly ruined castle of Rolandseck, and both seem to unite as gaunt spectral guardians of the pass into the romantic scenery beyond. To render the scene still more charming to the eye, we behold, in the middle of the Rhine, between the two grey fortlets, a pretty, well-wooded island, containing a church and a few houses, one of which was, until recent times, a nunnery, but is now converted into a hotel or boarding-house for the accommodation of travellers.

The castles of Drachenfels and Rolandseck are striking objects either in descending or ascending the river; and here, in my opinion, is the most beautiful scenery in the whole course of the Rhine. After passing Rolandseck and the Island of Nuns, as it is called, we find, at an interval of every half mile or mile on both banks, something interesting in the form of a town, castle, or vine-clad hill. The river winds as through an avenue of mountains, which sometimes approach so closely to the stream as to leave little space for the highway on either side, and at other times recede a distance of a quarter or half a mile, leaving a flattish piece of land, which is usually laid out in enclosed arable fields. Both in the neighbourhood of the river, and on the mountain sides, the prevalent character of the scene is green and pleasing to the eye. On every side there is

A blending of all beauties; streams and dells,
Fruit, foliage, crag, wood, cornfield, mountain, vine,
And chiefless castles breathing stern farewells
From grey but leafy walls, where Ruin greenly dwells.

Beneath these battlements, within those walls,
Power dwelt amidst her passions; in proud state
Each robber chief upheld his armed halls,
Doing his evil will, nor less elate
Than mightier heroes of a longer date.

All the towns and villages are remarkably uniform in their general aspect and character. Each consists of a larger or smaller group of houses exceedingly ancient in appearance, and individually built of a slatey or grey stone, with slated antique roofs. Every town and village is also surrounded by walls, though these defences are not very tall, and in most cases they are in a state of ragged decay; each likewise has its church, whose spire is seen rising from the cluster of human dwellings, and reminding us of the invariable presence of a disposition to the public worship of the Deity, wherever two or three of the children of the earth are gathered together. Striking as the situation of these towns and villages frequently is, whether on the tops of the craggy heights, or in the sheltering ravines at their base, they seldom communicate a feeling of cheerfulness or comfort. Their condition, generally speaking, seems to be that of bare and starveling poverty. They are the miserable remains of burghs which flourished hundreds of years since under the auspices of the feudal chieftains whose castles crown the neighbouring heights, and now subsist only as the residences of the humble farmers of the district, and of the cultivators of the vines which are planted on the adjacent hills.

Proceeding upwards beyond the Island of Nuns, the steamer immediately passes the town of Unkel on the right bank, and Remagen on the left. We now come to a bend opposite Erpel on the right, where there is a series of steep slopes disposed as vineyards in a very remarkable manner. The precipices, which rise to a

* I beg to recommend the tourist to spend a day or two in visiting the Drachenfels, Rolandseck, and Godesberg. Königswinter is a good landing-place for this purpose; the trip may also be performed by landing at Bonn, where land conveyances are to be had.

height of seven hundred feet, are formed into terraces like the steps of a stair, one terrace above another. The vines cultivated on these terraces are planted in baskets of mould forced into the clefts of the rocks, or supported by the walls which form the divisions between the terraces. Unless great care were taken in thus preserving the baskets of earth, the whole would be washed away by the winter torrents, and the poor families who owned them ruined. The wine produced from the grapes grown on these steep slopes is of a good and agreeable quality. Soon after, on the same side, we come to Linz, a large town of the usual blue slatey aspect, at which there is a swing raft for crossing the river. Rafts of this simple nature, or flying bridges, as some writers term them, are common on the Rhine; several had already come under our notice, the best to all appearance being at Bonn, where the raft crosses from each side every alternate half hour. The raft consists of a square railed platform, sufficiently large to accommodate several carriages, or a number of cattle and passengers. It is placed on a large boat, or two boats united, with one or two powerful rudders to guide it across the stream. From the raft a stout chain proceeds up the stream, along the surface of the water, being kept up by a line of small boats, and is fixed to an anchor which is firmly moored precisely in the middle of the river. From this anchor the whole apparatus is suspended, and swings freely on the surface. Unless for the guidance of the rudder, the raft would of course remain in mid-stream; but, being guided, it is compelled to proceed accordingly, the current acting as the impelling power. In this manner the raft is conducted with perfect ease from side to side, and at no further expense than what is incurred by the wages of a steersman, and the tear and wear of materials. For broad rivers possessing a sufficient rapidity of current, and where there is no great thoroughfare of passengers or traffic, a better mode of ferrying could not possibly be devised.

Above Linz, the river has a reach of half a mile before it bends; and here, looking across the flat border of the stream on the left bank, we see the small but very old town of Sinsig standing on an eminence at the opening of the valley of the Ahr. Passing two or three towns and ruins, we come in front of the castle of Rheineck (left bank), standing on a lofty height. This ancient fortlet was burnt down in 1785, since which period an elegant mansion, in the Gothic taste, has been erected near the ruin by Professor Bethmann-Hollweg. Immediately beyond is Brohl, a large village of seven hundred inhabitants, standing at the outlet of the romantic valley of the same name. Here is situated an extensive paper manufactory, surrounded by fine gardens, which have an agreeable appearance. The valley of Brohl offers an interesting subject of investigation to the mineralogist. The district is volcanic in its origin, and exhibits some remarkable mineral products. The principal article dug from the quarries in the valley is tufa, which, after being ground by mills, and prepared as cement, becomes as hard as stone, and is largely exported for building the dykes in Holland. In the upper part of the valley lies the lake of Laach, surrounded by wild volcanic heights. Pursuing our way on the river, at a short distance beyond Brohl, on the right bank, is seen the picturesque and massive ruin of the castle of Hammerstein, standing on the summit of a steep rocky mountain. At the foot of the ascent, shut in by rocks and the river, lies the little village of Oberhammerstein, and somewhat farther on, the village of Niederhammerstein. The valley of the Rhine expands a little beyond these points, and various villages present themselves on both sides, the beauty of the scene being increased by a green bushy island, situated in the middle of the stream. Having passed the island, an open reach is before us, with the town of Andernach, placed on a projecting part of the left bank, closing in the prospect. The shelving rocky banks which overhang the

river on our approach to Andernach, form a pass resembling that at the Drachenfels, and almost as romantic in appearance. Andernach is an ancient walled town, and the seat of a considerable export trade in oven stones and tufa cement; here also rafts of timber are united and prepared for descending the river. Beyond Andernach, in proceeding upward, we perceive on the top of the heights, on the right bank, the village of Feldkerken, and below it, on the river, the village of Fahr, with the ruined castle of Frederickstein; the latter is a ghastly object, with two rows of windows facing the river, and showing evident marks of being destroyed by fire. Two or three hundred yards farther up on the same side, bring us to Irlich, a neat town, situated at the mouth of the small river Wied.

A beautiful green plain, fringed and intersected with trees, and bordering on the Rhine, conducts from Irlich to Neuwied. The hills at this part of the river recede to a greater distance than usual, and in the centre of the extensive basin stands Neuwied, one of the most elegant groups of building on the Rhine. Neuwied consists of a number of tall white structures of dignified aspect, with acute sloping roofs, and a neat regularly built town stretching along the margin of the stream. The chief edifices were originally the seat of the prince of the independent territory of Wied, and now belong to the royal family of Prussia, who have engrossed the district into their overgrown kingdom. The town was built about a century ago under the auspices of the prince of Wied; it was established on the principle of giving a home to persons of all religions—Jew as well as Christian, Protestant as well as Roman Catholic—and hence became the resort of industrious and intelligent individuals from all parts of the continent. This character, under a new dynasty, still adheres to it; and here the persecuted for conscience sake will be sure to find repose. Neuwied has for some years been celebrated for a large educational establishment belonging to the society of Moravians, who at present amount to four hundred and eighty individuals of both sexes. Besides the educational establishment, the brethren possess manufactories of stoves, tiles, soap, gloves, &c., and in the town there are manufactories of toys, hardware, leather, beer, and other articles—the whole place, in fact, is a hive of industry, and is thriving accordingly. Neuwied is one of those charming places where a citizen of the world, unhampered by ties, would choose to set up his staff of rest. The noble Rhine in front, with its flying bridge, and its constantly passing steamers—the secluded mountain walks in the neighbourhood—and the clear sunny atmosphere overhead—appear things of which it would be impossible ever to tire. Those who delight in exploring antiquities would have an additional gratification; for at the distance of three miles on the river Wied, is the site of the Roman city of Victoria, destroyed by the Germans in the fourth century. The ruins or rubbish of this city, like those of Herculaneum, have lately been explored and sifted, and the result of the labour has been the collection of a vast quantity of curiosities, comprising armour, weapons, coins, tools, pottery, and other articles, which are now placed in a museum in the palace, open to the free inspection of strangers.

Immediately above Neuwied lies a beautiful woody island in the Rhine, and opposite it on the left bank is the small town of Weissenthurm. This was the point at which Julius Cæsar crossed the Rhine with a Roman army when marching into Germany, the construction of a bridge for this purpose being favoured by the island in the middle of the stream. The same spot was selected by General Hoche for crossing the Rhine with a French republican army in 1797, and this bold exploit he safely effected, notwithstanding the opposition of the Austrian forces. Having died a few days afterwards, as is alleged by poison, while in the career of victory, the army he commanded afterwards erected

an obelisk to his memory, on the rising ground above Weissenthurm, overlooking the point in the river where the passage was accomplished. It bears the short and sufficient inscription in French—"The army of the Sambre and Meuse, to its General-in-chief Hoche."

Passing onwards, and following a slight bend in the Rhine, we come to the modern chateau and town of Engers, embosomed in trees on the right bank; and a short way beyond it, on a rising ground, is the large and busy town of Beudorf. Sain, and its extensive iron-works, lie among the hills behind. Several towns are meanwhile passed on the left bank, and we now reach one of the largest islands occurring on the whole course of the river; it is called Neiderwerth, and has a village on the side opposite the right bank of the river, where stands the ancient and populous town of Valendar. An island of inferior dimensions, called Graswerth, is adjacent. A few other villages are passed, the islands are left behind, and, entering a capacious reach in the river, we have before us the striking spectacle of the lofty battlemented heights of Ehrenbreitstein on the right bank, and the turrets and walls of Coblenz, rising from the plain at the mouth of the Moselle, on the left. Looking beyond, between these objects, we see the majestic Rhine rolling towards us, and bounded in the distance with scenery as picturesque and beautiful as that through which we have passed.

COBLENTZ TO MAYENCE.

Coblenz, the Confluentia of the Romans, occupies a situation of great beauty on the triangular point of land formed by the junction of the Moselle with the Rhine. The former river rises in France, and after a winding course of three hundred miles through much picturesque scenery, and passing several ancient towns—among the rest Treves—here falls into the Rhine. The vines produced in the countries on its banks are celebrated for a light pleasant flavour and high aroma, and are chiefly sent to Coblenz for exportation. Both as a centering point for the traffic of the valley of the Moselle, and for the populous district on the middle Rhine, the situation of Coblenz is favourable for commerce; but, unfortunately, from political causes, and particularly from the military character of the place, comparatively little advantage is derived from the excellence of its locality. At present, it possesses 14,000 inhabitants, and a garrison of 4000 men.

It is impossible to pay a visit of only a few hours to Coblenz, without being affected by a sense of the evils incidental to the maintenance of a warlike attitude. Wherever we turn our eyes, we behold the appearances of armed force. Instead of seeing a town generously unbosoming itself with ample quays on the Rhine and Moselle, we perceive high loopholed walls rising along the margins of these fine deep waters, absolutely shutting out commerce, and leaving a petty traffic from a few boats to be carried on by a kind of sufferance at a quay of trifling dimensions situated near the central outlet from the town. Instead of seeing a town stretching freely away into the country behind, and possessing environs embellished with the villas of gentry and merchants, we perceive a closely packed cluster of streets, bounded by ramparts and ditches, and guarded with cannon. Amidst such emblems of barbarism and violence, it excites no surprise to see thoroughfares, mean, foul, and swarming with a miserable population; even the more elegant and modern parts of the town are marked by certain symptoms of neglect and ruin. The condition of Coblenz is very hopeless. It is a centre-point of a cluster of armed fortresses, forming the impregnable bulwark of Prussia, and must of course follow the fate of that kingdom. First in the list of these military strengths, is Fort Kaiser Franz on the opposite side of the Moselle, flanked by two smaller forts, the Moselle Arrow and Nuendorf—the three guarding the route by the Moselle, and the route to Cologne. Second,

Forts Alexander and Constantine, situated on a rising ground overhanging the town on the inland side. Third, and last, the Fort of Ehrenbreitstein, which occupies a broad rocky mount on the opposite side of the Rhine, the valley of which it sweeps right and left, besides commanding the country behind. On looking around, therefore, from the walls of Coblenz, we find ourselves in the heart of perhaps the very strongest military post in the world, that of Gibraltar or Malta not excepted.*

The rocky knoll of Ehrenbreitstein (the broad stone of honour), with its wreathing loop-holed walls bristling with cannon, rises almost closely from the river on its right bank, and both in height and aspect reminds us of Edinburgh Castle. The fort has long been celebrated for its powers of defence. In the wars of Louis XIV., it held out against and defied that monarch, with all the force he could bring against it. In the wars of the French republic (1798-99), it also held long out against the best generals of France, but was ultimately delivered up in consequence of famine. To such extremities was the garrison reduced by hunger before yielding up the place, that the flesh of cats and horses was sold at from a shilling to two shillings a pound. The French retained the fort till 1801, when they abandoned it, and blew it up. Latterly, it has been rebuilt according to the best principles of fortification. The lines of Byron, commemorative of its shattered condition, will recur to recollection:—

Here Ehrenbreitstein, with her shatter'd wall
Black with the miner's blast, upon her height
Yet shows of what she was, when shell and ball
Rebounding idly on her strength did light:
A tower of victory! from whence the flight
Of baffled foes was watch'd along the plain:
But Peace destroyed what War could never blight,
And laid those proud roofs bare to Summer's rain—
On which the iron shower for years had pour'd in vain.

At the foot of rocky precipices, and close upon the Rhine, stands the small town of Ehrenbreitstein—in which, by the way, facing the river, there is an excellent quiet hotel, the Weissen Ross, or White Horse, which I can, from experience, recommend to travellers. The communication between this side of the Rhine and Coblenz, is kept up by means of a platform bridge laid on thirty-seven stout barges, moored in the stream, and measuring 485 paces in length. Following the course of the Rhine up to this point, the country on both banks has belonged to Prussia, but a short way above Ehrenbreitstein, the right bank ceases to belong to that power, and forms part of the duchy of Nassau.

Coblenz is connected with the left bank of the Moselle by a stone bridge of thirteen arches, which are so lofty that the vessels which navigate the stream do not require to lower their masts in passing below them. The view from the bridge up the serpentine course of the Moselle, embraces a landscape of soft beauty, with Fort Kaiser Franz, and a line of picturesque hills, in the distance. The waters of the Moselle, at the period of my visit, though not "blue," or any colour but a dull yellow, were all that a poet could wish; and I have little doubt that the banks would be as charming by the "starry light of a summer's night" as they were when lighted up by the declining sun of an autumnal evening. Crossing the Moselle by its massive stone bridge, and passing a rather attractive suburb on the left bank of the stream, we are speedily led to a rising ground, where stands the monument erected over the remains of Marceau, a young general of the French republican army, who was killed at the battle of Altenkirchen, on the 21st of September 1796. At the interment of his body, both French and Aus-

trians, friends and enemies, attended to do honour to departed worth:—

By Coblenz, on a rise of gentle ground,
There is a small and simple pyramid,
Crowning the summit of the verdant mound;
Beneath its base are hero's ashes hid,
Our enemy's—but let that not forbid
Honour to Marceau! o'er whose early tomb
Tears, big tears, gush'd from the rough soldier's lid,
Lamenting and yet envying such a doom,
Falling for France, whose rights he battled to resume.

Brief, brave, and glorious was his young career—
His mourners were two hosts, his friends and foes;
And fitly may the stranger lingering here
Pray for his gallant spirit's bright repose;
For he was Freedom's champion, one of those,
The few in number, who had not o'erstep'd
The charter to chastise which she bestows
On such as wield her weapons; he had kept
The whiteness of his soul, and thus men o'er him wept.

BYRON.

Returning from this interesting part of the environs of Coblenz, we paid a passing visit to the ancient church of St Castor, a lofty structure with four towers, standing on the point of land at the junction of the Moselle and Rhine. St Castor's is an exceedingly old church: it was originally built in the year 836, with foundations resting on Corinthian pillars; and within its walls, in 843, the grandsons of the Emperor Charlemagne met to divide his possessions into Germany, France, and Italy. The church has been partially modernised, particularly at its entrance porch, and does not seem older than the common order of Gothic buildings. Its millennial jubilee was celebrated with great solemnity in 1836. The miserable-looking open square in front of the church, or Casterhof, as it is termed, contains an object of historical interest which is visited by most strangers. This is a substantial stone fountain, which was erected during the occupation of the town by the French in 1812. According to an inscription upon its side, it was erected by Jules Doazan, the French prefect of the department, to commemorate the expedition of Napoleon to Russia. The amusing thing about it is, that the town afterwards fell into the hands of the Russians, and the Russian commandant has inscribed a wickedly satirical effusion below the inscription of the Frenchman. The two inscriptions stand literally as follow:—

AN. MDCCCXII.
Memorable par le Campagne
Contre les Russes,
Sous le prefecture de Jules Doazan.

Vu et approuve par nous, Commandant Russe
de la ville de Coblenz,
Le 1 Janvier 1814.

Seen and approved by us, the Russian commandant of the town of Coblenz, the 1st of January 1814! One could hardly have expected such an admirable piece of railery from a Russian; but in 1814 the Russians could afford to laugh at France.

During the excursion-season in summer and autumn, the shore of the Rhine at Coblenz exhibits a busy scene of arrival and departure of steam-boats; and from this point travellers have an opportunity of proceeding in various directions in search of the picturesque. Such are the arrangements of the steamboat companies, that tourists from Cologne may either proceed directly onward to Mayence without stopping, or stop all night at Coblenz, and proceed in the morning. The journey from Cologne, however, which occupies an entire day, is quite sufficient to fatigue the tourist, and he wisely betakes himself to a hotel, to wait till the morning's light brings a renewal of his toil. The steam-vessels, both of the Rhine and Moselle, lie at the small quay below the bridge of boats, and are reached by a platform or gangway, resting on several barges moored in the water. This

* The protection of the left bank of the Rhine against the aggressions of France, is, I believe, the avowed reason for the maintenance of these and other military strengths. France has had a hankering desire for ages to make the Rhine its eastern boundary.

is a species of jetty to be seen at various places on the Rhine, and I beg to recommend it as worthy of imitation at places in our own country, where regular piers for the accommodation of passengers do not exist.

Early on the morning of our departure from Coblenz, we secured our places in an excellent steamer, which lay hiasing at one of these convenient barge jetties; and the bridge of boats across the river being opened to allow a passage up the stream, our vessel set merrily off on its trip to Mayence. The district of Rhine scenery lying between Coblenz and Mayence, is much more picturesque than that farther down the river. The banks are for the greater part more rocky and precipitous, and shoot up in rugged conical mounts, or vine-clad steeps, from the brink of the stream. Still, however, a highway pursues the edge of the river, along the left or Prussian bank; the solid rock being in various places cut away with great labour and expense, to permit its continuous course. There is also a road on the right or Nassau bank, but it is neither so regular nor so complete as the other. For those who have time to spend in performing the journey upwards by these land routes, stopping at villages and old castles by the way, and inspecting the scenery from the heights above the river, a much more interesting tour may be executed than by sailing in the steam-vessels; but the latter mode of journeying will be found much the easiest, the cheapest, and, I believe, except to decided view-hunters, the most satisfactory in every respect.

The view of the Rhine looking upwards from Coblenz, I have already described as being exceedingly beautiful. At the head of the open reach through which the steamer now threads its way, passing in its course the pretty island of Oberwerth, we perceive, perched on a rocky height on the left bank, the magnificent ruin of Stolzenfels, a castle supposed to have been built in the thirteenth century, and which was destroyed by the French about the year 1690. Immediately opposite is the valley of the Lahn, a river of Hesse and Nassau, which here adds its waters to the Rhine. The banks of the Lahn are equally romantic with those of the Rhine, and are as interesting from the number of old towns and castles. The opening of the valley is strikingly marked by the ancient church of St John standing on the point of land at the junction of the Lahn with the Rhine, and beyond is seen Niederlahnstein, the first of the towns of Nassau; opposite, on a craggy knoll on the left bank of the Lahn, is the old picturesque ruin of Lahneck castle, which, with that of Stolzenfels across the Rhine, reminds us of the castle of Drachenfels, and its opposite guardian of the pass, Rolandseck. Passing these imposing memorials of a time of feudal warfare, and their respective old villages beneath them, we proceed up a tolerably long reach of the river, between banks richly clad with vine gardens, and are soon opposite Rhenze, a little old town, on the left bank. This is a spot of historical interest. At the distance of three or four hundred paces below Rhenze, and close to the road, are still to be seen four stones of moderate dimensions, part of the ancient and venerable monument called Königstuhle, where the electors of the Rhine frequently assembled to deliberate on the interests of Germany. Unfortunately, the edifice, which was an octagon resting on pillars, was destroyed by the French in 1794. A short way beyond Rhenze we come to the ancient castle of Marksburg, which is still entire, and stands on the top of a high rocky mount overhanging the river on its right bank. It is occupied as a state prison of Nassau.

The Rhine now makes a considerable bend, and we are carried in front of the town and castle of Liebenck. A little farther on, after making another serpentine turn, and passing two or three villages, the vessel approaches the populous, but old and decayed town of Boppard, on the left bank; above the town is an ancient large edifice, once a nunnery, but now

forming a cotton-spinning factory. Next, on the right bank, we passed the romantic ruins of two castles, Sternberg and Liebenstien, planted on the summit of two craggy knolls, within less than a hundred yards of each other. Below, at the water's edge, are the church and convent of Bornhofen. Proceeding onwards, the banks become more and more rocky and wild in their character, the river having, in some places, the appearance of plunging its way through a ravine, whose shelving sides are too steep to afford footing for the vine-dresser, and are shagged only with natural tufts of bushes and trees. Through this wild tract, the Rhine describes a number of short turns, and at each seems to enter a completely land-locked sheet of water, silent as a Highland lake, and occasionally diversified with a small shrubby islet, set as a gem on its glittering bosom.

Proceeding upwards through this wildest part of the river scenery, we have our attention successively called to the castles of Thurnberg and Katzenelenbogen, both in ruins, on rocky knolls on the right bank, and opposite them, on a high cliff on the left, the massive ruined fortress of Rheinfels. This castle, which is the largest on the Rhine, was originally built by the Count of Katzenelenbogen, in 1245, principally for the purpose of enforcing tribute on the passage of vessels on the river. Ten years after its erection, the confederation of free Rhenish towns, enraged at the exactions of the count, marched an army against the castle, and besieged it for fourteen months. They were not successful in their efforts, but the spirit they manifested spread over the country, and led to a general crusade against this and every other robber castle on the Rhine; so that about the end of the thirteenth century, almost every castle from Mayence to Cologne was taken and destroyed. Hence, a main cause for such a lengthened series of ruined fortlets. Rheinfels was afterwards enlarged and modernised by the Landgrave of Hesse, but was finally given up to the French in 1794, when it was blown up, set on fire, and completely destroyed. The marks of the conflagration are now visible on its blackened walls and ruined windows. The remains of the fortress, with its gardens, lawn, and vineyards, were purchased for 500 francs, by an individual who has built an inn adjacent, and shows the ruined dungeons and outworks to strangers.

At the base of the cliffy bank of Rheinfels, stands the poor old town of St Goar; and opposite it, on the other side of the river, the towns of St Goarshausen, and village of Neubrückhausen. Immediately beyond St Goar, we come to one of the narrowest parts of the river, overhung with almost perpendicular cliffs, and known by the name of the Lurle; here, in order to bring out the echoes for which the spot is celebrated, a musket is usually fired, as the steamer passes, by a man placed on the road under the cliff. The river, in passing the strait, is more impetuous and turbulent than is usual in its course, and the spot has received the name of Lurle, or water spirit, from a wild legendary tale, which describes the dangerous pass as being haunted by a fair female spirit who lures the poor navigator of the Rhine to destruction. There has been no instance, I believe, of her having made any attempt to mislead steam-vessels, or having been seen by any of their passengers. Another legend of the Rhine affixes the name of the Seven Sisters to as many rocks, which at certain seasons, when the stream is low, show their heads above the surface of the water. These, we are told, were seven daughters of the lord of Schomberg, whose castle is adjacent at Oberwesel, and were, for some haughtiness of demeanour towards a prince of the fairies in disguise, transformed into rocks while bathing. Passing, then, these seven unfortunate young ladies, we are speedily at Oberwesel (left bank), a town of two or three thousand inhabitants, and distinguished at a distance by its handsome Gothic church, and the ruins of the castle of Schoenberg, or Schomberg, which looks down from a rocky hillock beyond.

A new reach in the river exposes the small old town

of Caub on the right bank, and above it, on a steep rock, the ruins of the castle of Gutenfels. Nearly below Gutenfels, and on a rock in the middle of the Rhine, stands the ancient castle of Pfalz, composed of a central tower and lower buildings around it, the whole walled in, and only approachable by a temporary wooden stair let down to the verge of the rock. Pfalz belongs to Nassau, and served at one time as a toll-house for the river, and as a state prison. To an apartment in this isolated fortlet, also resorted for protection, during the turbulences of the middle ages, the countesses of the palatinate on occasions of their *accouchements*—a fact conveying an impressive testimony of the horrid insecurity of life and person in the age of chivalry and romance. Next, on rounding a bend of the stream, we have before us, on the left bank, the old town of Bacharach, which is said to derive its name from a rock situated in the middle of the river, called by the Romans *Ara Bacchi*, the altar of *Bacchus*. The rock is believed to have received this odd appellation, from an idea that when it was prominently visible above the water in summer, there would be a good vintage—in other words, when the summer is dry and warm, the grapes ripen to the greatest perfection, a truth which it would be quite needless to dispute. In passing Bacharach, and casting a glance up the ascending braes above the town, we perceive the shattered ruin of the church of St Werner, consisting of a few vacant Gothic arches, of light and elegant construction. The story of St Werner is too extraordinary to pass unnoticed. He was a pious youth, who lived some eight or nine hundred years ago at Oberwesel, where he was barbarously murdered, though by whom is not clearly stated. The body having been thrown into the Rhine, instead of floating downwards with the current, as all common bodies it may be supposed would have readily done, was carried upwards against the current, and went ashore at Bacharach, from which it would not budge an inch till taken up and buried in a particular spot above the town, as the body of a canonised saint. This ceremony was speedily performed by the amazed and overawed inhabitants; and to mark their sense of the distinguished honour shown to their town by the murdered body, they erected a church over its tomb. The number of miracles which were wrought in after ages at the shrine of St Werner, are said to have been very considerable.

A short way beyond Bacharach, but on the right bank of the river, we pass the town of Lorch, and the ruins of the castle of Nollingen above it. On the opposite side are seen successively the ruined castles of Furstenthal, Heimbürg, Sonneck, and Falkenburg, also the castle of Vautsberg or New Rheinstein. This latter fortlet, which has been restored by the royal family of Prussia, stands on a jagged rock half way up the cliffy bank rising from the margin of the river, and is mentioned as well worthy of a visit by strangers, on account of the style of its architecture, and the ancient armour, carving, embroidery, painted windows, ancient vessels, and other things it contains, all in perfect keeping with the feudal character of the structure.

We now approach a part of the river where the current is so rapid that the steam-vessel is unable to compete with it unassisted, and accordingly, a number of horses standing ready on the right bank are attached by ropes, and aid in bringing the steamer into the placid water at the head of the rapid. In proceeding upwards, about this place we pass on the right bank the small town of Asmanshausen, and beyond it, most extensive vineyards, to which it gives its name. The vineyards of Asmanshausen are among the most curious things one sees on the Rhine. Steep hills ascend from almost the edge of the river to a height of about eight hundred feet, and are, over the whole surface, disposed in the usual form of terraces to the very summit. On one of the highest we reckoned twenty-one or twenty-two terraces, resembling the

steps in a pyramid, each step being shorter and smaller than that below it, till at the top the terraces were on the most diminutive scale. The sight of this hill, covered with beautiful light green vine plants in full leaf, is one of the most pleasant we behold in the whole course of the journey up the river, for besides the actual beauty of the verdant scene, it testifies to the patient industry of the people, most of whom depend for their subsistence on the precarious harvest of the vines.

On issuing from the pass and rapid at Asmanshausen, and making a bend round the rocky promontory, on which stand the ruins of the castle of Ehrenfels, the steamer may be said to have left the wild and romantic track of the river, which began at Boppard, and now enters a scene of an entirely different character. The Rhine expands to a greater breadth, the hills retire and slope backwards on each side with easy ascent, and at a short distance farther up, are succeeded by rich level fields and partial elevations. Just at the entrance to this charming district, and on the left bank, is situated the town of Bingen, on an angle of land formed by the junction of the Nahe and the Rhine. The Nahe here forms the boundary betwixt the Prussian dominions and the principality of Hesse, the latter stretching up the left side of the Rhine towards Mayence. On a rock in the Rhine, nearly opposite the embouchure of the Nahe, stands the castle of *Malsethurm*, or mouse tower, regarding which enmity and superstition have preserved a tale, that has been turned into verse by Mr Southey, detailing the cruelties of a Bishop Hatto of Mayence, who, while concealing himself in this his tower of strength, was devoured by an army of rats. Unfortunately for the credibility of the story, the tower was not built till two centuries after the death of Bishop Hatto, who, also, instead of being a man of a merciless disposition, was a person of princely munificence, and conferred an important boon on the district, by clearing away the rocks in the river at this spot, and rendering the stream navigable.

Bingen is an admirable starting point for those who wish to explore on foot the beauties of the country on both banks of the river, including the scenery of the Nahe. The soft and beauteous stretch of country commencing on the Rhine at Bingen, is locally styled the *Rhinegau*, or Rhine country, and within this fertile tract the finest wines are produced. The richest wine district is on the north-east, or right bank of the river, from which the low hills wave far into the distance, and expose to the southern sun a universal garden of vines. First, we have Asmanshausen, then Rudesheim, Johannisberg, and fifty other localities, one after the other, all celebrated for the superior quality of their wines, and lying within the compass of two or three miles on these rich sloping banks. In the midst of this terrestrial paradise—for, dressed in the garb of summer, with the broad Rhine in front, dotted with fertile islands, and sheltered by the hills of the Taunus, it really deserves such an appellation—stands Biberich, the princely residence of the Duke of Nassau, and town of the same name adjacent. The palace, which occupies a conspicuous situation near the Rhine, is a large and handsome edifice, built in the old French style. The gardens behind are said to be very beautiful. When at Biberich, we have almost reached Mayence, for, after passing it, and issuing from behind a woody islet in the river, the towers of that ancient city are before us, rising, like those of Coblenz, from the margin of the left bank of the Rhine.

Here let us pause. We have been carried through a tract of not less than fifty miles, forming one of the fairest and most romantic portions of Nature's domains, and unequalled in any part of the world for its great extent, as well as the lavish abundance of its objects of picturesque beauty. Nowhere, certainly, in the whole hundred miles from Cologne upwards, does the scenery possess those qualities of sublimity

and grandeur which we find in such savage regions as Glencroe—the generally limited height of the mountain steepes necessarily precluding any character of that kind—but, taken all in all, for the vast number of exquisite points of beauty, and as combining every thing which constitutes the truly picturesque in nature, with the romance in art, the scenery, it must ever be allowed, is altogether inapproachable.

MAYENCE.

We have now reached Mayence, and, after a lengthened navigation up the lower and middle divisions of the Rhine, landed on a broad and generally level district, bounded in the extreme distance with lines of hills, and constituting what may be termed the upper platform of Germany. We are now in the midst of a number of small principalities or dukedoms, which, thirty years ago, formed the Confederation of the Rhine, and are at present, with their respective sub-sovereignities, integral parts of the German empire.

The situation of Mayence, close upon the left bank of the Rhine, at a short distance below the spot where the Maine falls into the right side of that river, is both agreeable and suitable for an entrepôt of commerce; but, as in the case of Cologne and Coblenz, the town labours under the cankering evil of a military system of things, and is consequently deprived in a great measure of its natural advantages. The history of Mayence resembles that of every town on the Rhine—originally begun by Romans in the first century—taken by Germans—falls into the hands of the Frankish kings—becomes a temporal principality of archbishops—these succeeded by dukes—now a city of Hesse Darmstadt, and a garrison of the German confederation, for protection of the left bank of the Rhine. The town, which contains 31,000 inhabitants, is environed with strong fortifications, and, according to custom, the Rhine is all but shut out and prevented from serving the purposes of commerce, in consequence of erections along the edge of the water. The accommodation for river craft is on the same trifling scale as at Coblenz. In the interior of the town there are several good streets and places, with various indications of improvement, but most of the best houses have strongly staunched windows, and in almost every street we see a barrack of soldiers. The garrison is composed of the troops of two nations, Prussia and Austria; the former are as usual a smart body of men in blue uniforms, while the Austrians, in their dirty white dresses and mustachoe countenances, seemed to us as ill-favoured a set of men as could well be conceived. How melancholy is the reflection, that the place whence the glorious art of printing emanated and spread over the civilised world, every where enlightening and freeing from oppression, should itself be still surrounded, and literally crammed, with emblems of violence!

Notwithstanding the uncomfortable condition of the streets, we spent a day by no means unpleasantly in exploring the antiquities and principal public buildings of the city. First of all, in the course of our rambles, we sought out the spot where Guttenberg had lived when he set up his first printing-press. This we found in a narrow crooked alley, environed with tall massive stone buildings, one of which, a cassino, or club-house, now occupies the site of Guttenberg's dwelling. Nothing, therefore, remains at the place to satisfy the curiosity of strangers, and we proceeded to the neighbouring market-place, where the statue of Guttenberg has been erected by the munificence of the citizens and others. This object greatly disappointed our expectations. It is a clumsy gigantic figure in bronze, cast by Crozatier of Paris, from a model by Thorwaldsen, and stands on a pedestal of some ten or twelve feet in height. Perhaps it may be reckoned a sort of crime to find fault with any thing done by a great name, but I must in justice confess, that a coarser or more tasteless work of art never came under my observation. From viewing

this very poor object, we adjourned to the Cathedral, which stands behind, on the same side of the market-place, and is a handsome old edifice of red sandstone. In 1793, it was bombarded by the Prussians, and made a forage-magazine for their horses, but has since been completely cleaned and restored in those parts which were destroyed. The marks of the balls fired against it are visible on the great folding doors next the market-place. These doors are of solid brass, and, besides being of an imposing height, are remarkable for being covered with ancient and scarcely legible inscriptions, which I was told are charters of privileges given to the town by one of its archbishops. The interior of the building contains a number of fine old carved monuments, and has several altars with embellishments of the usual kind.

The most beautiful of all the sights at Mayence is that of the Rhine, which fortunately no institutional arrangements can destroy. From the lofty windows of the hotels in the exterior street, the river is seen flowing past with a breadth and majesty of appearance apparently as great as at Cologne. Opposite the centre of the town, there is a platform bridge resting on forty-seven barges moored in an even line in the water, and nearly in the same situation as a stone bridge built by Drusus, the Roman general, but long since destroyed. By the bridge of boats a ready communication is kept up with Nassau, Frankfort, and all other places on the right side of the Rhine. The wide and flat vale through which the Rhine winds its course before it passes Mayence, is fertile, and well clothed with woods, vines, and hop plants, as far as the eye can reach; and through this richly decorated district, the river, diminishing as we ascend, may be traced to Worms, Mannheim, and other towns on its course. Rising among the mountains of Switzerland, and gathering accessions to its magnitude as it advances, the Rhine pursues a course—generally towards the north-east—of about nine hundred miles in length, upwards of six hundred of which afford an uninterrupted navigation. At Mayence, the larger class of steamers cease to ply, and others of a smaller kind are used for ascending to a point near Strasburg, where water conveyance terminates.

WORMS.

Taking a private land conveyance from Mayence, our little party set off on an excursion through the interesting tract of country lying immediately beyond that city, comprehending a portion of the territories of Hesse Darmstadt, Baden, and Bavaria, it being our intention to return by Frankfort and Nassau. In making this agreeable round, which was calculated to show us the appearance of things in these small German states, the first place of any moment we touched at was Worms, a town of singularly ancient and decayed appearance. Worms is situated on the left bank of the Rhine, in the midst of a flat and fertile region, chiefly devoted to the cultivation of the vine, and celebrated in the lyrics of the old German poets or Minnesingers, as the Wonnegau, or land of joy. In the middle ages, Worms was a populous city of considerable note, and is famed in history as the seat of a number of diets of the German empire, at one of which, presided over by Charles V., in 1521, Luther appeared to answer for the propagation of what were called his heretical doctrines. Since these its days of greatness, Worms has sunk into the condition of a small country town, though yet possessing a certain dignity in its melancholy decay. The greatest blow which fell upon it, was the bombardment by the French in 1690, when a vast number of its houses were destroyed, and their situation is now marked by vine gardens within walled enclosures. The interior of the town consists of a single good street, lined with tall mansions inhabited by persons of an inferior order, and a number of back lanes and detached buildings, many of them vacant and desolate in their aspect. In a piece of open ground behind the main street stands

the Cathedral, a building of red sandstone, and dating its foundation as far back as the beginning of the eleventh century. The original part of the edifice is in the Gothic style, but the larger portion, which appears more modern, is of the remarkable style of architecture called the Byzantine, the interior arches being all rounded, and the pinnacles and dome fretted in the Moorish taste. The building contains a number of excellent pieces of sculpture, and the high altar at the east end is environed with ancient carvings in oak, which it would be worth any young artist's trouble to visit, even from Great Britain.

MANNHEIM.

From Worms we proceeded onward to Mannheim, which we reached in about two hours. Mannheim is one of the prettiest towns in Germany, and occupies a delightful situation on the right bank of the Rhine, which we crossed by a bridge of boats. We see here no confinement within walls, no dirty, narrow lanes, and none of that generally poverty-struck appearance which meets us at every turn in the towns we have passed through. Mannheim consists of a series of pleasant open streets, crossing each other at right angles; the houses clean, of dazzling whiteness, and only three stories in height. There are also several large squares, surrounded with buildings of a superior order, and on one of the sides of the town near the Rhine stands the palace, a structure of extraordinary extent and magnificence. Mannheim, though not the capital, is the principal city in the dukedom of Baden. Before its annexation to this power in 1802, it was the capital of the palatinate, a state now merged in the adjoining principalities. The town has been built almost entirely within the last century. In the present day, it is thriving apace, both as a place of residence for a respectable population, among whom are two or three hundred English, and as a seat of manufactures. The general society of the town is said to be excellent; a spirit of perfect toleration prevails, and the cost of living is exceedingly moderate. At the time of our visit, the price of bread was about a penny, and beef threepence, a-pound; consequently, the charges for other things, the produce or manufacture of the district, were in proportion; yet, we were told, there are cheaper places of living in this quarter of Germany than Mannheim, but I should hardly think possessing superior attractions in other respects. In the environs of the town there are some pleasant walks, both on the banks of the Rhine, and on the left bank of the Neckar, a river which falls into the Rhine a short way below Mannheim. The palace, which we were conducted over, is of modern architecture, having been built by Karl Philip, Elector Palatine, in 1720, when he removed his court from Heidelberg. It is in the form of a centre and wings with façades, covering a large space of ground, and containing altogether 443 apartments; one wing remains in the condition of a blackened ruin since the bombardment by the Austrians in 1795. A long suite of rooms, fronting a beautiful lawn overlooking the Rhine, forms the residence of the grand-duchess Stephanie, whose amiable manners shed a lustre over the society of the town. From the rooms devoted to this lady's court, we went through a series of galleries containing a collection of pictures, to which no traveller, as far as I am aware, has done justice. The peculiarity of the collection consists not in its boasting of many chef-d'œuvres of great masters, but in the excellence of pieces by painters of generally inferior celebrity. Judgment, not name, has guided the choice, and we accordingly find a number of pictures done with exquisite skill. The best are by Berghem, Spranger, Le Seur, Guido, Reni, Cuyp, Peters, a sea storm; Roos, cattle; Murillo, satyr and peasant; Teniers, boors drinking and dancing; Evertingen, rocky landscape; Wouvermanns, warlike rapine; Mayer, landscape with cattle; Rembrandt, Christ before Pilate, and Christ writing on the floor; Tinteretto, Crucifixion; Ruysdael, landscape;

and, lastly, Houderotter, birds. These, however, are a mere scantling of this finely selected collection, which no description can convey a correct idea of. Adjoining is a gallery of casts, forming a studio for young artists. On the lower floor of one of the wings of the palace is an extensive museum of objects illustrative of natural history, and is particularly rich in fossils, stones, minerals, and petrifications; an exterior arcade is filled with ancient Roman stones.

SCHWEITZINGEN.

Having gratified ourselves with a visit to all that was interesting in this neat German town, the place to which we next directed our route was Schweitzingen, once a seat of the electors palatine, and now belonging to the grand-duke of Baden. Schweitzingen consists of a quiet and rather pretty village, with a stately old whitewashed chateau at the head of its principal street, and behind which are spread out a series of extensive gardens and pleasure-grounds, in the formal French style of a past era. The designer was the famous Le Nôtre, who, under the auspices of Louis XIV., laid out the garden of Versailles, to which the present bears a marked resemblance. On entering by the portal at the chateau, the eye at once embraces the interior of the principal garden, disposed over an extensive flat, with basins from which leaden figures are busy spouting water, marble statues, trim even walks, and parterres of flowers, the whole bounded by close-cut hedges and lofty trees planted in lines, so as to form long and imposing avenues. Penetrating among the hedge-alleys, we are conducted from one curiosity to another, artificial grottoes, rocks, and waterfalls, ruins of the temple of Mercury, the temple of Minerva, the bird's fountain, bath-house, a mosque, and so forth—all in a state of good preservation, and looking as if only lately come from under the hands of the designer. Yet how dull and melancholy is the scene! The sun shines brightly overhead, the flowers bloom, the jets of water play, and all is kept as trim as if the elector palatine still held court in the adjoining chateau; but except a passing stranger, moved by curiosity, there is no one to witness the exhibition; the show is without spectators, and the whole mechanic seems to subsist only as a preserved specimen of what used to delight courtiers of the ancient regime. The gardens, and all the oddities about them, were begun to be constructed in 1743, by the direction of the Elector Charles Theodore, and required twenty years to finish. The vast sums which must have been expended in completing the work, it is impossible to calculate—and all to produce a toy, which is now thrown aside and forgotten.

Schweitzingen lies nine miles south from Mannheim, and at a similar distance west from Heidelberg, to which we now traced our way.

HEIDELBERG.

The roads in Baden are as excellent as they are in Prussia, being macadamised in the usual manner; and by an easy drive of an hour and a half, we reached the valley of the Neckar early in the evening, while still sufficient light remained to show us the magnificent ruined pile known in history and romance as the Castle of Heidelberg. The town of Heidelberg, one of the oldest in Germany, occupies a confined situation in the valley of the Neckar, just within the range of mountains called the Odenwald, which forms the eastern boundary of the wide flat vale of the Upper Rhine, through which our route has lain. From the left bank of the Neckar, the streets and lanes of the town stretch upwards on the base of a hill, on which, over all, in the midst of masses of foliage, stand the ruins of the castle, majestic even in their shattered decay. The valley of the Neckar, at this its opening, though not wide or picturesque, offers a scene of much beauty. Immediately opposite the side on which Heidelberg stands, rises a hill which is covered to the summit with vine gardens, and at the foot is ornamented with several handsome villas, somewhat in the

English style. From between the hills on both sides, the Neckar, a stream navigable for small vessels and rafts, is seen to issue after a long serpentine course, and on gaining the open country pursues its way to the Rhine. At Heidelberg it is crossed by a stone bridge of six or seven arches, and from the farther extremity of which the most picturesque view of the castle is to be obtained.

The town of Heidelberg is long and straggling, consisting of tall antique stone buildings, with moss-grown tiled roofs. Some of the edifices are embellished in front with variously carved figures and inscriptions, having survived the general destruction to which the town has at different times submitted from the hands of warlike assailants. At present, the population amounts to about 13,000. The town has been long noted as the seat of a university, which, since the district came under the jurisdiction of Baden, has been munificently endowed by the grand-duke and his legislative assembly. The university has nevertheless declined in prosperity, in consequence of an attempt on the part of the students, a few years ago, to revolutionise Germany. The institution forthwith incurred the displeasure of Prussia; and by a law now in force, no youth from the Prussian dominions is permitted to study at the university of Heidelberg. As a transient visitor of the town, I am of course unable to pronounce any opinion either on the character of the instruction communicated, or on the qualifications of the professors; as for the students, their loud yellings in the street during most part of the night, formed, as we thought, a sufficient testimony of their wildness, without at all taking into account the slovenliness and general recklessness of their appearance. It is not the burschen of Heidelberg who are to be the regenerators of constitutional government in the wide bounds of modern Germany.

The chief object of interest which came under our notice in exploring the ancient streets of Heidelberg, was the church of St Peter, an old and handsome Gothic structure standing in the open market-place. It was neither, however, the appearance nor the antiquity of the edifice that gave it an interest in our eyes, but the event in history of which it had been the scene. Jerome of Prague—a name which can never die—here first promulgated his reforming sentiments in religion, and on the door of St Peter's church nailed the theses containing those doctrines which he afterwards sealed with his blood. He was publicly burnt at Constance in 1416, and his ashes thrown into the Rhine, about a year after his friend and fellow-labourer John Huss had undergone a similar fate. It is impossible, therefore, to pass the door of St Peter's without feeling that species of emotion which a visit to scenes of deep historical interest is calculated to excite. Heidelberg, as is well known, became celebrated for the share it took in the reformation at the middle of the sixteenth century, when there was issued from it, by the direction of Frederic III., elector palatine, a catechism or rule of faith, which till this day is in use in certain reformed continental churches.

From the market-place, in which St Peter's church is situated, a steep ascending alley leads to the castle, which occupies a prominent shoulder of the hill over the town, and encloses within its walls several acres of ground. The ruins, which are altogether of red sandstone, exhibit a bold and magnificent front, consisting of a central edifice, like a dwelling-house, with rows of windows on different floors, flanked at the eastern angle by a huge round tower, the corresponding tower at the other corner being gone, leaving a shattered gap as if it had been torn off by violence. The edifice, when entire in all its parts, was one of the largest feudal strongholds in Germany, and formed not only an almost impregnable fortress, but a splendid palace. The oldest part dates from the beginning of the fifteenth century, and the parts of a more modern erection, resembling what we call the Elizabethan style, were added in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries by the elec-

tors palatine, who made the castle their chief place of residence. The palatinate, it is almost needless to remind the reader, was the quarter in "High Germanic" which formed, during the seventeenth century, a favourite battle-ground to the European powers; and Heidelberg, as the capital and tower of strength of the district, came in for more than an ordinary share of the horrors of military devastation. The town has been repeatedly bombarded, burnt, and pillaged, the last and greatest of the attacks upon it being in 1693, when the castle, on being taken by the French, was blown up and destroyed, and the inhabitants of the town were exposed to cruelties which are too horrible to describe. The castle was afterwards restored as a fitting residence for the court of the elector palatine, but was, in 1764, struck by lightning, which, setting fire to the fabric, was the means of reducing it to its present condition.

After ascending by the long slanting path from the town, we reach the great vaulted entrance, and thence, by a winding passage below the central building, attain the inner square of the castle. Here the exceeding elegance of the architecture strikes the eye, and our first sensation is a feeling of deep sorrow, to see so much beauty of design in the splendid roofless walls doomed to an irretrievable decay. The side of the quadrangle which forms the front of the castle, is in the best state of preservation; it contains the chapel, still in good order, and beneath are vaults of considerable extent, in one of which stands the celebrated tun of Heidelberg. After seeing the chapel, and the apartments which had at one time been occupied by the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of James I. of England, and wife of the elector palatine, we descended to the vault containing the tun. This huge cask, which occupies an entire cellar, is adjusted in a peculiar manner on its side, and the upper part is covered by a platform with a rail, to which visitors ascend by a stair. A trap-door in the platform may be called the bung to this monstrous vessel, and there exist means for drawing off the liquor at the end, as in an ordinary butt. According to the statement of the person who shows, and seems to be the guardian of the tun, it measures thirty-three feet in length by twenty-four in diameter, and can contain 283,000 bottles, or about 800 hogshheads. It was constructed by one of the former lords of Heidelberg, for the purpose of holding wine, and its size was intended to be emblematic of the overflowing abundance of the vintages in the beautiful country around. It has not been used since 1769, or shortly after the conflagration which rendered the castle desolate.

The view from the projecting bulwarks of the castle across the vale of the Neckar, although exceedingly grand, is inferior to that obtained from a projection of the hill above, whence the eye stretches over the extensive valley of the Upper Rhine, and is only interrupted by the Vosges mountains in France, waving along the western horizon. The extreme flatness of the land brings into view innumerable towns and villages scattered over the scene, the distant church towers seemingly growing out of a sea of verdure variegated with the yellow tints of autumn, while, winding through the beautiful landscape, the Rhine is seen at intervals glancing in the rays of the setting sun. We must, however, withdraw from the contemplation of this fair scene. The shadows of evening are deepening in the lovely valley of the Neckar below us, and we must descend to prepare for the fatigues of another day.

HEIDELBERG TO FRANKFORT.

The route which we have now to pursue is from Heidelberg to Frankfort, being the commencement of our return homeward. The road lies along the base of the Odenwald range of mountains, and, consequently, in our progress northwards, we have on our left that large flat plain of the Upper Rhine, which has been described in the preceding article. Crossing the stone bridge over the Neckar, and shortly afterwards turning round the corner of the projecting hill

opposite Heidelberg, the plain is before us in all its green fertility, while the lofty peaks of the Odenwald on our right are observed at intervals to be crowned with ruined castles, once the abode of feudal or robber chiefs. On account of its proximity to the bergs or mountains, the road has been called the *Bergstrasse*, and is pursued by all travellers who are in quest of romantic scenery.

From Heidelberg to Frankfort, the distance is, I should suppose, forty miles, the town of Darmstadt lying at about two-thirds of the way; and, therefore, while the calash is jogging on at an easy pace, and we are about to leave the territory of Baden behind us, I will embrace the opportunity of making a few general remarks on the condition of things in this quarter of the world.

The appearance of the country through which we had travelled, differs very materially from what is seen any where in Britain. There are no gentlemen's houses scattered about, even in the midst of the most beautiful scenery; no substantial farm-buildings; no cottages by the roadside; and, in fact, no isolated dwellings of any description. The whole population is congregated in towns or villages, and in most instances these places are either walled, or show some remains of a state of defence; every town, at least, is guarded by soldiers stationed at barriers at its entrances. The gentry, whom I presume to be the proprietors of the land, live entirely in the towns. The peasantry, who conduct the agricultural operations, live in the villages; and every village is thus little else than a number of farm-houses, barns, and stables, standing in a cluster. Perhaps a number of the small farmers in these villages are proprietors of the bits of land they cultivate; but if this be the case, it does not seem to elevate them above the general level of the rural population. A state of poverty appears to prevail over the whole territory. No doubt, some are better off than others; but, taking the bulk of the people in the villages of Hesse-Darmstadt, Bavaria, and Baden (also of Nassau, which I shall by and bye have to describe), they seem to be more miserable in their condition than the peasantry of England or Scotland. Their houses are commonly built of wattle and yellow mud, and are dreadfully cold in winter, for want of fuel. Their clothing is scant and coarse, and in many places I observed that the women who were working in the fields had no shoes. Their food, as I was informed by those acquainted with their habits, is of the most meagre kind; rye and barley bread, potatoes, apples, milk, and a little butter and cheese, are their principal articles of diet. Though most of them cultivate vines, they dare not eat a grape, and of the wine they must not drink a drop—all, like the Irishman's pork and beef, goes to pay the rent, and, what does not press so sore in the Irishman's case, the taxes. In Baden, I observed that tobacco is cultivated to a considerable extent; but whether this materially adds to the comforts of the people, I am unable to say.

The want of capital in these countries is very striking. The soil is light and sandy, and evidently possessed of considerable productive power, but the style of cultivation is a perfect burlesque on farming. A strange old-fashioned wooden plough, mounted on wheels, is drawn by two cows yoked together at the horns; and to see these poor little animals walking patiently with the machine after them along the fields, would inspire any person with pity. All the farm-carts are also drawn by cows yoked in the same manner, and the drivers are generally grotesque figures in blue linen smock-shirts and three-cornered cocked hats. In short, the whole arrangements for cultivating the ground, carrying the produce to the villages, and preparing the corn for market, are on the most primitive scale, hardly advanced, I should think, beyond the processes mentioned in the book of Ruth, and other parts of the Old Testament. Notwithstanding all this, the crops of grain were tolerable, and gave token of what they would be under a right system of management. Nei-

ther in the open country nor in the villages did we see any stackyards; such a thing is unknown, for the farmers cannot afford to keep their produce on hand till a good market occurs. Thus limited in their ways and means, the poor German farmers receive comparatively small prices for their grain, and hence the lowness of the cost of provisions. Generally speaking, every article of native produce is only half the price it is in this country; in other words, when we are paying eightpence for four pounds of bread, the German is paying no more than fourpence. As the wages of labour correspond to these low prices, the cost of manufacturing articles is much less than it is in Britain, and must doubtless tend to injure the sale of British manufactures, not only in this part of the continent, but in those countries to which the cheaply produced German goods are sent. A cotton factory which we saw on the Rhine near Mayence, and another which we observed in the course of erection at Mannheim, cannot fail to be conducted at a half, and most likely a third, of the outlay for wages that would be incurred at Manchester or Glasgow.*

In alluding to the subject of German manufactures, I am reminded of an arrangement now prevailing all over the countries on the Middle and Upper Rhine, and also the other parts of Northern Germany, which has a most injurious effect on the transmission thither of British goods; I mean the Prussian League. Formerly, every principality, great and small, was independent as regarded commerce, and had its own body of officials for exacting duties on the transmission of goods. This was a most vexatious system for travellers, as they were searched at every barrier, and greatly delayed in their journey; but it did not practically exclude goods arriving from foreign countries, and was not complained of by merchants. Quite a new arrangement now prevails. There are no barriers or custom-houses at the dividing boundaries of the different states. The traveller may go where he pleases, and nobody stops him; he is only made aware that he is entering a different state by seeing a peculiarly striped post, blazoned with a coat of arms, stuck up on the side of the road. The importation of foreign manufactured fabrics is, however, annihilated. The confederacy, or league, has rendered the whole of Northern Germany, as respects commerce and custom-house duties, but one great principality, of which the King of Prussia is monarch; and as it is the object of that personage to encourage the manufactures of his own kingdom to the exclusion of those of all foreign powers, Prussia is, in point of fact, becoming the fountain whence a most extensive and populous region in central Europe is supplied with manufactured articles.† The signs of this are very conspicuous in the drapers' shops of Cologne, Coblenz, Mayence, Mannheim, and other places, where nearly all the goods are of a continental make, and chiefly from Elberfeld on the Lower Rhine. The Prussian League seems altogether to have been a masterly stroke of policy, and nothing is now wanting but capital to render the countries over which it operates the seat of a system of manufactures as great as that which has hitherto characterised Great Britain.

It is not the least gratifying symptom of improve-

* Mayence is celebrated for manufactures in leather, particularly boots and shoes. The leather (calf) is soft and smooth, being obviously prepared in a superior manner to what we see in this country. I bought a pair of boots of this fine leather for 14s., being about the half of what such articles would have cost me in Edinburgh. The boot-maker mentioned that he kept a vast number of men—a hundred, I think he said—employed in making boots and shoes for exportation to nearly all parts of the continent.

† I believe that the larger proportion of British fabrics formerly introduced into Germany, were smuggled from certain free importing states into those districts from which they were legally excluded. Frankfort used to be a centre whence British goods were dispersed to a large extent by smugglers; of course, the Prussian cordon, which now surrounds the various states, has stopped this underhand species of traffic.

ment in these countries, that the people are becoming daily more intelligent, in consequence of the universal establishment of schools. In Prussia, as is well known, school education is conducted on the most extensive principle, parents being compelled by law either to send their children to a school of their own choice, or to the common school provided by the state. The whole expense incurred for school-houses, teachers, books, &c., is liquidated by the government. The natural consequences of this munificent system of education are the spread of general intelligence, a higher tone of morals, and diminution of crime. The benefits of such an enlarged system of education are not, however, confined to Prussia; an example is set to the small states round about, which they feel themselves impelled to follow. I found that among the poor peasantry of Hesse Darmstadt and Nassau, schools are widely established by the vigilant and paternal care of the governments, and nothing prevents the whole juvenile population from being instructed but the disinclination of the parents to lose the services of their children during school hours. From a printed statement which I procured at Mayence, it appears that at the close of the year 1834, there were in Hesse Darmstadt 350 schools, attended by 32,708 pupils, being about a 24th of the entire population. Up till the year 1821, education was greatly retarded by the jealousy of the three principal sects, Roman Catholics, Calvinists, and Lutherans, each of whom made an ineffectual struggle to support schools for itself; in 1821, the parish of Mölsheim began to see the hopelessness of such an arrangement, and united its three schools into one; other parishes followed the example, and now there are no schools of a common order adapted for particular sects. "Much opposition (says my authority) was on the part of some conscientious Christians made to this arrangement, from a fear that the religious faith of their children might be shaken through the amalgamation of sects together, but this feeling is fast dying away; and now, where separate churches do not exist for the different forms of worship, the religious duties of each are alternately performed on the same day and under the same roof." And with respect to the influence of education on the manners of the people, "it soon became perceptible, in the diminution of crime and drunkenness throughout the country, how beneficial was the system adopted." These scraps of information are not of great value; but as showing, however feebly, that the human mind is advancing in intelligence, not by any means standing still or retrograding, in the countries on the Upper Rhine, I have taken the liberty of bringing them under the notice of my readers.

We may now, after this long digression, proceed on our way to Frankfort. Passing through several antique villages, and catching a glimpse, now and then, of a ruined castle on the vine-clad heights which skirted our path, we at length reached the town of Darmstadt, the capital of the grand-duchy. It is pleasantly situated on a very gentle slope, with a western exposure, and consists of rows of handsome white houses crossing each other at right angles, like the streets of Mannheim. At the head of the main street stands the palace, an old edifice of red sandstone, plastered, but much of the plaster fallen off, so as to have rather a shabby appearance. Near the palace there are some beautiful walks in a park tastefully laid out with wood and water, and open to the free entrance of the public. The town has a singularly clean appearance, and though exteriorly dull to strangers, is not without a spice of gaiety in its composition. Inhabited principally by *rentiers*, or those who live on small patrimonial revenues, it offers various means of amusement in the form of theatrical entertainments, balls, concerts, and assemblies, varied with field-sports. During the late reign, Darmstadt enjoyed the highest reputation for its musical entertainments, for the grand-duke was passionately fond of music, and supported a band of operatic performers. So absorbed was he in this

pursuit, that, disregarding the usual etiquette of a court, he constituted himself leader of the orchestra in the public theatre, and there, in a conspicuous seat appropriated to himself, might he be nightly seen fiddling and grimacing with all the usual energy of the character he so fitly represented.

Departing from this neat little capital of a German state, a ride of a few hours through an open country brings us to the neighbourhood of Frankfort. On gaining the summit of an ascent on the road from Darmstadt, and emerging from a long avenue of lofty trees, we have before us, in looking northwards, a wide fertile valley, through which flows the Maine towards the west, and at the distance of a few miles falls into the Rhine above Mayence. In the middle of the valley, and on the right bank of the Maine, stands the city of Frankfort, which we shortly reach, on passing through a suburb on the left bank of the river, and crossing its long stone bridge.

FRANKFORT.

Frankfort was the most English-looking town we had seen on the continent. In driving into its suburbs, which are lined with elegant villas, one might almost be made to believe that he was entering the outskirts of London. The reason for this is, that Frankfort is a free town, the capital of its own small territory of a few square miles, and, by the good sense of its governors, has been stripped of its walls and fortifications leaving the town to expand where taste or opulence may direct. The situation has no strikingly romantic feature, but is exceedingly beautiful, and highly advantageous for commerce. After witnessing the unhappy manner in which the waters of the Rhine are shut out by walls and military erections from the towns of Coblenz and Mayence, it was exhilarating to perceive that the Maine at Frankfort is lined with capacious open quays, and that these are in some places as highly ornamented with elegant mansions as are the banks of the Seine at Paris. The Maine is a broad, but not deep river, and is navigated by vessels of a moderate size, engaged in traffic, and in carrying passengers to and from Mayence. The interior and environs of the town have been greatly improved in recent times, one of the chief alterations being the opening of certain wide thoroughfares through the clusters of narrow streets and alleys. I know no street, indeed, in any city, which surpasses in width, or in the grandeur of its edifices, the great central thoroughfare called the Zeil. Some of the hotels in this street can be compared only to magnificent palaces, with accommodations to an astonishing extent. That at which we remained during our stay, the *Römischer Kaiser*, provided dinner for a hundred persons daily, in table-d'hotes at different hours, to suit the habits of Germans and English. It is also worth while to mention, that, notwithstanding the splendour of the establishments, and the excellence of the viands and attendance, the cost of living in one of these hotels is not more for a whole week than would be paid in certain hotels in London for a single day.

The *Römischer Kaiser*, or Roman Emperor, is a house of vast size, with a noble front containing some hundreds of windows, the walls as usual painted white, and a port-cocher in the centre, into which carriages drive from the street to set down their passengers, and then pass on to a courtyard behind. This is the universal arrangement of hotels in Germany. No passengers by coaches are set down in the street; the vehicles drive into a wide covered way, bounded by an open lobby on each side, and from which flights of stairs lead to the floors in the upper part of the building. The great salle, or dining-hall, is usually entered from one of the lobbies in the open way through the house. At night, a pair of large folding-doors shuts the passage from the street, and is placed in charge of a porter, whose small office is within the gateway. At few of the hotels are there any private sitting apartments. The whole establishment consists of bed-rooms and

the dining-hall; but the bed-rooms appear to serve as parlours, and to these meals are brought if required. Much nonsense has been written about the nature and appearance of German beds. Whatever they may have been at one time, there is now nothing remarkable in their character. They are of the usual French form, suited for one person, and curtains are suspended over them from a point in the wall above. I have seen it mentioned that, instead of blankets or sheets, they have a second bed to lay on the person, by which an idea is given that we have to sleep between two feather-beds. This is a gross burlesque on the reality. Besides a due supply of blankets and sheets of the best kind, there is provided a flattish pillow or bag stuffed with the finest down, covered generally with silk, and measuring about three feet square. This fanciful object is placed on the bed, and may be used as a coverlet for the feet. The smooth polished floors are slenderly provided with those comfortable carpetings which we are accustomed to in Britain. Both bed-rooms and other apartments in the German houses are furnished in a meagre style; the tables, chairs, &c., are however generally of a good quality, and are made of some kind of native hard-wood. We see no mahogany on the continent. Iron stoves, resembling those of Dr Arnot, are coming generally into use. The manners of the Germans, as far as we could judge, seem to be frank and unaffected. The people of different classes mingle together much more freely, and are less reserved towards each other, than is the case in England or Scotland. There appears much less straining after a high style of living than with us. A man is certainly not estimated according to his wealth, his title, or his family connections.*

* In the large towns the middle classes, and in the smaller capitals even the higher nobles, live in *flats*. In Dresden the Minister of War lives in a flat (the first floor), and in Munich, Prince Löwenstein, a name revered in Germany, also occupies a first floor. But these floors are often of enormous size, and contain very spacious and elegant rooms. The professors and the physicians, even of the first rank, are found in the first, second, and third floors of a large mansion. The prices of provisions are very low; and altogether, from the absence of expensive habits, an English income goes a great way in Germany. In the towns, intelligent and agreeable society is every where to be met with. The Germans are a nation of musicians, and to an amateur of this refined pleasure Germany is a paradise.

All over Germany, the day begins very early. After four o'clock in midsummer, Berlin, Dresden, Prague, and Vienna, are in full activity. Carts, carriages, and wagons, thunder along, and it is impossible to sleep in a room fronting a busy street after that hour. The king of Prussia gives audiences at half-past five in the morning, and the banks and shops are open at six or seven. A light breakfast of coffee and bread, or, in the lower ranks, of beer or fruit and bread, is taken early in the morning [generally at six or seven o'clock]; and at twelve, one, or two o'clock, in different places, business is universally suspended, and two hours are devoted to a multifarious and substantial dinner. The King of Prussia gives state dinners at two o'clock. The English ambassador gives dinners at four, to suit himself a little to the habits of his countrymen, who are his frequent guests. Dinner lasts generally two hours. Then the company rise and retire to the drawing-room, where coffee is immediately served, and in twenty minutes the guests disperse. The theatre, which commences at six, is the great place of resort in the evening. Operas are given alternately with plays in the chief theatre. There are also every where public gardens, in which coffee, ice, and confectionaries, are furnished, and a band of music plays the whole evening. The theatre closes about nine o'clock, and by ten the great majority of the people are in bed. These hours and habits, with slight modifications, pervade the whole of Germany which we have seen. In Vienna, business begins a little later in the morning, and the common dinner hour is two o'clock. The emperor dines at three, and the King of Bavaria at half-past three. The evening is everywhere devoted to amusement, which is provided at a cheap rate, and innocuous in its character. I have not seen three individuals drunk in Germany in three months. In Bavaria and the north, the common people drink a good deal of beer, but it is similar to the fine Edinburgh table-beer in strength and appearance. It is weak, highly fermented, and strongly hopped, and an ocean may be drunk without pro-

Frankfort is the seat of the German Diet (or assembly of envoys from the different German states), and consequently possesses, to a certain extent, the character of a capital. Here reside ambassadors from the chief European powers; and as these live in a style above the rank of common citizens, they assist in giving an air of aristocratic elegance to the society of the town. Unfortunately for its character of a free town, Frankfort has for some time been guarded by a troop of Austrian and Prussian soldiers, who are stationed at the various entrances. The cause of this awkward predicament was the foolish attempt made some time ago by a body of students from a neighbouring state to revolutionise Germany, and make Frankfort the centre-point of their rebellious operations. Besides the Austrian and Prussian soldiers, there are some local troops constantly under arms; and at the main guard-house, at the centre of the town, may be observed two or three field-pieces standing ready for use, should occasion require. It can hardly be supposed that the free city of Frankfort feels itself very comfortable thus surrounded and filled with emblems of force, and, it may be, of civil disaster.

The population of Frankfort, which is 40,000 in number, among whom are 5000 Jews, is chiefly engaged in manufacturing and mercantile pursuits, the place having long formed a favourite central depot in the commercial and banking transactions of Germany. The wealthy family of the Rothschilds sprang from a small banker and negotiant in this town, and here one of the brothers resides. The principal merchants in the town live in a style of much magnificence, and are celebrated not only for the ease and liberality of their manners, but for their encouragement of the fine arts. One of these gentlemen, Mr Bethman, possesses a piece of sculpture of exquisite beauty, which no traveller omits to visit. This wonder of modern art is the figure of Ariadne sitting in a graceful posture on the back of a tigress; the group is the size of life, and sculptured out of a single block of pure white marble, by Dannecker, an artist of Stuttgart. Placed in a pavilion in the midst of a beautiful garden and shrubbery, open to the visits of strangers, the figure of Ariadne forms a rare object of attraction, and fails not to charm all who behold it. The perfect elegance of the design is not less striking than its singular chasteness; and as a work of art, it must be ranked next to the products of the higher class of ancient Grecian sculptors. Young men studying to attain a high degree of excellence in the art of sculpture, could not do themselves a greater service than by visiting Dannecker's Ariadne at Frankfort.

From viewing this almost unparalleled object of art, we proceeded to visit other places usually shown to strangers, but an account of these can afford no interest to readers, and I content myself with stating that we were, by the kindness of a friend on the spot, introduced to the Seckenberg Museum of Natural History, which is of great extent, and particularly rich in ornithological specimens. By the unwearied exertions and enthusiasm of a single individual, M. Edouard Ruppel, the collection has risen to the first rank in museums of this description. From a pure love of science, and to raise the fame of his native town, that gentleman travelled over various parts of Asia and Africa, every where collecting rare animals, whose skins he transmitted to Frankfort for preservation.

While at Frankfort, I, according to custom, made some inquiries respecting the state of primary education, and also visited such schools as appeared worthy of attention. Common-school instruction, as I found, is as general here as any where in Holland, there being intoxication. The Catholic churches in both the towns and villages are crowded by worshippers by five o'clock in the morning, not only on Sundays but on week days; and the priests are in attendance to perform their duties at that hour.—*Letter from an English traveller in Germany, published in Scotsman newspaper 1837.*

having been a great extension and improvement of the schools within the present century. Besides various schools conducted for special objects and by particular sects, there is a large model seminary established by the governors of the town, at which a liberal course of instruction is given to pupils of both sexes. It possesses a number of masters and instructresses, and 520 pupils attend the various classes. No special religious instruction is given, so that children belonging to all sects attend. There is a school of a similar kind for children belonging to a humbler order of society, at which are charged certain small fees, which the town contributes when the parents are unable to pay them. This is unquestionably a less objectionable mode of educating the poor than that of placing them in separate schools as in Holland, and is substantially that which has always been in use in the parochial schools of Scotland.

The environs of Frankfort, including a pretty little island in the river Maine, have, since the demolition of the town defences, been laid out in the form of pleasure-grounds, with charming serpentine walks through them, for the use of the inhabitants. During the fine evenings in summer, these are crowded with well-dressed persons of all ranks and conditions, for the purpose of healthful recreation in walking, or to hear bands of music which occasionally play for their amusement. In our visit to the walks during these evening entertainments, the same feeling came over us that we had experienced on witnessing similar scenes in Holland, namely, that the people of continental towns have far more enjoyment in out-of-door recreation than we can lay claim to in this busy money-making country.

It was not without considerable regret that we felt ourselves compelled to depart from Frankfort, which is evidently much in advance of many towns in this quarter of Germany. The course of our journey carried us a few miles in a north-westerly direction to Wiesbaden in Nassau.

THE BRUNNENS OF NASSAU.

We have arrived in Nassau, a German duchy, to which allusion has occasionally been made in the previous pages. Nassau is a hilly district, bearing a considerable resemblance in its moderately high mountains and narrow fertile valleys to the southern part of Scotland, and contains altogether about 350,000 inhabitants. On the west, from the vicinity of Frankfort to near Ehrenbreitstein, it is bordered by the Rhine in the most romantic part of its course. The title of the duchy is derived from the exceedingly ancient stronghold on the river Lahn in the heart of the district. From Otho, the feudal proprietor of this stronghold in the tenth century, the present reigning duke of Nassau and the king of Holland draw their origin. The house of Nassau, therefore, in these its two branches, is entitled to be ranked as one of the oldest of the reigning families of Europe.

The duchy of Nassau is the beau-ideal of a nice little sovereignty. With great external beauty, the country is sufficiently fertile in its low winding valleys for any reasonable wish; on its sloping hill-sides are vineyards producing the finest of the Rhenish wines; its climate is in a high degree salubrious; and it possesses a large share of mineral wealth, particularly coal and iron, while its slate forms a large article of export. The most remarkable thing about Nassau, however, is its mineral springs, which have been resorted to by real or imaginary valetudinarians since the days of the Romans, and are now annually visited by thousands of persons from all parts of northern Europe. These mineral springs, or brunnen, as they are called, have within the last few years been made favourably known in England by means of various highly interesting works, among which I need only allude to "Bubbles from the Brunnen of Nassau," by Sir Francis Head, and the "Spas of Germany," by Dr Granville; so much, indeed, has been lately written respecting the

Nassau waters, that I should consider it useless to say any thing about them, if I did not know that these unpretending pages pass into the hands of many readers, who cannot have had an opportunity of seeing any of the large works published on the subject.

The springs of Nassau are of widely different temperatures and qualities, some being as hot as 160 degrees of our common thermometer—that is, nearly as hot as the hand can endure on being plunged into them, and others being quite cold. They rise in various parts of the country, from the bottoms of hills; and wherever they have made their appearance, there has a town, or at least some dwellings for visitors, been planted. The places of greatest resort are four in number, Wiesbaden, Schlangenbad, Langenschwalbach, and Ems. Speaking in a general manner of the waters at these places, the author of "Bubbles from the Brunnen" observes—"From the hills burst mineral streams of various descriptions, and besides the Selters or Seltzer water, which is drunk as a luxury in every quarter of the globe, there are bright sparkling remedies presented for almost every disorder under the sun:—for instance, should our reader be consumptive, or, what is much more probable, be dyspeptic, let him hurry to Ems; if he wishes to instil iron into his system, and to brace up his muscles, let him go to Langenschwalbach; if his brain should require calming, his nerves soothing, and his skin softening, let him glide onwards to Schlangenbad; but if he be rheumatic in his limbs, or if mercury should be running riot in his system, let him hasten, 'body and bones,' to Wiesbaden, where, they say, by being parboiled in the Kochbrunnen, all his troubles will evaporate."

WIESBADEN.

Entering the country from the farther extremity, we, in the course of our journey, first reached Wiesbaden, the capital of the duchy, and principal place of resort by visitors. Wiesbaden is a handsomely-built town of modern appearance, situated in a valley surrounded with hills, but having a pleasant exposure and inclination to the south, or in the direction of Biberich on the Rhine, from which it is only a few miles distant. It is in a particular manner protected from the north and north-east winds by high swelling hills, and is therefore allowed to be as suitable for a place of abode during winter as summer. The various rows of neat stone houses, which compose the principal streets, contain all classes of private lodgings for strangers; and besides these, there are several large hotels, which, during our stay, were crammed with temporary residents. The greater number of the latter public establishments are in the neighbourhood of each other in the more confined part of the town, and are so placed to be near the source of the chief hot spring, which is conveyed by pipes to their baths. There are altogether fourteen springs, though it is believed they are from one main source in the north-west part of the mountain overhanging the town, as they resemble each other in quality and temperature. The chief is the Kochbrunnen (boiling spring), which rises in a small open court or place, and is environed with a wall, except at a spot where steps descend to the brink of the water. Approaching this enclosure, we perceive a cloud of vapour rising from the surface of the spring, as from a hot caldron. The water is of a dull yellow appearance, by no means inviting, and is at the temperature of 150 degrees Fahrenheit, which it maintains during every season of the year. In the morning it is drunk in large quantities by the visitors, a person dipping and filling their glasses at a small charge. The taste of the water is very peculiar, and has been compared by some writers to weak chicken broth. "When I (says the author of the 'Bubbles') declare that it exactly resembles very hot chicken broth, I only say what Dr Granville said, and what in fact every body says, and must say, respecting it; and certainly I do wonder why the common people should be

at the inconvenience of making bad soup, when they can get much better from Nature's great stock-pot—the Kochbrunnen of Wiesbaden. At all periods of the year, summer or winter, the temperature of the broth remains the same; and when one reflects that it has been bubbling out of the ground, and boiling over, in the very same state, certainly from the time of the Romans, and probably from the time of the flood, it is really astonishing to think what a most wonderful apparatus there must exist below, what an inexhaustible stock of provisions to ensure such an everlasting supply of broth, always formed of exactly the same eight or ten ingredients, always salted to exactly the same degree, and always served up at exactly the same heat. One would think that some of the particles in the recipe would be exhausted; in short, to speak metaphorically, that the chickens would at last be boiled to rags, or that the fire would go out for want of coals; but the oftener one reflects on these sort of subjects, the oftener is the old-fashioned observation repeated, that, let a man go where he will, Omnipotence is never from his view!"

Very wonderful things are told of the curative powers of the waters. According to Dr Granville, gout, rheumatism, paralysis, and other serious complaints, yield to a full course of bathing and drinking. My own idea is, that the chief and direct benefit consists in the promotion of intestinal action with relief to the skin, and that these, united with fresh air, exercise, and change of diet and scene, lead to all the cures which we hear of being performed both at this and the other watering-places.

Our residence during our short stay was at the Eagle Hotel, an establishment surpassing in size all the inns which had hitherto come under our notice. It possesses a spring of mineral water, second only in strength and heat to the Kochbrunnen; and this, by giving it a degree of superiority over other establishments of the kind, crowds it with customers. The lower floor of a large wing of the building is occupied entirely with bathing closets, into which the water is conducted in a prime state of warmth, as may be required by the various bathers.

It being a Sunday which we chanced to spend in Wiesbaden, an opportunity was afforded us of seeing the town in its holiday dress, and also in what manner the day was spent in the capital of the Protestant state of Nassau. Judging from external appearances, there was no difference between the mode of spending the Sunday here and at Cologne, or, I may add, at Brussels. All the shops, with the exception of a few of what may be called the more respectable, were open from morning till night, and unless that there was attendance at church to a comparatively small extent, there was really nothing to indicate that it was the day of rest. The scene in the dining-hall of our hotel went beyond any thing I ever witnessed in the form of hubbub. Let the reader only conceive the idea of an immensely large apartment, resembling a ball-room, filled with tables at which there sat down 240 persons to dinner; then imagine the hurry-scurrying of waiters, the loud talking of the people—the Germans are horrid talkers—and the deafening play of drums, trumpets, and hautboys, in the gallery; the whole forming a scene of the most distracting nature, which it was out of our power to endure. Hastening away as soon as possible from this "quiet Sunday dinner," we proceeded to the eastern environs, where, close by a pretty piece of park scenery, and near the public thoroughfare from Frankfort, stands the grand object of attraction in Wiesbaden. This is the Kursaal, a handsomely built edifice, of a single story in height, but covering a considerable space of ground, and containing a number of magnificent apartments devoted to public entertainments and gambling. Reaching towards it on one side, like an extensive wing, is a long open colonnade, the inner side of which is laid out as shops for the sale of jewellery, drapers' goods, shoes, books, toys, pictures, and other objects, all which wares were exposed in gay

profusion on stalls, as in a bazaar. On proceeding to the grounds behind, we found them already fast filling with company, while hundreds of persons, scattered about on chairs and forms, were busy sipping coffee supplied by the active attendants of the Kursaal.

Curious to observe what was going on within doors, we sauntered through the laughing and chatting groups of smokers and coffee-drinkers into the great central hall or saloon of the edifice. This saloon, which may be one hundred and thirty or one hundred and forty feet in length, and fifty feet in height, is elegantly embellished with painting and gilding, and is striking in effect, from possessing a gallery all round, supported by thirty massive Corinthian pillars of red marble. In this splendid apartment, balls and concerts take place during certain evenings of the week, and a table-d'hôte is prepared daily at the usual small dinner charge for all who are pleased to attend. At the table-d'hôte on Sunday, the Duke of Nassau, who resides at a hunting-seat in the neighbourhood, ordinarily gives his presence, which has the effect of causing the establishment to be visited by the elite of Wiesbaden society. To an Englishman, nothing seems more strange than this species of intercourse between the sovereign of a state and the throng of visitors at a watering-place in his dominions. Such things, however, excite no surprise in continental society, in which, as I have said, there is a familiarity between high and low—at least between all whose conduct bears the stamp of politeness—that could not for a moment be sanctioned in Britain, notwithstanding all its freedom, and the democratic nature of some of its institutions.

Previous to our entrance into the great saloon, the long dinner tables had been cleared away, and two men were just in the act of bringing in a rather heavy-looking iron-bound box, which they placed in the middle of the floor. Next, they set down a table of a particular construction, and opening the box, drew out several bags of coins, consisting of gold and silver pieces, which they arranged in heaps upon the table. Lastly, they planted in the centre of the table the usual instrument of gaming—a revolving horizontal dish and ball. The perfect business-like coolness with which these preparations were made, was deeply interesting. We had heard of gaming-tables, but never before had seen one. Not that England cannot show such things, but happily they have the discredit of being illegal, and do not fall within the every-day experience of the middle classes. Here, however, there was no disguise, no illegality—the whole affair was quite open, and all ranks had an opportunity of venturing their money. Shortly, the directors took their seats, a crowd of men and women gathered round, and the play commenced. I anxiously watched the very curious scene. There was no lack of players, but I kept my eye on three in particular. One was a gentleman, who, with a firm calculating countenance and undisturbed air, risked a gold piece at each roll of the ball, and seemed tolerably successful; after a certain length of time, when he had pocketed at least half-a-dozen Frederick d'ors, he walked away, as if satisfied with his day's work. The other two persons were females; one was an elderly lady, apparently about sixty years of age, perhaps seventy, and the other a peasant, seemingly the wife of a neighbouring rustic—a woman, for instance, who had come to town to sell the butter and cheese which she had made during the week, and now, mingling with nobles and gentry, was perilling her sorry earnings upon the gaming-table. The old lady was entranced in the game; she was losing; her throat wrought in agony, like an exhausted pump; now, she gained a thaler, and her spirits rose; she had, as she imagined, got the turn; but no: again luck was running against her; she could endure it no longer, and retired out of sight to give room to a new comer. The peasant woman was moderately successful. She never risked more than a silver coin about the value of half-a-crown, and her tactics consisted in always

laying the money on the same colour. Red was her favourite. She staked a piece on a corner patch of red every roll of the ball. I think she must have gained a dozen pieces before she retired, yet she did not appear any way elated; she might have lost previously at some other table, or on the previous Sunday, and had now only won back the amount of her losses. At all events, I set her down as a being who was on the high road to ultimate ruin, and I hoped that she was not a proper sample of the peasantry of Nassau.

The establishment of the rouge-et-noir table in the grand saloon, did not excite particular attention. There was, as we observed, another table of the same kind in a side apartment fully as well attended, and from a room adjacent were heard the laughter and shouts of billiard players equally busy at their game. It rather excited our surprise to see no English at any of these gaming tables, the players being either Germans or French; perhaps they preferred attending the opera, which was proceeding in another quarter of the town, but of this we had no opportunity of judging. Disgusted with the racket and irrationality which every where met the eye, and finding not a single spot at our hotel where quietness could be obtained, we early in the evening ordered the calash to be yoked, and, stowing ourselves in it, fled from Wiesbaden to a scene which we hoped would be more congenial both to our feelings and to the peaceful character of the day.

It was a lovely autumnal evening as our carriage wound its way over the rounded heights of the Taunus mountains, in the direction of Langen-Schwalbach. At every step we were reminded of the resemblance to our own Scottish mountain scenery. Leaving the lower vales, thickly clad with apple-trees and vines, we found, as we ascended, that the hill-sides became brown and heathy, and were here and there enriched with plantations of hardy timber, which gave shelter to the arable fields of the upland farmers. All was placidly calm as a Sunday evening ought to be. The small forests of larch and oak which lay open to our path, and into which we now and then penetrated a short way, were silent as a desert far from the haunts of man. The inhabitants of a small hamlet sat at their doors, in their holiday dresses, enjoying the tranquil scene, and showed, by their appearance, that they at least rested from their labours one day in seven. Having gained a considerable altitude on the ascending braes, a splendid view of the Rheingau presented itself on our left, through an opening in the woods. The whole expanse of the river, with its rich banks from Bingen to Mayence, lay spread out like a picture, and we for a moment felt how far these glorious works of Nature transcended those which mankind usually create for their contemplation and amusement. From this point the road to Langen-Schwalbach proceeds in a northerly direction at a greater distance from the Rhine, which is hence shut out from the view of the traveller. Those, however, who wish to visit Schlangenbad, turn to the left, and are conducted by a steep descending path to that place of resort.

SCHLANGENBAD.

Schlangenbad, which unfortunately we could not afford time to visit, consists of little else than two large boarding-houses, with baths and springs for the accommodation of visitors. It is the most retired of all the brunnens of Nassau, and is chiefly resorted to by persons who are desirous of enjoying country air with the softening and cheering influences of its cosmetic waters. On this latter account, it is, I believe, most in favour with ladies, particularly those who find the necessity for remedying the injuries of time. The mineral spring of Schlangenbad owes its purifying and softening properties to muriates and carbonates of lime, soda, and magnesia, held with a certain quantity of carbonic acid in solution. Its name signifies the Serpent's Bath, there being a plentiful variety of

snakes, though of a harmless kind, in the vicinity. The author of the "Bubbles" is ecstatic in his description of the delicious influence of the water on the skin, though not more so than other writers. "The baths at Schlangenbad" says he, "are the most harmless and delicious luxuries of the sort I have ever enjoyed; and I really quite look forward to the morning for the pleasure with which I paid my addresses to this delightful element. The effect it produces on the skin is very singular; it is about as warm as milk, but infinitely softer; and after dipping the hand into it, if the thumb be rubbed against the fingers, it is said by many to resemble satin. Nevertheless, whatever may be its sensation, when the reader reflects that people not only come to these baths from Russia, but that the water, in stone bottles, merely as a cosmetic, is sent to St Petersburg and other distant parts of Europe, he will admit that it must be soft indeed to have gained for itself such an extraordinary degree of celebrity—for there is no town at Schlangenbad, not even a village: nothing, therefore, but the real or fancied charm of the water could attract people into a little sequestered valley, which, in every sense of the word, is out of sight of the civilised world; and yet, I must say that I never remember to have existed in a place which possessed such fascinating beauties; besides which (to say nothing of breathing pure dry air), it is no small pleasure to live in a skin which puts all people in good humour—at least with themselves. But besides the cosmetic charms of this water, it is declared to possess virtues of more substantial value: it is said to tranquillise the nerves, to soothe all inflammation; and from this latter property, the cures of consumption which are reported to have been effected, among human beings and cattle, may have proceeded. Yet whatever good effect the water may have on this insidious disorder, its first operation most certainly must be to neutralise the *bad* effects of the climate, which to consumptive patients must decidedly be a very severe trial; for, delightful as it is to people in robust health, yet the keenness of the mountain air, together with the sudden alternations of temperature to which the valley of Schlangenbad is exposed, must, I think, be any thing but a remedy for weak lungs." With respect to the precise influence of the water on the body—"it is, in my opinion (continues the same writer), a sort of corrosion which removes tan, or any other artificial covering that the surface may have attained, from exposure and ill treatment by the sun and wind. In short, the body is cleaned by it just as a kitchen-maid scours her copper sauce-pan; and the effect being evident, ladies modestly approach it from the most remote parts of Europe."

Wishing every success to those among our fair readers who may make the attempt to preserve the beauty of their complexions by a dip in the wonder-working waters of Schlangenbad, we proceed on our way to Langen-Schwalbach, where we propose to set up our staff of rest for the night. The sun had just sunk behind the western hills as our calash drove down the steep winding road that conducts us into the valley in which this secluded village with its famed brunnens are situated. Agreeably to a previous recommendation, we took up our quarters at the Allée-Saal, or Hotel du Promenade, a house of enormous size, situated on a woody bank at the head of the village. Here, though crowded with inmates, there was a degree of repose which one might search for in vain in Wiesbaden. Yet here, also, in the principal saloon, was placed a rouge-et-noir table, glittering with its heaps of gold and silver, and surrounded by a few players—a circumstance which showed us pretty plainly that gambling forms one of the peculiar attractions of the brunnens of Nassau.

LANGEN-SCHWALBACH.

At an early hour of the morning after our arrival, we rose to explore the village of Langen-Schwalbach, and the localities of its far-famed brunnens. The

whole are situated in three valleys radiating from a centre, and environed with the usual round-topped hills of Nassau. The village occupies one of the valleys, and has all the appearance of considerable antiquity, having been originally built contiguous to a mineral spring, which is now to be seen on one side of its long straggling street.

The valley which enjoys the largest share of celebrity for its water, is that radiating in an easterly direction, and down the side of which we enter from Wiesbaden. Here are the two principal springs—the Pauline and Weinbrunnen. The Pauline, which is of latest discovery, is farthest up the valley, and occupies really a charming spot for the morning perambulations of water-drinkers. Both this and the other springs rise in circular orifices as from a well, and the water is dipped in glasses by female attendants, which is a much more satisfactory plan than that of pumping the water from a source unseen by the drinker. We have thus no fear that the water is a compound artificially manufactured in the cellar of the pump-room, but are assured of its rising from the great laboratory of nature below. On descending into the small enclosure in the centre of which the Pauline rises, we perceive that the water is projected upwards with considerable force. On being lifted in a glass, small air-bells are observed rising to the surface, as if the liquid possessed a certain degree of effervescence. I shall never forget the first taste which I had of this very remarkable mineral spring. It most resembled sharp small-beer, but was accompanied with a ferruginous property, which made the tongue feel as if it had been scoured with alum. I cannot, however, say that there was any thing disagreeable in either the smell or flavour of the water. As a drink, it was infinitely more palatable than any mineral water I had ever before tasted, and I should think that to habitual beer-bibbers it must form quite an agreeable tap.

The Weinbrunnen (or wine-spring), at the foot of the vale near the hotels, bath-house, bazaar, and other structures, and also the Stahlbrunnen (or steel-spring), situated in the western valley, did not seem to my taste greatly different from each other; in fact, all the three springs have a similar sharp small-beer flavour, though they may differ in strength. With respect to the precise nature of the waters, Dr Granville observes, that “the quantity of carbonic acid gas is greater in the Pauline than in either the Wein or the Stahlbrunnen. The relative proportion in a pint of the latter is twenty-three cubic inches, that of the Pauline being twenty-nine. There is steel or carbonate of lime in all the springs. The Pauline contains the least of it.” All are serviceable in cases requiring chalybeates; but I apprehend that here, as at other watering-places, much of the cure in valetudinarians is ascribable to early rising, and almost constant open-air exercise. The walks along the hill-sides, and towards the inner winding extremity of the valley of the Pauline, are exceedingly delightful, every thing being done that taste can suggest to provide for the comfort of the visitors. So highly are the waters appreciated for their medical quality, that 500,000 quart bottles are filled and exported annually.

The old spring in the village is sulphureous, with little iron in its composition, and is now deserted for its more modern competitors. When we paid it a visit, it had no attendant to sell its waters, and we only knew its taste by lifting a little in our hand. The author of the “Bubbles from the Brunnens of Nassau” observes of this ancient spring—“Such a suffocating gas arises from it, that, as at the Grotto del Cane at Naples, one single inhalation would be nearly sufficient to deprive a person of his senses. Besides being strongly impregnated with this gas, it has such an unearthly taste, that one almost fancies it must flow direct from the cellar of his Satanic majesty.” This is doubtless a quizzically overdrawn statement. Excepting the usual sulphureous taste of such springs, there was nothing offensive in the water; and as for

the suffocating smell, we were not sensible of any thing of that kind worthy of notice.

Langen-Schwalbach is visited almost exclusively by Germans. Few English remain to take the benefit of the waters, the place being too quiet and retired for those classes of our countrymen who go abroad on the plea of unsound health. Among all the English whom one meets with in travelling in this part of the world, there is a restless desire to go farther: they push on from place to place, staying a short time here and a short time there, as if in quest of something better, and will not be contented with simply abiding in such a place of cool retirement as Langen-Schwalbach. Influenced by this propensity to push on, they in the same manner hurry through the finest portion of the Rhine scenery, still looking for scenes that are more beautiful, and in many instances return either in a dissatisfied humour, or with a mere dreamy recollection of having been whirled over a certain extent of ground, containing some hills, old castles, a river, and a few strangely built towns and villages. We found that there had been at Langen-Schwalbach, during the season, 4000 visitors, a number very much greater than that specified by Sir Francis Head; and although many had gone, still the hotels were crowded. The Alée Saal, at which we resided, affords accommodation for a large number of strangers, and daily exhibits a table-d’hôte, at which about 200 individuals sit down to dinner. Notwithstanding that few of our countrymen come to reside in this house of entertainment, we found that English was spoken here by one or two of the waiters, as it was indeed in every hotel in the whole course of our route, with only two exceptions.

EMS.

In the course of the day after our arrival, having made ourselves acquainted with all worth noticing, we proceeded onwards to Ems, the last of the watering-places on our route. The road winds upward from the old village over the rounded top of one of the hills, and hence, for several miles, offers little to the view but brown heathy tracts of mountain scenery, here and there relieved by an old blue slaty village, the place of residence of a poor class of small proprietors and farmers. After ascending and descending several times, a turn of the road brings us in front of a deep and picturesque valley, from the lower extremity of which rises a woody conical mount, ornamented at top with the old Castle of Nassau. Turning to the right, on approaching this ancient ruin, the valley opens on the larger vale of the Lahn, with the small town of Nassau on the right bank of the river, opposite the castle. Standing thus at a connecting point between two valleys, and rising to the height of about three hundred feet, the castle mount is a most conspicuous object in different points of view, and assists in forming one of the most romantic and beautiful pieces of scenery in the country. From a suburb below the shadow of the woody height, we reach the town of Nassau by a handsome and modern chain bridge, which is capable of allowing two carts to pass in the breadth, besides foot passengers, and measures ninety paces in length, that being the breadth of the Lahn at the spot. Three or four centuries ago, Nassau was a place of residence for the baronial family from whom the present duke has sprung, but it is now deserted by the aristocratic splendour of these merry times, and is the picture of poverty and decay; like the little old towns on the Rhine, it is little else than a collection of habitations for agriculturists and vine-gardeners.

The road, after passing through Nassau, goes for some distance down the right bank of the Lahn, with an almost precipitous vine-clad hill above, and discloses some admirable points of view for the pencil of the draughtsman. Leaving the river, we ascend another of the huge round-backed hills, and again descending, are shortly brought back to the Lahn, and have before us, on its right bank, the very ancient town of Ems. Nowhere is there so strangely situated

a town. It occupies a long stripe of ground between the side of the river and a rocky hill, which in some places is a perfectly perpendicular cliff, impending over the roofs of the houses. There is in general room for only one row of dwellings, with the road in front of them; but to afford space for promenading, there is a bridge of boats across the Lahn, leading to some beautiful woody banks opposite. Ems was known by the Romans for its mineral waters, and received from them the name of *Embasis*, or the Washing-Tub, which is the origin of the present appellation. It possesses several springs, both for drinking and bathing, and of different degrees of heat. Nature is so bountiful in the supplies, that 12,400 cubic feet of water issue from the ground every twenty-four hours; a quantity, however, much less than is daily expelled at Wiesbaden. Some of the springs rise in the bed of the river, and their produce is consequently lost; while of the remainder, the principal have been covered over by houses or hotels, in whose lower parts the baths are situated. The chief establishment is an old residence of the Duke of Nassau at the centre of the town. We visited some of the bathing-rooms, which were dismal-looking dungeons, steaming with vapour, and any thing but calculated to soothe the feelings of valetudinarians. Numberless cures are said to have been performed by the use of the waters, particularly among the female sex, for whose complaints they are said to be adapted; but if Dr Granville's opinion is to be taken, there is no small degree of danger in their application. "The nervous system (says he) is the first and the most seriously disturbed by these waters; and I attribute the fact in a great measure, first, to the large quantities of carbonate of soda taken daily into the system along with them; and, secondly, to the additional bad influence which the air of a narrow confined valley, and the contiguity of the lofty hilly ranges of siliceous grauwacke slate, produce in individuals already prone to nervous agitation or irritability. Hence Ems can never suit an hypochondriac, no matter from what functional disorder his unhappy state may arise. It never can suit persons labouring under any modification whatever of disease of the heart, whether structural or merely functional. They are disturbing waters in the way of alteratives, to a degree which is scarcely producible by means of ordinary medicines, and which, although very beneficial to some, is injurious to many, and requires under any circumstances great circumspection in the lengthened use of them. So great is the disturbance produced in the system while the waters are drunk, that I am acquainted with very few patients who have got well of their complaints during the treatment, or before they came away from Ems. Of the rest who recovered, long after they had left the spa, the major part had judiciously enough been prevailed upon to go and finish their cure at some other place—generally a cold spa."

In our ramble through Ems, we were attracted by the appearance of a slip of public garden, in which was a handsome pavilion, close by the river; and, entering the edifice, the usual gambling apparatus presented itself, with its crowd of attendants. To a native of a country in which the only attempt ever made to establish a gaming-house was at once put down by the public authorities, the frequency of this spectacle at the German watering-places becomes very distressing. It appears to him as if the opportunity of unlimited gambling were even a greater attraction to the mass of the visitors than the waters. Instead of interfering to break up the gaming-houses, the public authorities frequently profit by their establishment. In the gambling-rooms at Ems, and other places in Nassau, we observed that regulations for the games were hung up on the walls, by order of the duke, which, at least, proves that that personage sanctions and approves of the odious practice. We are told, in a native description of Nassau, that, "by an edict of the government, all the subjects of the duke are forbid

to play, and any individual holding an office under him who is detected in playing, loses his situation." I should, from what came under my own observation, doubt that such a law is in existence; but allowing it to be as stated, what must we think of the conscientiousness of a government which, while protecting its own subjects, allows strangers to be plundered with impunity?

DESCEND THE RHINE—BONN.

We must now quit not only Ems and the other brunnens of Nassau, but also the upper Rhenish country in which they are situated. A drive of little more than an hour, over a tract of hilly ground, brought us once more to the right bank of the Rhine at Ehrenbreitstein, and next morning a steamer from the opposite quay at Coblenz carried us down the river on our way homeward. Having already described both banks of the Rhine in ascending, it will not be expected that I should here recur to the subject, further than to give some little account of Bonn, a town at which we stopped a few hours in our descent.

Bonn is situated on the left bank of the Rhine, about twenty miles above Cologne, and at present enjoys the reputation of being the best seat of education in Prussia. The town, like Cologne and Coblenz, is surrounded with walls, and is consequently confined and wretched in its internal organisation. The streets are narrow and badly paved, and most offensive from the want of drains. So far, therefore, as physical comfort and health are concerned, the learning for which the town has obtained some celebrity, has been of no service. On visiting Professor Schlegel, I found him living in a quarter infinitely more vile in aspect than that of the lowest parts of London or Edinburgh, though, such is the influence of habit, the desagremens of the locality do not seem to affect him.

Bonn is a town of considerable antiquity, having, like Cologne, being originally a settlement of the Romans, and in later times a seat of some important religious bodies. The most remarkable of its edifices is the Dom Kirk or Cathedral, which is in the Byzantine style of architecture, and was built some centuries ago on the site of a church erected by the Empress Helena, mother of Constantine the Great, in the year 316. In the neighbourhood of the cathedral, and verging on the southern environs of the town, stands a fine large edifice in the Grecian style of architecture, now used as one of the principal university buildings. The other chief edifice, which is used for a certain department in the course of instruction, is the ancient chateau of Poppelsdorf, situated at the extremity of an avenue of trees leading from this quarter of the town. The university of Bonn was established by the present king of Prussia in 1818, and has been placed on the most liberal footing as respects the nature of its education, while the discipline maintained among the students is allowed to be more correct than has usually been the case at other German universities. The Prussian government has at least, with its well-known regard to the instruction of youth, taken care to appoint only men of first-rate abilities to the different professorships. The faculties include theology, according to the Roman Catholic and Reformed Churches, jurisprudence, medicine, literature, and physics—the latter comprehending zoology, botany, mineralogy, and chemistry. The botanical garden, which is situated near the chateau, is upon a most extensive scale, and kept in the most beautiful order. The number of students lately enrolled in the university books for one year, was 988, which included 192 youths from countries foreign to Prussia.

In the after part of the day we went on board a steamer descending the river, and were in a short time landed on the quay of Cologne. Next day we departed from this ancient city, and pursued a westerly direction towards Aix-la-Chapelle. The road is quite uninteresting, being mostly flat, with some slight rises; it is, however, rich and arable, and only requires

capital and skill to make it produce abundant crops. Nothing that I had ever seen before, except in Ireland, equalled the apparent poverty and wretchedness of the population. The villages in which they cluster are built of mud and wattle, and have no symptoms of thriving. Nowhere, as far as the eye can reach, is there a single gentleman's house to be seen; the whole country seems delivered up to a race of toil-worn peasantry, from whom all hope of bettering their condition appears to be shut out. Riding through this border country of Prussia and Belgium, we first reach Berghheim, a small old town with decayed walls, and next Juliers, a town surrounded with regular and strong fortifications.* Thence a drive of two hours along a badly paved road brings us to Aix-la-Chapelle, situated in a valley in the midst of a district more beautiful and better enclosed than that through which we have passed.

AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.

Aix-la-Chapelle, or Aachen, as it is called by the Germans, is a town of great antiquity: its origin, indeed, is probably coeval with the first peopling of the country, for it appears to have been occasioned by certain medicinal springs which exist upon the spot. The town is celebrated as the scene of both the birth and death of the Emperor Charlemagne (742-814). In the present day, it consists of several respectable, but many more dirty and confined streets, with a population of about 38,000. Necessity, as well as inclination, led us, shortly after our arrival, to visit the Rath-Haus,† or Hotel de Ville. Being the last of the towns in the Prussian league which we had to pass through, it was necessary to have our passports inspected, and stamped with the licence for departure from the kingdom. To the Hotel de Ville, therefore, which is now the police-office of the town, we proceeded to have this troublesome ceremonial performed, for here personal attendance is imperative. The edifice is a large handsome building of stone, with elegant exterior flights of steps, and stands in a high part of the town, at one side of the open market-place. We feel, in looking upon this imposing structure, that we behold a palace in a state of degradation and neglect.

* Having started early in the morning from Cologne on our route to Aix-la-Chapelle, fortune directed that we should breakfast at Berghheim, in a neat hotel kept by Mr Hons, a retired Prussian officer, and a most agreeable chatty person, who spoke English with perfect fluency. His inn is called La Maison Rouge, or Red House; by way of extending its fame, he at parting put the following instructive and amusing advertisement into our hands:—

“COMFORTABLE INN.—The proprietor of the ‘Red House,’ enlarged by an additional house, at Berghheim (Tiberiacum), on the road from Juliers to Cologne, pleasantly situated in the middle of the town, opposite the post-office and post-house, has the honour of recommending himself to travellers. The Galignani's Messenger, and other newspapers, are taken in. Having excellent preserves of game in the neighbourhood, he is happy to inform travellers that he can provide them with good sport in wild boar, deer, and hare hunting, and wild duck and partridge shooting. Horses and carriages of all descriptions supplied for excursions in the neighbourhood. As stage coaches are constantly passing the hotel, the proprietor is enabled to serve private families and travellers with excellent dinners, &c., within ten minutes after their arrival. Having a very good reputation for his wines, it happens often that travellers give him an order, which is executed by his brother Hermann Maria, wine merchant at Cologne (Contore and Magazines below the cathedral). Since the introduction of steam-boats on the Rhine, families do not sleep here so often as they did before, but both Tories and Whigs passing the night at Berghheim, express their complete satisfaction with the rooms and beds. He hopes not to weary the reader when he recommends him the ‘Hotel de Paris’ at Cologne, a clean inn, kept by his brother-in-law, agreeably situated between the post-office and the cathedral, and distinguished by large bedrooms and every accommodation.—Hons.”

† Raad in Dutch, and Rath in German. The word signifies counsel; hence the old Scotch term *rede* or *redd*, signifying to counsel or advise—as “I rede ye.”

The roof and walls of the spacious vestibules and corridors have been painted with historical figures and scenes, but smoke and dirt have rendered them dim and undistinguishable; a lofty room, which has been similarly embellished, is divided in two by a paltry wooden partition; and the whole interior has an air of squalid misery. Yet this edifice has been a great place in its day. In its principal saloon, important assemblages of political characters have occasionally taken place for the conclusion of great treaties; the last took place in 1818, when the emperors of Austria and Russia, with ambassadors from the Prince Regent of England and Louis XVIII., met to decide upon the evacuation of France by the troops of the allied powers.

The Hotel de Ville is said to stand on the spot where Charlemagne was born; and to preserve the recollection of that personage, a splendid fountain has been erected in the market-place in front: it is composed of a large bronze basin for receiving the water, and from the centre of the basin rises a pedestal, on which a statue of Charlemagne, also in bronze, is erected. The whole fabric was erected so long ago as 1353 (when the neighbouring Hotel de Ville was finished), and it has been kept carefully in repair since that time.

Proceeding from the open market-place down a narrow lane lined with tall dingy houses, we arrive at a low spot of ground whereon stands the ancient Cathedral—the chapelle from which the town has received a portion of its name. It is impossible to make out either style or date from the appearance of the structure. It is a mass of ill-assorted parts, Gothic, Saxon, Byzantine, old and new all stuck in a heap. Such at least is the exterior. The interior of the building is chiefly remarkable for an octagonal nave with tall rounded arches, which forms the most ancient of the various parts of the motley structure, having been built by Charlemagne in 796 as a chapel for his place of sepulture, on the model of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. It was afterwards partially destroyed by the Normans, but was restored by the Emperor Otho III. about the year 1000; its age is, therefore, at least between eight and nine hundred years. Charlemagne was entombed, according to his request, in a vault below the centre of the dome, but here his remains do not repose at the present day.

Had this monarch contented himself with going down into the dust like the rest of his fellow-creatures, he would have stood a fair chance of being left to dissolve into the original elements of humanity. Unfortunately, however, for his posthumous repose, he chose to be buried in all the magnificence of his robes of state, and sitting upon a throne, as if still, though in his dreary dungeon tomb, ruling the destinies of half the world. It was not in the nature of things that his majesty should be allowed to sit for ever in this condition of costly splendour. Otho III., emperor of Germany, visited the spot, probably at the time he ordered the restoration of the edifice, and causing the tomb to be opened, there found the skeleton of Charlemagne sitting on the throne on which it had been placed at his death in 814. A lapse of nearly 200 years had not materially disfigured the gay ornaments in which the dead monarch was invested. On the fleshless skull there was stuck a crown which he had worn during life; a sceptre was fastened in his right hand; a jewelled mantle of state was thrown over his shoulders; a copy of the gospels was carefully placed upon his knees; a sword was buckled to his side; and to his girdle was hung the pilgrim's pouch which he had borne when alive as a token of Christian piety. Otho forthwith removed these valuable insignia of royalty, to be used at the coronations of the emperors of Germany. The tomb was again shut up after this spoliation, and it remained closed till the year 1165, when Frederick Barbarossa, moved by curiosity and piety, ordered it to be opened in presence of the bishops of Liege and Cologne, and caused the body to be removed,

and placed in a splendid sarcophagus prepared for the purpose; at the same time the throne, or all that remained of it, consisting of a chair of white marble, was brought up to the church, where it is now preserved with much care, and exhibited to strangers. Although the body of Charlemagne was thus, to all appearance, stowed safely away, it was destined to be again handled and disturbed. At what period it was taken from the sarcophagus, is not told by any authority, but it is certainly gone, as the empty sarcophagus testifies. In all probability it has been dispersed in the form of relics, a leg in one place, an arm in another, and so on with all the other members. I understand that the only fragments remaining in the reliquary of the cathedral, are the skull and an arm bone, but during my somewhat hurried visit, I had not an opportunity of seeing them.

At a short distance south from the cathedral, in the lower part of the town, we find the chief street of fashionable parade in Aix. Here are situated the principal mineral springs, and the rooms and arcades which cover them. The waters are sulphureous, warm, and nauseous, both to the sense of smell and taste. One of the hottest of the springs is so abundant that it cannot all be used for drinking and bathing, and is therefore allowed to escape for the benefit of the lower class of inhabitants, who wash all their clothes with it; and as it is alkaline, they have no need for soap. Adjoining the water-drinking and bath rooms, stand some magnificent hotels and gambling-houses. One of the latter, called the New Redoute, ranks as the most splendid and profligate of all the establishments of the kind on the continent. Gamblers flock hither from France, England, and most other countries in Europe, and the sums lost and won at the tables exceed all calculation. Aix-la-Chapelle is the only place within the Prussian dominions in which gambling is licensed or allowed. A number of years ago, the public authorities, shocked with the misery and depravity arising from the practice, endeavoured to prevent it from being carried on within the town. The consequence was, that a small village, named Bocette, sprang up in the environs, to which all the inveterate gamblers, with their tables, resorted; and as Bocette has also hot springs, visitors began to prefer it to Aix. After a time, the town authorities relaxed, and the present elegant gambling-houses have been erected, and placed under some kind of regulations, one of which is, that a portion of all winnings, by the keepers of the tables, shall be devoted to the embellishment of the town.

ENTER BELGIUM.

On the morning after our arrival we departed from Aix-la-Chapelle, and proceeded in a westerly direction to Liège, which we reached after a journey of seven hours. The road wound through a beautiful undulating country, well wooded and enclosed, and very much resembling some of the fine woodland counties of England. After passing the small town of Henri-la-Chapelle, a few miles from Aix, we arrived at the boundary of the Prussian and Belgian kingdoms. It is only, however, by seeing two custom-houses placed on the roadside, within 100 yards of each other, that we are made aware of there being here a political division of the country. The Prussian establishment we passed unheeded, but were brought to a halt opposite that of Belgium. An officer in a dark green uniform ordered our baggage to be taken from the calash and brought into the house, where it was properly ransacked. Not finding any thing to seize, the inspector seemed rather out of humour, and offered us for sale boxes of eau-de-cologne (the fruit of former seizures), which, however, we declined to purchase, and left him to his reflections, after getting our passports visied. As we drove off, the diligence from Aix hove in sight, and looking back when we had gone a short way, we perceived the cumbersome machine stopped and subjected to the process of having its packages unloaded and its passengers

examined—a process which could not detain it less than an hour in its journey. It is only by actually witnessing such interruptions and annoyances in travelling on the continent, that one can rightly appreciate the degree of liberty which we possess in our own country.

At Aix we had begun to notice the growing prevalence of the French tongue, and now, as we proceeded on our way within the Belgian frontier, indications of the general use of that language became every mile more conspicuous. In the villages through which we pass, we find the sign-boards to be all in French, the word "Handlung," which is common over shop-doors in Germany, being now exchanged for the more intelligible phrase "Marchande," or "Commerce," though, on pushing northwards among the Flemings, we occasionally see our old Dutch acquaintance "Te Koop." The appearance of every thing about us, on penetrating into Belgium, tells us that we have got into an entirely different country from that lately passed through. We now observe that the land is thickly peopled, and well enclosed and cultivated; also that the farmers do not all live in villages, but in many instances have separate dwellings among the fields. The farther we advance, the country becomes more like Holland in flatness, and is on all sides marked by symptoms of improvement delightful to contemplate.

Belgium is that portion of the Netherlands lying on the south-west of the lower branches of the Rhine, as Holland lies on the north-east, and consists of the provinces of Brabant, Antwerp, East and West Flanders, Hainault, Namur, and Liège. Luxembourg, lying on its southern German border, and Limburg, which is little else than the lower valley of the Meuse, are two provinces claimed, as is well known, both by Holland and Belgium. Independently of these two districts, Belgium contains twelve thousand English square miles, and four millions of inhabitants. The political history of the country (the province of Liège excepted) is nearly the same as that of the northern provinces of the Netherlands, until the epoch of Dutch independence in 1579. The southern provinces were less successful in freeing themselves from the Spanish yoke, and hence their period of national freedom has been postponed to a much later date. In 1714, they were ceded by Philip III. of Spain to his daughter Isabella, when she espoused Albert, Arch-duke of Austria, by which change of masters they became known as the Austrian Netherlands. In 1795, they were united with France, and continued under its dominion till 1814, when they were attached to the northern provinces, to compose the kingdom of the Netherlands. Their separation in 1830, to form a distinct kingdom, and to depend, for the first time, on their own united resources, is known to every one.*

The long train of national disasters, from the days of the Counts of Flanders, downwards till 1830, has stamped a peculiar character on the people of Belgium. Although originally of a kindred race with the inhabitants of the northern provinces, they have become widely different. The ancient Teutonic language, which has taken the form of Dutch in Holland, has degenerated into Flemish in Belgium; besides which, there is the language called Walloon, a species of old French mingled with German, and spoken principally in Hainault, on the borders of France. Nevertheless,

* There are few things more infamous in history than the manner in which these provinces have been handed over from one foreign power to another, without in the smallest degree consulting the wishes of the inhabitants. Twice they have been given as a marriage portion like a common landed estate, once taken possession of by the French, and once forced into a union with Holland. Strange to say, their very misfortunes in these respects are used by certain writers as an argument against their present independence. Considering all things, it is surprising that the Belgians have had the spirit to wish for national freedom, or the intelligence to preserve it; surely great excuses ought to be made for any errors of policy into which they may chance to fall.

modern French may be described as the predominant language of Belgium. Not only the literature, but all the communications taking place in respectable society and in commerce, are in French, so that the Flemish and Walloon tongues are only heard in particular districts, or among the very humblest classes. As the Dutch tenaciously hold to a language which no other nation will take the trouble to learn, they are placed at a great disadvantage with respect to commerce and the ordinary intercourse of civilised communities. This circumstance in itself, notwithstanding that French is pretty generally taught in their schools, must certainly have some effect in retarding their prosperity. The next most remarkable difference between the two countries is in the matter of religion. Whether from the reformation never having taken deep root in the southern provinces, or from their long connection with Spain, Austria, and France, it happens that the Belgians are almost altogether Roman Catholics, which gives a turn to their manners and usages, and probably leads to that assiduous cultivation of the fine arts—as architecture, sculpture, and painting—for which they have obtained not a little celebrity.

As I design, before concluding these pages, to offer an exposition of the present flourishing condition of Belgium, I may only here premise, that since its liberation from the Dutch government, it has advanced in manufactures, commerce, internal improvements, and social comfort, with a rapidity which is perfectly surprising. With as sturdy a spirit of industry as the Dutch, the Belgians are much more lively and salient, both in thought and expression, and consequently they are infinitely more improveable—that is, taking the more intelligent amongst them, and not the mere rural peasantry. With these slight explanations, we may now proceed on our journey, in which we shall have ample opportunity of noticing a number of interesting points and signals of improvement in this lately emancipated country.

LIEGE.

On making a turn in the road from Aix, on the brow of a rising ground, we find before us the valley of the Meuse, with the busy town of Liège in its centre. The valley of the Meuse is reckoned as beautiful as that of the Wye in England, and is frequently made the object of a special tour in this part of the continent. At a point some miles above Liège stands Namur with its strongly fortified castle, which, as the reader of history will recollect, was the object of a sanguinary contest between Louis XIV. and William III. of England, the former being successful. From Namur down to Liège, the banks of the Meuse abound in picturesque and lovely scenery. On approaching Liège, the vale opens, and exhibits the lively spectacle of thriving villages, orchards, well-enclosed and cultivated fields, gardens, and, though last not least, tall chimneys belonging to steam-engines, which are employed in divers processes of manufacture. The Meuse, after passing through Liège, where it receives the smaller river Ourthe, proceeds down the vale to Maestricht in Limburg, and thence, after a course of a number of miles, falls, as previously mentioned, into the Rhine or Maas, which flows past Rotterdam on its way to the German Ocean.

The sight of Liège at once reminds us of an English manufacturing town. We hail its engine chimneys and smoke as emblems both of wealth and advancement in the mechanical arts; and as we drive into its busy streets, and pass along its open quays, thronged with commerce, we are apt to inquire of ourselves, can all this be on the continent, and not in one of the manufacturing districts of England? Liège is built, with little regard to regularity, on the Meuse and Ourthe, across which there are several bridges. On the north-west side of the Meuse lies the principal part of the town, and in this direction are situated the chief public edifices, hotels, and open places. The Meuse

being navigable for small vessels from the Rhine upwards to this point, and also navigable for still smaller craft as far as within the borders of France, it offers considerable facility for carrying on foreign commerce, and in some measure makes Liège a sea-port; should Holland, however, permanently acquire Limburg, or churlishly prevent the free navigation of the Maas for Belgian vessels, much of this profitable trade will be checked, or sent in a new channel.

The history of the province of Liège, of which the town is the capital, differs from that of the rest of Belgium. All who have read Scott's *Quentin Durward* will not fail to recollect the revolt of the Liégeois against their temporal and spiritual sovereign the Bishop of Liège (1468), and the horrid cruelties they perpetrated under William de la Marek, commonly called the Wild Boar of Ardenne, for which outrages the city was destroyed by Charles the Bold of Burgundy, and his ally Louis XI. Liège, it must be explained, became the seat of a bishop about the year 712, and under his successors, who held the province as a fief of the German empire, it rose to considerable wealth and importance. Whether from a natural desire for independence, or the over-strict rule of the bishop-princes, the Liégeois, in the thirteenth century, began to manifest a settled discontentment with their condition, and from that period till near the close of the eighteenth century, the history of the district consists of a continuous series of troubles and civil wars. At length the conquest of the country by the French in 1791, put an end at once to these intestine disorders, and the long-protracted rule of the princely ecclesiastics. The ancient cathedral of St Lambert, adjacent to the episcopal palace, was now utterly destroyed, and its site is at present an open square. When the general peace of 1814 led to a new distribution of kingdoms, the province of Liège was consigned to the Netherlands, and latterly it has remained attached to Belgium.

The old episcopal palace still stands. It is situated in the more ancient part of the town, which lies on the face of the gradually ascending ground north-west from the Meuse. It is a dark stone building of great extent and magnificence, with two open courts surrounded with pillared arcades. At the present day it forms the Palais de Justice, or provincial court-house and prison. The arcades of one of the courts are used as shops for the sale of goods by sundry small merchants.

In 1816, the king of the Netherlands, with a desire to improve the state of education in this part of his dominions, established a university in Liège, which now occupies a handsome edifice built upon the ruins of the church of the Jesuits, on the side of the Meuse. It possesses a museum of natural history, containing, among other objects of interest, nearly 3000 specimens of fossil organic remains discovered in the surrounding district. In the library of the institution the antiquary finds an equally interesting collection of books and manuscripts, amounting to many thousands in number, which have been gathered from the suppressed monasteries and abbeys of the province. The university has a body of forty-six professors, and its classes are attended by from 400 to 500 students.

In the days of its episcopal greatness, and before its destruction by the Duke of Burgundy, Liège contained 120,000 inhabitants. At present it has only 62,000, but is surrounded by a large population, who are engaged, directly or indirectly, with mining and manufactures. The valley of the Meuse, and the hills which bound it, are rich in mines of ironstone, zinc, lead, copper, sulphur, alum, and coal; also quarries of marble and slate. The iron manufacture is the staple of the district. The quantity of iron issuing annually from all the foundries in this southern part of Belgium, amounts to 150,000,000 kilogrammes (a kilogramme is 2½ lbs. English), valued at 55,200,000 francs. While Namur manufactures goods resembling those of Sheffield, Liège produces articles like those of Birmingham. The cutlery of Namur gives constant employment to

above 5000 workmen. In Liege there are fifty manufactories of fire-arms, and in 1836, 349,379 stand of arms were issued from these various establishments, valued at 7,000,000 francs. The muskets made here are reputed to be inferior in finish to those of England or France, but they are much cheaper, and thus find a ready market. Liege possesses one of the largest cannon foundries in Europe; it belongs to the state, and executes work both in iron and brass. Steam-engines and machinery are now made to a great extent in Liege and its environs, but principally at Seraing, an establishment situated two or three miles up the valley, on the banks of the Meuse, and belonging to the eminent John Cockerill.

The village of Seraing consists of a long and populous street, extending along the left bank of the river, and from this the workmen daily cross in boats to the factory on the opposite side. The factory buildings, which engross an old palace of the bishops of Liege, are of considerable extent, and on a most complete scale. Nearly every species of iron-work is here fabricated, from the heaviest engine to the most delicate or complicated piece of machinery. The average weight of articles turned out daily in the establishment amounts to 25,000 kilogrammes. Latterly, as the rage for setting up manufacturing establishments in Belgium and other parts of the continent has increased, Seraing has come in for a large share of the orders for machinery, as, for example, cotton-spinning and powerloom apparatus. At a subsequent part of my journey, I had frequently occasion to observe the name John Cockerill on the locomotive machines on the Belgian railways. I have little doubt that from the establishment of Mr Cockerill every species of machinery can now, or will very shortly, be supplied as well as from factories in England, and at a much lower cost. I was informed at Liege that Mr Cockerill has at present in his employment 3000 individuals, and pays weekly in wages about £2000. The establishment possesses a material advantage in being placed over one of the inexhaustible beds of coal for which the district is so celebrated. The coal is consequently raised within the limits of the factory, close by the furnaces; which must be not only exceedingly convenient, but productive of a great saving of expense.

RAILWAY TO BRUSSELS.

Some time previous to our visit to Liege, a branch of the great system of railways in Belgium had been extended to Ans, in the vicinity of the town, and we had therefore an opportunity of proceeding by the easiest and quickest of all conveyances to Brussels. By one of the many omnibusses which drive round to pick up passengers from the hotels, we were speedily carried to the railway terminus, where a train of carriages was in waiting, with its locomotive engine hissing and chafing, as if impatient to be off. A very few minutes served to set the whole in motion, and in a trice we were travelling at the rate of at least thirty miles an hour, across the flat central part of the kingdom. Whether from the levelness and straightness of the line, or the power of the engine, the rapidity, we felt assured, was much greater than what is usually experienced on the English railways. Yet, with all our speed, the journey from Liege to Brussels, a distance of seventy-three miles, was not performed in less than six hours. The cause of this was the number of delays which occurred at different places. The route proceeded in a north-westerly direction, by Tirlémont and Louvain (the latter one of the largest of the Belgian towns), to Mechlin or Malines, and thence in a south-westerly line to the lower outskirts of Brussels. Besides stopping at a number of stations to let off and on passengers, the train was compelled to stand at rest for upwards of an hour at one place, waiting for the coming up of the train proceeding in an opposite direction. There is throughout all the railways in this country but one line, so that trains can pass each other only at appointed places; an arrangement

which, being calculated to produce both delays and accidental encounters, is exceedingly unsatisfactory, and must in time be remedied.

The extensive series of railways in Belgium, of which the above is a section, was ordained by a law passed in May 1834, the principal object in view having been a ready means of transit from the two seaport towns, Ostend and Antwerp, across the country to Liege, thence to the boundary of Prussia, and from that to the Rhine at Cologne. It was hoped that by a line of railway to this extent, the foreign traffic of Germany and Switzerland might be carried on through Belgium, instead of following the course of the Lower Rhine and Maas, which is monopolised by the Dutch. The idea was excellent, and there cannot be the smallest doubt that in a few years hence both the mercantile traffic, and the concourse of travellers to and from the Rhine, will take this direction, in preference to that by the lower channels of the Maas, which are of difficult and tedious navigation. The ready transit from various points to Brussels, and to the borders of France, has likewise guided the arrangement of the lines; and as the state, for the public interest, has taken upon itself the whole undertaking, there has been little or no opposition from private parties. The organisation of the lines is peculiar. Malines is constituted a centre, whence all the railways shoot out in different directions, like spokes from the nave of a wheel; and hence, in whatever direction you wish to travel, you are carried in the first place to Malines, and there, by a change of carriages, in the direction you desire to proceed. Thus, there are lines from Malines to Antwerp, to Ghent and Ostend, to Liege and to Brussels; a line to the frontiers of France remains to be executed. The aggregate length of the lines already in operation amounts to 255,110 metres (a metre is 39 inches), or 157 English miles, the expense incurred for which has been on an average 450,000 francs for each league of 5 kilometres (a kilometre is 1000 metres), which is about £6250 per mile, English measure. Only a small expense, I apprehend, is incurred for keeping the lines in repair, or for attendance. The rails are all placed on billets of wood laid across, and the line is seldom more than two or three feet above the level of the country. All the persons employed as guards and attendants, the office-keepers excepted, seem to belong to the army, as they are all decked out in uniforms, with cocked hats and swords. The vehicles for conveyance of passengers are roomy and handsomely fitted up carriages of the omnibus form, but entered by the sides, and having the seats placed transversely. The fares are exceedingly moderate; and such has been the concourse of passengers, that already, I believe, the first executed lines have nearly repaid all the outlay upon them.

BRUSSELS.

The railway from Malines, by which nearly all travellers now arrive in Brussels, terminates at the outskirts of the lower part of the town, on a level plain, through which flows the river Senne. On a small island formed by the Senne, a chapel and a few houses were built about the year 600, and thus was commenced a town which spread to both sides of the river, and, gradually ascending the face of a sloping hill, was surrounded with walls, and named Bruxelles, or Brussels—a term said to be equivalent to Bridgetown in the old Flemish tongue.

In the present day Brussels is found to have stretched all over the face of the rising ground to its broad summit, where now the finer part of the town is situated. The hill, which fronts the south and south-west, is of that easy inclination which permits streets to be built upon it in regular order, and, though inconveniently steep in some places for the passage of wheeled carriages or horses, it is nowhere unsuitable for walking. The lower and upper town, as they are called, differ in many respects from each other. The markets, the

Theatre, the Exchange, the Post-office, and the Hotel de Ville, also some splendid old family mansions, fashionable in their day, and a large infusion of mean thoroughfares, occupy the lower division. The upper consists almost exclusively of the elegant mansions of the gentry, the finest kind of hotels, the palaces, senate-house, and other structures of a superior description; also the Park. Along the western Boulevards, an exterior road leading down to the lower town, there are likewise many mansions of modern date, the residences of persons of the higher classes. Brussels is not a brick town. All the houses are built of stone. In the upper part of the city, every edifice is painted white (in oil), and this, with the equally white jalousies of the windows, imparts a strikingly brilliant appearance to the streets, particularly in the sunshine of summer. Some of the descending streets of the best order are likewise painted; but the farther down you proceed, the darker and more ancient is the aspect of the houses. Another peculiarity is observable. The names of the streets, and the words on the signboards in the higher town, are in French, and in the lower they are in Flemish. In some cases they are both in French and Flemish in the lower, as if to suit two sets of people which the town contains—as, for example, “Oude Kirk Straat, Rue de l’Ancienne Eglise,” which may be observed marked together on the corner of one of the streets. Latterly, the town has been lighted with gas, but as yet the supply of water is entirely from public or private wells.

It may be seen at a glance that Brussels is a remarkably fine town, and that, though not large, it is entitled to rank with Paris and other first-rate continental cities. It cannot certainly show any series of elegant streets like that of the New Town of Edinburgh, but, on the other hand, Edinburgh is deficient in such structures as the royal palaces of Brussels, and has nothing to compare with the Park. The Park of Brussels resembles the garden of the Thuilleries, but with lofty trees instead of shrubs. I do not know any city view more imposing and beautiful than that which we obtain from the Place Royale across to the entrance of the Park. The Place Royale is a large open square (no enclosure in the centre of it as in our English squares), surrounded with tall handsome edifices, with the church of St Jacques in the centre of its northern side; opposite this church the street Rue Montagne de la Cour, in which are the principal shops, leads down a mile in length to the lower town; and on the western side of the Place there is an opening which leads to, and exposes to view, the grand entrance to the Park, and the long terrace-like street called the Rue Royale, which bounds the Park on its southern side. The appearance of every thing at this part of the upper town is on a scale of princely magnificence. The Park, to which a stranger usually proceeds on his first excursion through the town, is planted with rows of trees at its sides, and also radiating from a centre, where there is a pond in which golden fish are confined for the amusement of the promenaders. Thick shrubberies, light coppices, two deep dells, and patches of green-sward, variously disposed between the divisions, give variety to the scene, while at different points are disposed marble statues, busts, and vases, in the style of the Thuilleries’ gardens. The Park formed the chief battle-ground on which the revolutionary struggle took place between the Dutch troops and the people in 1830. Marks of this deadly conflict are still discernible on the trees, many of which having been dreadfully shattered with the cannon shot, have their wounds plastered with sheets of lead, or are otherwise repaired. The Park, as we observed, is the chief place of promenade on Sundays. On this day, which, as formerly mentioned, is one of perfect recreation in Brussels, a military band takes its station in one of the clumps of wood near a central plot, where there are numerous seats dispersed around for the visitors. All classes move hither in crowds on these occasions; and from the immense concourse which is seen moving in all

directions, a good idea may be had of the luxury and fashion of the Belgian metropolis.

The Park is environed with a number of the principal state buildings. At the western extremity is situated the Senate House, and opposite it, on the east, close by the Place Royale, is the palace of the king. At the north-east corner, adjacent to the king’s palace, stands the palace of the Prince of Orange. The king’s palace, now inhabited by Leopold, is a handsome Grecian structure of large extent, no way secluded from the street, and is said not to contain any thing of particular interest to strangers. The love of sight-seeing is concentrated on the palace of the Prince of Orange. Here we found a crowd waiting for admission, and, taking our place, we were allowed to enter as soon as a previous set of visitors had been dismissed. The edifice, which measures 230 feet in length, was planned by the Dutch architect Vanderstraeten, and finished for William, king of the Netherlands, only about a year before the revolution which displaced his dynasty in 1830. Exteriorly, it consists of a rustic basement, surmounted by Ionic pilasters extending along its two stories, and is tasteful in its appearance. The interior is disposed so as to render the ground floor of no avail except for mean purposes; the whole strength of the design is thrown into the series of apartments on the first floor, which we reach by an exceedingly grand staircase of marble. Having arrived at the upper lobby, the crowd of visitors are told to halt until each person has his or her feet invested in a pair of soft woollen slippers over the shoes, in order to save the floors from being injured. All being properly accounted for, we are bid to enter the first apartment in the suite. The first thing remarked on entrance, is the smooth polished floor, along which we glide or skate, rather than walk, the surface being to all appearance as slippery as a sheet of ice. The floor of each room is of a similar kind, and consists of small pieces of rosewood, oak, and other very fine woods, set in stars and patterns of divers shapes, like mosaic. These floors alone must have cost some thousands of pounds. The suite of apartments consist of the usual court-like waiting, reception, throne, dining, and ball rooms. They are diversified in appearance by the colours of their walls. One is decorated with hangings of green silk, another is crimson, a third blue, and a fourth crimson velvet with gold fringes. The curtains of the windows are of a similar silk fabric with these gorgeous hangings, or coverings of the walls. The ball-room or grand saloon is a spacious apartment, surrounded with walls of a light yellowish-coloured marble, and enriched with twelve or-molu stands for candles, of twelve feet in height, each of which, it was mentioned to us, was worth £600. From this apartment we were led to the vestibule where we had entered, there divested of our clumsy feet trappings, and conducted to the door. Here, on passing out, each paid his fee; altogether, for our party of four, six francs were exacted; and I should suppose that the person who acts as showman must clear something like £1000 a-year for his trouble. At present, the house is under national sequestration.

Brussels contains a number of public buildings, a picture museum, and an institution for exhibiting philosophical and other instruments, all of which, with one or two private palaces, form objects for the visits of strangers. As descriptions of such places, however, usually have little interest, I offer only the following sketches of what came under our notice.

In proceeding down the Rue Montagne de la Cour, the eye catches a tall Gothic spire rising in prominent relief from the centre of the older portion of the town beneath. This is the tower of the Hotel de Ville, an edifice which stands on the south side of an open market-place, near the foot of the street. This square is surrounded with exceedingly picturesque buildings, in the Spanish style, harmonising well with the magnificent structure of the Hotel de Ville, which they environ. This large pile of building is several stories in

height, and of great length, with a vast number of windows in front, and also in the tall narrow roof. The tower springs from nearly the centre of the front, and, rising to a height of 364 feet, is probably the finest specimen of the Lombardo-Gothic in the world. It is light, elegant, and pointed with a gilt copper figure of St Michael standing on the apex, as a vane. The house is quadrangular, with a square in the centre, and is now used for municipal purposes, including those of the police. It was erected in the year 1441. In the grand saloon, on the first floor from the street, Charles V. held his court while in Brussels, and here, on the 25th of October 1555, did he abdicate his sovereignty in favour of his son, Philip II., through whose cruelty the northern Netherlands were lost to the Spanish crown. It was in the middle of the square, or ancient market-place, in which stands the Hotel de Ville, that the counts Egmont and Horn were executed on the 5th of June 1568.

The cathedral of Brussels, or church of St Gudule, is another fine old Gothic structure meriting the admiration of visitors. It stands in one of the old sloping streets, with an open space around, and its spires, though not tall, are seen at a great distance. It was erected in 1275, but, having been partially destroyed by a mob of violent reformers in 1579, much of it is of a more modern date. The appearance is nevertheless old and dingy, and at present considerable repairs are in the course of being made on the exterior ornamental stones. The interior is remarkable for figures of saints in stone on the rows of pillars in the nave, and a pulpit of carved wood-work. The figure of each saint, which is ten feet in height, and elevated twenty-five feet from the floor, is sculptured with surprising skill: the whole are by Flemish and French artists. The pulpit, which stands on the open floor between two of the pillars, is a most elaborate work of art, emblematic of the Fall of Man. Adam and Eve are represented the size of life, sustaining the globe; an angel is driving them from Paradise, and Death is pursuing them. The figure and countenance of Adam (carved in dark yellow wood) are exceedingly expressive and striking. The concavity of the globe forms the pulpit, which rests upon the tree of Good and Evil, laden with fruit, and decorated with birds, some of which, by the way, it would be difficult to find in any work of ornithology. The tree is represented as growing up the back of the pulpit, with its branches and two angels supporting the canopy overhead. This beautiful work of art was executed by Verbruggen of Antwerp in 1699, and was presented to the cathedral of Brussels by Maria Theresa a few years later. The church contains several splendid objects in the side chapels, besides some monuments of distinguished personages connected with the history of the Netherlands. The grand altar is a gorgeous structure of white marble, erected in 1743, from a bequest of 18,000 florins made by a pious and wealthy widow in the town. Latterly, the windows have been filled with modern coloured glass, representing scriptural scenes; they are spoken of as being well executed, but they seemed to us extravagantly full of blue, and are inferior in taste and tone to the old painted windows of Gouda.

Of St Gudule, the patroness of the cathedral, who flourished in the seventh century, and who was brought up as a nun in the convent of Nivelles, I find the following particulars in a local guide-book printed at Brussels, but for the truth of which I am, of course, unable to vouch. "At Nivelles she gained for herself the character of the most austere severity, never taking exercise beyond the walls except to perform pilgrimages. Amongst other miracles ascribed to her, it is said that once, while at prayers, the devil most unceremoniously blew out her candle; but by force of holy intercession, it was instantly relighted by a superior power. A picture representing this fact may be seen in the church. It also appears, that one day, being pursued by a young man who would have used violence towards her, a stone pillar, near which she was passing,

opened to receive and enclose her. The base ravisher, seeing this, instantly became converted, and she came out uninjured to her convent.

After a life of great sanctity, the good saint died in December 712, and was buried in the following month, when the trees in the neighbourhood threw out their leaves and blossoms as her funeral procession passed, and some even followed her to the church-door of Morzelle, where she was first interred, and planted themselves there. Several years afterwards she was exhumed and brought to Brussels, where her body still lies, fresh, undecayed, and entire; though at Ausburg they pretend to possess some of her limbs. Prince Charles, brother to Lothario, king of France, had her tomb opened in 987, being anxious to see her; but a smoke instantly arose from the sarcophagus, which drove every person out of the cathedral, and on re-entering, it was found again closed. Her holiday is kept on the 8th of January.

Here also (continues the same authority) are preserved the three miraculous hosts, in a chapel built expressly as their resting-place, and from which they only are taken once every 300 years, when they are carried in procession through the streets. It appears, according to the historian Yclens, that, in the year 1319, a Jewish inhabitant of Enghien in Hainault, named Jonathan, conceived the horrible project of desecrating, if I may be allowed the term, the holy wafer, and for this purpose gained over a reformed Jew, who, for the sum of £50 of our present money, managed, on the 4th of October of the aforesaid year, to steal sixteen hosts, which he conveyed to the wretch who had bribed him. Upon this, several of the Hebrew persuasion met together, having come from Paris and Germany to be present, and, placing the sacred emblems on the table, declared their blasphemous intention of again destroying the blessed Redeemer, in his transubstantiated form; and for this purpose plunged a dagger into the chalice, from which a quantity of blood instantly burst. This occurred on the Good Friday of 1370, in a synagogue which then stood near the spot, still called the 'Jews' Stair.' Alarmed at this miracle, they sent for a woman named Catherine, and offered her large sums to convey the hosts to their brother Jews in Cologne. One, however, becoming a Christian convert, instantly betrayed them; upon which, they were deservedly burnt alive, and their goods confiscated to the church. During the religious wars which succeeded, these hosts passed through many hands, and once, when in danger, were hid in a ceiling by a pious person, where they remained during six years. At length they were placed in their present chapel, which was added to the cathedral expressly to receive them."

Brussels possesses an object of art which the people have almost deified, and which they look upon as a sort of palladium of their city. This is a small figure of a man, or rather of a boy, in bronze, which is drolly placed over a fountain at the corner of a street in the lower town, and is known by the name of the "Mannekin." The history of the little fellow is quite farcical. The figure, which was originally of stone, is said to have existed in the seventh century. It was, however, by some means broken, and replaced by a figure in iron, and this again was succeeded by the present one in bronze. It seems to have been a mighty object of desire with the enemies of Brussels to steal the Mannekin, and he, accordingly, was frequently carried off; but to keep him was impossible—he was always recaptured and brought back. It being the practice to decorate him on fête days, the Emperor Charles V. gave him a complete suit, and settled a pension on him. Peter the Great of Russia came to see him, and, bowing before him, said, "Sir, I have come to see you, since you go to see no one," and added to his pension. Duke Maximilian, in 1698, gave him not only fine clothes, but invested him with his order. Louis XV., to protect him, as he said, from the violence of his soldiery, though actually to please the citizens of Brus-

seals, gave him a full uniform, and solemnly decorated him with the order of St Louis. It is a positive fact, that, in addition to these gifts from sovereigns, several people have made the little man votive gifts, while others have actually remembered him in their wills. Within the last twenty years, a lady left him an annuity of 120 francs. He has a regular valet-de-chambre, who is paid 400 francs a-year for dressing him on fête days; and a treasurer who is responsible for his disbursements and revenues. And all this for a piece of inanimate metal! Vive la bagatelle!

In respect to manufactures, Brussels is no longer a seat of the tapestry or carpet trade, for which it was once eminent. In the present day it produces a number of miscellaneous articles, particularly lace, which no other place can match. We went to see the principal lace manufactory. It is situated in a house in one of the descending streets near the cathedral, and belongs to Messrs Ducpetiaux and Sons. The establishment consists of a number of young women, who are busily engaged in making lace sprigs and edgings, while others are employed in working them on net, for veils, flounces, tippets, &c. The females kept at this minute kind of work are poorly paid, notwithstanding the excessively high prices of the lace; and a suggestion from the attendant, that our dropping a trifle into the box for donations from visitors would be a deed of kindness to the inmates, met with our prompt attention.

The business of printing and publishing has for some time formed one of the chief trades in Brussels. The works produced are nearly all in the French language, and many of them are reprints of Parisian editions. A number of English works are also reprinted in a cheap and convenient form.* The existence of Belgium so near France is most detrimental to the business of publication in Paris. The language of the two countries being, as far as literature is concerned, the same, no sooner is a new work of any merit issued from the press in Paris by a French author, than it is reprinted at Brussels, and that in a perfectly legal manner. The French have long complained of this species of legalised piracy, but without avail; the Belgians alleging, in vindication of their conduct, that their works are equally copied in France; and, moreover, that the French speak of invasion of copyright with a bad grace, seeing that they habitually reprint the works of English authors. However this state of things may be finally settled, in the meanwhile a great trade is carried on at Brussels in publishing works of foreign and native origin. I went with my friend and companion of my journey, Mr Orr, to see one of the largest of the book manufactories, which belongs to a company of individuals, among whom are numbered some of the functionaries of the present government, and was kindly shown to us by the practical manager of the concern. In this, as in other establishments, all the operations necessary for the mechanical preparation of books are conducted together—printing, binding, and selling. By this aggregation of departments of trade, by the lowness of wages, and the cheapness of paper, the company of which I speak can manufacture books at a rate cheaper than can be done in Britain, but I feel assured not lower than we could produce them for, were the duty of 1*d.* per lb. entirely removed from our paper, because our machinery is much superior to that of Brussels, and this alone would compensate for a higher rate of workmen's wages. The large publishing establishments of Brussels manufacture books for exportation to a prodigious extent. They send their wares to all the principal towns in Germany, Rus-

sia, Italy, Greece, and other quarters, thus carrying on a kind of trade of which we in England are comparatively ignorant, and are shut out from, in consequence of the local character of our language, and our infinitely dearer mode of manufacturing. It is exceedingly apparent to the stranger on the continent, that the simple mode of "getting up" books with a mediocre kind of printing and thin paper covers, has a powerful effect in multiplying and disseminating literary productions. In Brussels, especially, the book shops are very numerous, and many persons of a humble order may be seen with a volume or a paper in their hands. In walking through the streets on Sunday, I had occasion to observe that a number of young women, who were left in charge of the shops, were sitting behind the counter diligently perusing a book. The activity displayed in reproducing French literature is in nothing more conspicuous than the announcement which took place, during my stay, of an edition of a certain Parisian newspaper, which was to be issued within an hour after the arrival of the paper from Paris.

Brussels possesses a botanical garden, supported by a company of shareholders, which is of great extent and beauty, and forms a delightful promenade on the days on which it is open to visitors. It is situated on an irregular piece of ground on the western Boulevards, at a place greatly improved by the removal of the old walls. In the same quarter, in the midst of a pleasant garden, is placed the royal observatory, an institution over which I had the pleasure of being conducted by the accomplished M. Quetelet, chief astronomer. The observatory contains a number of instruments of great value, but, as may be supposed, of foreign manufacture.

In the environs of the town near the western Boulevards, there is an establishment of a very remarkable kind connected with literature and the arts, exceedingly worthy of notice. I allude to the "Etablissement Geographique de Bruxelles," or "Geographical Establishment of Brussels," which was founded in 1830 by its present proprietor, Mr Phillipe Vandermaelen. This gentleman, who is a native of Belgium, is a person of great ingenuity, perseverance, and practical benevolence. Professionally, he conducts at his establishment the largest business of designing, engraving, and lithographic printing, in the kingdom, also letter-press printing. The principal department is, I believe, that of lithography, in which maps, charts, and pictorial embellishments, are produced to an inconceivable extent. Globes are likewise made of a large size, some being as large as upwards of two metres fifty cents, or about seven feet, in circumference. In the preparation of all these works of art, Mr M. Vandermaelen, brother of the founder, unites his exertions and superintendence. So much for the mere business part of the concern. The object of the proprietor not being to accumulate a fortune, but to do good in the meanwhile with the means in his hands, he has associated with his undertaking an educational and generally instructive institution. Proceeding through the main front edifice of the establishment, we see before us a fine large botanical garden, and on each side saloons for a library, museum of natural history, geology, and animal physiology, also for the delivery of courses of lectures on various branches of science. All the instruction communicated in those departments of human knowledge is gratuitous. A great number of young persons, from the age of fourteen to eighteen, are admitted to receive instruction under masters, and no reward whatsoever is sought by the proprietor of the institution, further than the approbation of his own benevolent mind, and the consciousness of elevating young men of ability from a humble to a higher sphere, in which they are calculated to shine. The library of the institution has been collected in a manner so peculiar that it deserves to be noticed. Visitors who happen to have any books which they can spare, are asked to exchange

* In the Rue Montagne de la Cour I found a book-shop kept by a Mr Todd, a Scotchman, from Edinburgh, and a most respectable person in his line. The number of English in Brussels is sufficient to support an extensive circulating library of British publications under Mr Todd's charge. In this place I observed for sale Brussels editions of English works, at about a tenth of the cost of the original London editions.

them for some other works, the produce of the establishment, and by this means books of all the civilised nations in Europe have been collected to an immense extent. By this and other modes of acquisition, the library is now very large, and is open to all who may choose to make use of it. Every thing considered, the establishment of Mr Vandermaelen is one of the most interesting institutions in Brussels, and affords a striking proof of how much good may often be done by one enterprising and well-regulated mind.

In the direction of the above establishment, and at the distance of about two miles from Brussels, is situated the palace of Laeken, which now forms a country residence to King Leopold and his family. The small village of Laeken, through which we drive before reaching the royal domain, is of ancient date, and contains a number of guinguettes, or taverns with public gardens, where we observed parties sitting in the open air playing at dominoes, and otherwise amusing themselves. The palace and its environing pleasure-grounds and garden are secluded from exterior observation by plantations of tall trees, and, uniting this seclusion with the exceeding lowness of the situation in the swampy plain of the Senne and its tributary canals, it must be allowed that the locality is the very worst which could be chosen, whether with respect to cheerfulness or salubrity. The palace, a large structure, in a handsome Grecian style, was erected in 1784, as a residence for the Austrian viceroy. Some time after the revolution which placed the country under the dominion of the French, it was sold in lots, and would have been demolished but for the timely interposition of Napoleon, who purchased it, and again fitted it up as a palace of royalty. It was here that he signed his unfortunate declaration of war against Russia. From the period of Napoleon's fall, the palace has become the property of the crown, and has been the residence of the sovereigns successively called to govern Belgium. Already, in the space of half a century, Laeken has afforded a lodging to princes of four dynasties; to it, therefore, might with propriety be applied the sage remark of the Eastern dervish, "This is not a palace but a caravan-serai." For the sake of the tranquillity and prosperity of Belgium, it is to be wished that no new occupant may be called on to take the place of its present much respected proprietor.

Since Laeken came into the possession of Leopold, the grounds have been considerably extended, and now encompass 200 English acres. They are laid out with much taste, and comprehend a number of summer houses, an orangery, and green-houses. At one of the sides there is a little garden or playground laid off for the young prince, containing a rabbit hutch and house for some beautiful fancy poultry. The gardener, who conducted our party through the grounds, surprised me by mentioning that the climate of Laeken is more severe during winter than anything he had ever experienced in England. As an instance of the inclemency of the weather, he mentioned that he could not preserve laurels and other evergreens in the open air at Laeken during winter, while such plants, as is well known, generally endure our severest frosts. The excessive moistness of the climate around Brussels, particularly in the lower grounds, accounts for this remarkable circumstance.

For those who have time to spare, many most agreeable excursions may be made in the environs of Brussels, to different villages where fêtes are constantly occurring, and to which the inhabitants of the town resort in great numbers in the summer months. One of the most commonly visited scenes, it is almost unnecessary to mention, is that of the field of Waterloo, at the distance of an easy forenoon's excursion.

A stay of a few days in Brussels impressed us with a very favourable opinion of it as a place of residence. Both in external aspect, and in a number of social peculiarities, it bears a marked resemblance to Paris; but the people here, and in some other places in Belgium, are much more like the English than the French.

The Belgians are an active and business-minding people, and, though lively enough in their manner, evidently are not wanting in the solid qualities requisite for the mercantile character. Those whom we see in such towns as Brussels cannot be distinguished from English in any thing but their language—they may be called an English people speaking French—while those in the country, who form the Flemish part of the population, are remarkable for their old-fashioned steady habits, like their brethren the boors of Holland.

EDUCATION IN BELGIUM.

Primary school instruction was in the feeblest possible condition in the Belgian provinces, at the period of their union with Holland in 1816. The government of King William, shortly after its establishment, gave the first impetus to a system of general instruction, the effects of which still continue in the country. Schools were established under the direction of local commissions, for the instruction of the poor at the public expense, and normal institutions were erected for the supply of properly educated teachers. So far had the system of primary instruction flourished, notwithstanding many opposing circumstances, that in 1826 it was ascertained that one in ten (or ten and a fraction) of the population was at school. No doubt, the course of the instruction was meagre, as it is at this day in Holland; but in comparison with pure ignorance of letters, it must be allowed that the ability to read, write, and cipher, is a most important step in intellectual advancement. The revolution of 1830 proclaimed the principle of liberty of teaching,* but this, with other provisions, though perhaps well meant, damaged the system of instruction already organised, and opened the business of teaching to every body who chose to commence a school. The consequence is, that the schooling of Belgium is falling behind that of Holland, where all teachers are examined and licensed by a school commission, and where the schools are on an efficient well-regulated plan. Educationists in Belgium lament the present ill-assorted condition of the schools throughout the kingdom, and are anxious for the extension and better support of the course of public instruction. There is a strong party, on the other hand, who, as in our own country, oppose any improvements in the process of intellectual culture, and would, if it had the power, prevent secular education altogether. I was informed, on divers occasions, that the clergy and those whom they influence are the most strenuous opponents of an enlarged course of instruction; but, granting that this is the case, I feel assured, from all that came under my notice, that nothing short of political convulsion can now permanently restrict the improvement of Belgium in all branches of its social condition.

In Brussels there is a considerable number of schools, some of which are on a very extensive scale, more like universities than preparatory schools for youth. After having visited two of the principal establishments of this nature, I sought out certain schools of a humble order, with the view of comparing them with what had come under my attention in Holland. I shall describe one of them. It is an "école primaire gratuite," or charity school of primary instruction, supported by the town for the benefit of the poorer class of children, and is situated in an alley leading from one of the main thoroughfares. At the period of my visit, it contained 500 children of both sexes; the boys, who are most numerous, occupying the lower, and the girls the upper floor. The whole is under the direction of a head master, M. Zuyten, who, with the greatest good will, explained to me the nature of the instruction which is given. The rows of forms are arranged the same as in Holland, by which all the children look one way; the masters have no seats; and on the sloping bench in front of each scholar, there is a slate sunk

* De l'Etat de l'instruction, primaire et populaire, en Belgique, par Ed. Ducpetiaux, 2 vols. Brussels, 1838.

or fixed in the wood, so that no slates can be tossed about or broken. The branches of instruction are reading in French and Flemish, grammar, writing, arithmetic, geography, and drawing, to which are added explanations by the master respecting the familiar phenomena of nature. As all the children are of the Roman Catholic persuasion, the church catechism, and simple lessons of a pious nature, are taught in the school, the business of thorough instruction in religion being left to the clergy in after years. The books in use contain much useful knowledge of a simple kind, and inculcate, among other social duties, the necessity of politeness or civilité, also cleanliness and order; all which admonitions are further explained and illustrated in a practical manner by the teacher. Both here and in the Dutch schools, habits of propriety and cleanliness are strictly enforced, not only in but out of doors. I regret to say that I do not know a single school in Scotland in which there are any express injunctions delivered on this point, or any surveillance exercised beyond the doors of the establishment. The parents being in most cases equally negligent, the consequences are such as will not bear description. The deficiencies of our instruction in these respects contrast very unfavourably with what comes under the inspection of the visitor to the Dutch and Flemish schools and households. The inculcation of habits of personal cleanliness, and of civilité, or good manners, as we would term it, forms one of the most pleasing traits of the course of instruction in the Netherlands.

The only thing that struck me as peculiar in this large school was the method of instruction in drawing. It has been already mentioned that we saw the children in a school at Haarlem amusing themselves with drawing figures on their slates, either from copies on the walls, or according to their own fancy. There was in this, however, nothing systematic, and perhaps it will prove of little benefit to the pupils. The plan is very different at Brussels; all the children are taught to draw in a most systematic manner. Along the walls of the school are hung up large sheets covered with printed diagrams, commencing from the simplest geometrical figures up to complex designs. The pupils—little fellows of six and seven years—are taught to draw these figures, naming them as they proceed, on a large black board with chalk and compasses. Each pupil, alternately, is thus allowed to exhibit as a monitor, while those not actually operating on the board try to follow the designs on a smaller scale on their slates. By these means, both freedom of execution and facility in copying are attained. The object desired is not to make the pupils accomplished draughtsmen, for that can only be done by the study of the rules of perspective in more advanced years, but to teach them the forms of objects according to the principles of geometry, and to accustom them to handle the implements used in drawing. In the girls' class, a similar method of teaching is pursued; but in their case the instructions are chiefly confined to the drawing of ornamental forms for patterns in sewing. M. Zuyten stated that, when the boys brought up in this school went to mechanical employments, for which almost all of them were destined, they found great practical benefit from their drawing lessons; especially such as became stone-masons, carpenters, and house-painters. "As for the girls," he continued, "Brussels is celebrated for its manufacture of lace; and how can we maintain our superiority in that species of fabric, unless our young women are initiated in the principles of design?" These explanations seem so reasonable and conclusive, that they require no comment.

THE BELGIAN CURRENCY, AND OTHER MATTERS.

The money currency of Belgium is not yet of a perfectly uniform character, but is much superior to that of Holland. The Dutch coinage is execrable. With the exception of the handsome ten-guilder and five-guilder gold pieces, which resemble our sovereigns and half sovereigns, the principal part of the current coin

consists of florins or guilders, value twentypence, half and quarter florins, and dubbletjes. These are formed of a base mixture of brass and silver, and being greatly worn, they have the appearance of bad English shillings and sixpences of the old coinage. The dubbletje, which is of the value of two stivers or pence, is a paltry little thing, perfectly smooth on the sides, and with edges almost as sharp as a knife. On account of this sharpness, the dubbletje is often used as a weapon of offence by the Dutch boors in their quarrels with each other; for when held firmly between the knuckles of the closed fist, it is capable of inflicting a slashing wound upon the face of an antagonist.

The notice of this quality in the dubbletje reminds me of an anecdote which was mentioned to me in Holland. On one occasion, many years ago, the inhabitants of a village had assembled for some purpose in the court-house—(every Dutch village, however insignificant, has its court-house or hall for the transaction of public business)—and, as usual at such meetings, their knives, of which each person carried one, were hung round the wall. It was an understood law in these rude assemblages, that no one should touch the knife of another, on pain of an immediate encounter. At the meeting to which I allude, there chanced to be two individuals of very opposite appearance and character. One was a tall and stout man, as his name Sterkus would seem to import, and of a most turbulent disposition. The other, called Jantje, or Little John, was a dwarfish being, active withal, but hunchbacked from an injury in his youth, and distinguished in the district as of a singularly gentle and inoffensive temper. Whether from heedlessness or design, Jantje, in wandering round the hall to examine the display of weapons, touched that which belonged to Sterkus, who, glad of an opportunity of quarrelling, instantly challenged the little fellow to single combat. As the odds were most unequal, all exclaimed against this cruel proposal, and endeavoured to pacify the enraged giant. As for poor Jantje, he expressed concern for his error, and begged to be forgiven. But no; nothing would satisfy Sterkus but an immediate engagement. After a certain time spent in wrangling on the subject, Jantje seemed to pluck up courage, and declared, to the astonishment of all, that he accepted the challenge to single combat. With a spirit flashing from his eyes that no one had previously imagined him to be possessed of, he stood forth and demanded that as he was thus forced to fight, he should have the free choice of the weapons wherewith he was to defend himself. An universal shout of approbation gave him the choice which he desired. Retiring for a moment from the room, he returned, armed with an old shoe in one hand, and a dubbletje in the other. The amazement of all was awakened at this extraordinary kind of preparation, which bore no small resemblance to that of David when he went out to meet Goliath. Jantje, however, felt confident in his choice, and the fight began. A few rounds showed that Jantje had not miscalculated the nature of his tactics. Sterkus attacked him with his large knife, dealing out blows, at every one of which the spectators expected to see poor Jantje annihilated; but the little man used so much dexterity in warding off the blows with the shoe in one hand as his shield, while with the dubbletje in the other, and by a well-timed leap, he cut and scratched his adversary's face in such a manner that the giant, quite exhausted with his vain efforts, and pained with the slashings which the piece of money occasioned, was at last obliged to yield to Jantje. He left the field, his face covered alike with shame and blood, while his triumphant antagonist, comparatively unharmed, was loudly cheered and congratulated by the company, who now declared that his name should ever afterwards be Jantje Kordaat, or Little John the Bold.

Returning, after this digression, to the subject of coinage, it may be observed that the common money currency of Prussia and the smaller states, is nearly

as bad as that of Holland. The Frederick d'or of gold, value 16s. 9d., and the double and half Fredericks, are elegant pieces; the silver thaler, value about 3s., is also of respectable appearance; but all the inferior coins, assumed to be silver, are of the same base metal as the Dutch florins. Small bank-notes, bearing to be for a thaler each, are common in the Prussian provinces.

When the stranger enters Belgium, he finds himself in a land of intelligible coins. Some of the Dutch money is still in currency, but the greater part of the coins in circulation are of a new mintage, the head of Leopold being on one side, and the value of the piece marked on the other. The money reckoning is precisely the same as that of France, being by francs and centimes. The new silver coins are half-francs, francs, and five-franc pieces.

The Belgians have likewise adopted the French system of weights and measures. As I do not remember having ever seen this system described by any traveller, I shall here attempt an account of it, culling the main particulars from an intelligent little work which I procured in Brussels, called the "Hand-Book for Belgium."

The French system of weights and measures is established on a principle much more simple and unerring than that in use in England—the former is of universal application, the latter can never be any thing but local. The French unity of length and weight is based on an invariable dimension of the terrestrial globe, which is recognisable in all countries. It is independent of all extrinsic notions, such as gravity and the arbitrary subdivisions of duration, an advantage which the length of a seconds pendulum certainly does not present. The admeasurement, then, of a fourth of the earth's meridian—an ideal circle going round the globe from pole to pole at right angles with the equator—constitutes the basis of the French system. The length of this fourth of the meridian is divided into 10,000,000 parts; a single ten-millionth part is the *mètre*, or the unity of long measure. (A *metre* is equal to 39 English inches.)

A square, measuring on each side 10 metres, forms the *are*, or the unity of the mensuration of surface. (160 ares are equal to one British acre.)

A cube, measuring on each of its sides one metre, constitutes the *stère*: used for dry measure.

A cube, measuring on each of its sides the tenth part of a metre, is the unity of volume. A vessel, guaging such a cube, is the unity of liquid measures, and is called the *litre*. (A litre is equal to about a pint and three quarters, or nearly a quart, English measure.)

The weight of a cube of water, measuring on each of its sides the 100th part of a metre, is the unity of weight, and is called the *gramme*. A thousand grammes of pure water at its greatest density (about 40 degrees of Fahrenheit's thermometer), are of course equivalent to the litre. (A thousand grammes (a kilogramme) weigh about 2½ pounds British.)

These unities being often too great or too small for common use, they constitute the basis of new unities on the simple decimal principle. The names of these new unities are formed from Greek and Latin words. If to express multiplication of the original unity, Greek is used; if to express division of the original unity, Latin, or words slightly modified from the Latin, is used. The Greek words are *deca*, for ten, *hecto* a hundred, *kilo* a thousand, and *myria* ten thousand. The Latin words are *deci*, for ten, *cento* a hundred, and *milli* a thousand. These various words are placed before, or prefixed to, the principal unity. Thus, the *decamètre* is equal to ten metres, and the *decimètre* is the tenth part of a metre; the *hectolitre* is equal to 100 litres, and the *centilitre* is the hundredth part of a litre; the *kilogramme* is equal to a thousand grammes, and the *milligramme* is the thousandth part of a gramme.

The connection between these weights and measures will now be clearly seen. The *are* is the square dec-

metre; the *litre* is the cubic decimetre; and the *kilogramme* is the weight of a litre of pure water at its maximum density.

The currency of the country being assimilated by decimal reckoning to the weights and measures, it may be safely averred that the whole world cannot produce a more simple and immutable plan of calculation than that now in use in France and Belgium.

Throughout Holland and Belgium there is established a most rigorous and exact method of registering births, originating, I believe, in the principle in the constitution, that every male citizen is born a soldier, and is liable to be called to arms when he attains a certain age. According to law, every birth, whether of a male or female, must be registered in the town-books within twenty-four hours, under a severe penalty for neglect. No child can be baptised (at least in Holland) until this preliminary has been effected; a certificate of the registration is the clergyman's warrant to baptise. Should the child afterwards die, the name is erased from the roll of births. By this plan of registration, the civic authorities can point out annually whose turn it is to be drafted into the militia, and check every attempt at false assumptions of citizenship. So excellent has been the practice of registration in Holland for a long period of time, that genealogies can with great ease be traced in that country.

There exists in Holland, though I am not aware that the law extends to Belgium, a most annoying set of regulations regarding marriage. A marriage cannot be legally solemnised without the consent of the parents of both parties, or, if the parents be dead, a certificate to that effect must be lodged. It would be difficult to estimate the degree of annoyance caused by these absurd arrangements; in some instances, as I was informed, parties desirous of being married, but who could not fulfil the conditions of the law, have left the country for England, and there been united.

BELGIAN MANUFACTURES AND COMMERCE.

The benefits arising from a satisfactory condition of independent government are numerous and striking in all parts of Belgium. The country has obviously recovered the shock of its revolution, as well as the injury sustained by its expensive military operations. Leopold, who is good-humouredly termed le Roi Voyageur, or the Travelling King, from his restless desire of wandering, enjoys a high degree of popularity among the more respectable order of his subjects, and, from all we could learn, addresses himself earnestly to the welfare of the nation.

Much less hampered by the spirit of methodic system than the Dutch, and also more salient and lively in their dispositions, the Belgians have within these few years adopted many of the useful improvements of England and other countries, and may now be considered on the fair way to wealth and prosperity. If they will only, with a sincere desire of well-doing, maintain a condition of internal quietude, and proceed in the establishment of a system of national education calculated to enlighten the intellects of "the masses," from whom there are alone fears of disturbance, the nation will in no long period of time take its place as a power of considerable importance, and be able to defend itself from all petty aggressions. Every thing considered, the degree of prosperity already enjoyed by Belgium is very remarkable. At the revolution which separated the country from Holland, the Belgians lost almost the whole of the trade carried on with the colonies of the Netherlands, as these colonies reverted to Holland, to which the large India vessels henceforth proceeded. For about two years after the revolution of 1830, the external commerce of the country languished, but the reduction of the citadel of Antwerp, and the opening to them of the navigation of the Scheldt, soon changed the face of affairs. To make this clear, it may be mentioned that, in 1829, the year preceding the revolution, the number of vessels which entered the port

of Antwerp was 1031, and the number is now above 1400 annually; the same proportional increase being observable at the only other sea-port, Ostend. Without a single colony, the commerce of Belgium is daily extending. At present the annual value of the external commerce of the kingdom is equal to 360 millions of francs, of which 210 millions are imports, and 150 millions are exports. The total burden of vessels entering the ports of Belgium in 1836, amounted to 232,535 tons.

Symptoms of the revival and establishment of manufactures are observable in many places in Belgium, but few are seen any where in Holland. Except at Haarlem, I do not remember seeing in Holland any tall brick chimneys in connection with steam-engines, for the manufacture of tissue fabrics. Now, there are many of these emblems of manufacturing industry in Belgium. In Ghent, I observed several of late erection in connection with establishments over whose doors were painted the words "Katoen Spinnerij." The following scraps of information, gathered from works which I procured in Belgium, will convey a tolerable idea of the present state of the manufactures of the country.

Woollen tissues, once the staple of the Netherlands, now employ annually about 14,000,000 francs' worth of foreign wool, to which may be added 200,000 francs' worth of wool of native growth. The woollen cloths are now preferred to the French, and those of black dye are in colour superior to the English. The principal manufactories are those of Verviers, Liege, Dolhain, Hodimont, Stavelot, Thuin, Poperinghe, and Ypres. In the year 1833, the returns of the Belgian Chambers showed that in Verviers alone, 40,000 workmen were employed, the products of their labour amounting to 25,000,000 francs. Stuffs, such as flannels, serges, camlets, &c., are manufactured in all the provinces, but particularly in Antwerp and in Hainault.

The manufacture of carpets is likewise considerable. The manufactory of Messrs Schumacher, Overmann, and Co., at Tournay, is one of the finest in Europe; 1600 workmen are there constantly occupied. The quantity manufactured annually in this establishment amounts to more than 120,000 metres, 7-8ths of which are for exportation. Other carpet manufactories exist on a smaller scale in Brussels, Antwerp, Ghent, Bruges, and Courtrai.

Flax is one of the principal agricultural products of Belgium, and brings a high price in the foreign markets, on account of its excellent quality. It is raised principally in Flanders, Brabant, and Hainault. The provinces of East and West Flanders produce annually flax to the amount of 40,000,000 francs. The linen of Flanders is still held in high esteem, the climate being apparently well suited for its manufacture; nearly all the cities of the lower provinces manufacture it in abundance, but the productions of the looms of Bruges and Courtrai are considered the most beautiful, and sell for the highest price. Mr J. Cockerill has lately established at Liege a steam-loom linen factory, in which a 90-horse power engine is employed. In the year 1836, the returns showed a great increase in the quantity of linen sold in the Belgian markets; the total of the produce of the looms in Belgium in that year amounted to 750,000 pieces, of the value of nearly 100,000,000 of francs. In the manufacturing of flax alone, there are upwards of 400,000 persons employed, or a tenth of the entire population.

The manufacture of cotton goods is increasing rapidly, in consequence of the general introduction of the best kinds of machinery and of steam power. The cotton manufactures give employment in Antwerp and Flanders to 122,000 workmen, and absorb a capital of sixty millions of francs; the total value of the manufactured articles amounts annually to eighty-four millions of francs.

The feeding of silk worms, and the preparation of silk, is a trade also on the increase. The silk fabrics

now manufactured in the country are esteemed for their good qualities, and already the exports of these tissues into France exceed the imports from that country. The provinces of Antwerp and Brabant contain the principal silk manufactories. The quantity of native silk produced in 1837 amounted to 1991 kilogrammes.

The lace of Belgium has been always admired for its texture, and the beauty of the flowered work. Very beautiful lace, as already mentioned, is made in Brussels in the establishment of Messrs Ducpetiaux and Co. Lace of a secondary order is made in abundance in the provinces of Antwerp and Flanders. In Mons there is a lace school, designed to carry the workers to the highest degree of perfection in the manufacture of this article. The tulles, or fine-net gauzes, of Belgium, are in great request in foreign countries. The tambour and fine-sewing work gives employment to upwards of 50,000 females. Above two millions of francs' worth of lace and tulles are annually exported.

The mechanical ingenuity of the Belgians is particularly observable in the manufacture of cabinet work and elegant house-furniture. The cabinet manufactories of Brussels are very extensive, and the articles which are there made, are noted for their elegance and solidity. Immense quantities are annually exported to England, Germany, and America. The Dutch are so completely behind in works of this description, that fine house-furniture cannot be procured at any price in Rotterdam. The tables and chairs of houses furnished in a comfortable manner are imported from London.

The ingenuity of the Belgians equally enables them to excel in coach-making. Immense quantities of vehicles of an elegant kind are now made for home use, and for exportation into foreign countries. The hackney-coaches and chaises in Brussels, and other towns, also the railway carriages, are as neat and comfortable as any made in England. The French are very much behind in the construction of all sorts of vehicles.

The manufacture at Liege of steam-engines, locomotive machines, power-looms, muskets, and other articles of iron, has already been adverted to; also the cutlery of Namur. In Liege and its environs, including Namur, there cannot be fewer than 20,000 men employed in the iron trade. Machinery is now also fabricated in Brussels, Charleroi, Bruges, Nivelles, Tirlemont, Herné, and Yve. At Charleroi nearly 6000 workmen are employed in the manufacture of nails.

The porcelain works of Belgium are now in a thriving condition, and the quality of the articles manufactured rivals those of England, Saxony, and France.

Sugar-refining is carried on, upon a very extensive scale, in many parts of the kingdom. The quantity exported from Ghent alone, in 1836, amounted to 3,998,320 kilogrammes.

The business of beer-brewing is now carried on to a considerable extent. The number of breweries amounts to 2800, and a large portion of their produce is exported. The best beers are made at Lembeck, Brussels, Louvain, Diest, and Hoegaerde. Immense quantities of spirits are also annually exported.

The manufacture of paper is rapidly improving, by the introduction of paper-making machines and English workmen. The books printed at Brussels are now upon as good paper as the greater part of London publications. In this respect alone, the Belgians are a century in advance of the Dutch. All the school treatises and other works of native produce which came under my attention in Holland, are printed in a very coarse style upon hand-made paper, of as coarse a quality as that which is used in England for wrapping up tea and sugar. Perhaps the reader may smile when I suggest that the condition of a country may be pretty well known by the number and variety of its printed placards on the walls. In the towns up the Rhine, few samples of this species of literature meet

the eye. You may see a theatre bill, or something else of a trifling kind, but no variety of intimations such as one observes in England. In Holland the press is so completely under surveillance, that every placard and handbill is taxed and stamped like a newspaper. The walls, therefore, except on the great occasions at the fairs, or when there is to be a sale of colonial produce, exhibit few printed affichés. Not so in Belgium. The walls of Brussels are gaudy with placards, making announcements of sales of all kinds, the publication of books, the establishment of schools, the opening of places of amusement, and a thousand other things. Printed paper is, in short, seen every where; and whatever may be said of the religious bigotry of the Belgians, it is perfectly clear that they have shot considerably ahead of the Dutch, as respects books, newspapers, and all the other products of the press.

Such is a rough sketch of the principal branches of manufacture now established in Belgium. The variety and extent of the manufactures are daily increasing, for not only are the people active and skilful in the pursuits to which they direct themselves, but the government is animated by the keenest desire to encourage the progress of all branches of industry. National expositions, as they are called, or public exhibitions of new manufactures, have been instituted, and take place annually at Brussels; and at these, gold and silver medals are awarded to a large amount. A satisfactory proof of the increase of manufacturing establishments in Belgium, is afforded by the number of autorisations or licences which were issued between 1830 and 1838. In the province of Antwerp, the number of autorisations for the establishment of manufactories was 171, in Brabant 259, in West Flanders 209, in East Flanders 169, in Hainault 698, in Liege 260, in Namur 57, in Limburg 129, and in Luxembourg 20; making a total of 1962 new manufactories, in which are constantly to be found in operation 400 steam-engines.

The improvement of agriculture, fisheries, mining, and other departments of industry, is keeping pace with the advance of manufactures. In the Museum of Arts at Brussels, I observed a variety of the implements of husbandry, according to the latest improvements in Britain—something very different from the show of antiquated rubbish which came under my notice in the collection at Utrecht. Such have been the advances in agricultural and other improvements since the revolution, that there are whole districts in which the value of land has increased above 25 per cent. On the coast of Belgium are found skate, plaice, soles, turbot, whittings, smelts, a small species of cod, sardines, and crabs. The outward fisheries consist principally of cod, herrings, and oysters. For this distant sea fishery 200 vessels are employed. The cod introduced to the country by the Ostend vessels amounted in 1837 to 8175 tons.

The mines form an important department of national industry. There are three mining districts; the first, which comprehends Hainault, contains 150 mines in a superficial extent of 102,415 hectares; the second, which extends to the provinces of Namur and Luxembourg, contains 95 mines in an extent of 30,030 hectares; and the third, which embraces the provinces of Liege and Limburg, contains 138 mines in an extent of 32,777 hectares. The principal mineral riches consist of coals, of which Hainault produces more than the whole of France. The coal mines of Mons, Charleroi, Liege, and Marimont, furnish annually 3,200,000,000 kilogrammes; besides which, there are many other mines of less importance. In 1836, 31,190 workmen were employed in 230 coal mines, and the products were estimated at 32,000,000 francs; while in France, where similar mines might be worked with extraordinary success, there are but 198 in operation, employing 17,500 miners, and producing annually about 19,000,000 francs. Iron mines abound in the southern provinces in conjunction with those of coal. Copper is principally found in Hainault and Liege;

lead in the latter, Namur, and Luxemburg; zinc in Namur, Hainault, and Liege; and pyrites, calomine, sulphur, and alum, in Liege and Namur.

The whole country included between the frontier of France and a line supposed to be drawn from Ostend to Arlon (including the province of Liege), abounds in marble, slate, hewing stone, and lime. Large quantities of marble are quarried, some specimens of which are exceedingly beautiful. The black marble of Denant is of great value and in high request.

In concluding these details respecting the raw and manufactured products of Belgium, it is necessary, for the completion of the picture of national prosperity, to revert to the improved mode of communication by railways, which, as already mentioned, is still only in its infancy. In a few years, should no untoward event occur, a considerable traffic will be carried on through Belgium with Germany, instead of as at present through Holland and the Lower Rhine. Independently of any advantage which Belgium may derive from this anticipated trade with the upper regions of Germany—laying its railways entirely out of the question—it is indisputable that it will speedily prove, if it is not already, a formidable rival to England both in manufactures and commerce. In the manufacture of many articles, it has already attained an equal skill; in returns from this source it must already be not far behind Great Britain, in proportion to its size and population. Taking its efforts in conjunction with those of its Prussian neighbours, we may be perfectly assured of the fact, that the long-boasted supremacy of England in all kinds of industrial operations is about to pass away, or at least to be divided with other countries.

AGRICULTURAL POPULATION.

It has been ascertained, by minute statistical inquiry, that the agricultural population of Belgium are at this moment among the most contented, virtuous, and generally comfortable peasantry in the world. The farms are for the most part of a small size, just sufficient to pay a moderate rent, and support a family in a humble but decent manner. Among a people who would disregard the dictates of prudence, such a mode of small farming would speedily cover the soil with a swarm of paupers; but among the Flemings no such result ensues. The too rapid increase of population is checked by the universal desire to marry only when the subsistence for a family can be readily and honestly obtained by industry. Conversing on this subject at Brussels with M. le Comte Arrivebene, we were informed by that gentleman that he had resided for eleven years in a village called Gaesbeck, in the province of Brabant, containing 364 inhabitants, and that during the whole of that period neither a crime nor a culpable indiscretion had been committed. The greater part of the inhabitants are renters and cultivators of land, to the extent of five or six acres each family; and this, with a cottage and garden, is quite enough to render them comfortable. They are all Roman Catholics, and exceedingly devout. Their piety, however, does not make them gloomy and morose: they have fifteen holidays throughout the year, exclusive of Sundays; and these they partly devote to dancing and out-of-door amusements. The food of this cheerful, industrious, and religious people, is of a very simple kind. It consists of coffee with bread early in the morning; bread, butter, and cheese, at nine o'clock; potatoes with lard at noon; in the evening a salad with bread; and occasionally there is a little beer.

Such is the substance of the information which was communicated to me personally, and I am happy to find that it coincides with that furnished by Mr George Nicholls in his "Third Report" lately laid before parliament, purporting to be the "Result of an inquiry into the condition of the labouring classes, and the provision for the relief of the poor in Holland and Belgium." As this forms a subject of very con-

siderable interest, I shall probably be excused for introducing an extract from the report of Mr Nicholls.

"The extensive manufactures which at no very remote period flourished in Belgium, appear to have congregated a numerous population of artisans in and around the great towns. As the scene of manufacturing industry changed, this population was deprived of its means of handicraft employment, and was compelled to resort to the cultivation of the soil for subsistence. This seems to have been the chief, though possibly not the sole, origin of the system of the small farms, which still prevails, and which are cultivated by the holder and his family, generally without other assistance. The farms in Belgium very rarely exceed 100 acres. The number containing 50 acres is not great. Those of 30 and 20 acres are more numerous; but the number of holdings of from five to ten and 20 acres is very considerable, especially those of smaller extent; and to these I chiefly confined my inquiries.

The small farms of from five to ten acres, which abound in many parts of Belgium, closely resemble the small holdings in Ireland; but the small Irish cultivator exists in a state of miserable privation of the common comforts and conveniences of a civilised life, while the Belgian peasant farmer enjoys a large portion of those comforts. The houses of the small cultivators in Belgium are generally substantially built, and in good repair: they have commonly a sleeping-room in the attic, and closets for beds connected with the lower apartment, which is convenient in size; a small cellarage for the dairy, and store for the grain, as well as an oven, and an outhouse for the potatoes, with a roomy cattle-stall, piggery, and poultry-loft. The house generally contains decent furniture, the bedding sufficient in quantity; and although the scrupulous cleanliness of the Dutch may not be every where observable, an air of comfort and propriety pervades the whole establishment. In the cowhouse the cattle are supplied with straw for bedding; the dung and moisture are carefully collected in the tank; the ditches had been scoured to collect materials for manure; the dry leaves, potato-tops, &c., had been collected in a moist ditch to undergo the process of fermentation, and heaps of compost were in course of preparation. The premises were kept in neat and compact order, and a scrupulous attention to a most rigid economy was every where apparent. The family were decently clad, none of them were ragged or slovenly, even when their dress consisted of the coarsest material. The men universally wear the blouse, and wooden shoes are in common use by both sexes. The diet consists, to a large extent, of rye bread and milk; the dinner being usually composed of a mess of potatoes and onions, with the occasional addition of some pounded ham or slices of bacon. The quantity of brown wheaten bread consumed did not appear to be considerable. I need not point out the striking contrast of the mode of living here described, with the state of the same class of persons in Ireland; and it appears important to investigate the causes of this difference.

In the greater part of the flat country of Belgium, the soil is light and sandy, and easily worked; but its productive powers are certainly inferior to the general soil of Ireland, and the climate does not appear to be superior. To the soil and climate, therefore, the Belgian does not owe his superiority in comfort and position over the Irish cultivator. The difference is rather to be found in the system of cultivation pursued by the small farmers of Belgium, and in the habits of economy and forethought of the people. The cultivation of the small farms in Belgium differs from the Irish—1st, in the quantity of stall-fed stock which is kept, and by which a supply of manure is regularly secured; 2d, in the strict attention paid to the collecting of manure, which is most skillfully managed; 3d, by the adoption of a system of rotation of five, six, or seven successive crops, even in the smallest farms, which is in striking contrast with the plan of cropping and fallowing the land prevalent in Ireland.

In the farms of six acres we found no plough, horse, or cart; the only agricultural implement besides the spade, fork, and wheelbarrow, which we observed, was a light wooden harrow, which might be dragged by the hand. The farmer had no assistance besides that of his wife and children, excepting sometimes in harvest, when we found he occasionally obtained the assistance of a neighbour, or hired a labourer at a franc per day. The whole of the land is dug with the spade, and trenched very deep; but as the soil is light, the labour of digging is not great. The stock on the small farms which we examined, consisted of a couple of cows, a calf or two, one or two pigs, sometimes a goat or two, and some poultry. The cows are altogether stall-fed, on straw, turnips, clover, rye, vetches, carrots, potatoes, and a kind of soup made by boiling up potatoes, peas, beans, bran, cut hay, &c., into one mess, and which, being given warm, is said to be very wholesome, and to promote the secretion of milk. In some districts the grains of the breweries and distilleries are used for the cattle, and the failure of the Belgian distilleries has been reckoned a calamity to the agriculture of the country, on account of the loss of the supply of manure which was produced by the cattle fed in the stalls of these establishments.

The success of the Belgian farmer depends mainly upon the number of cattle which he can maintain by the produce of his land, the general lightness of the soil rendering the constant application of manure absolutely necessary to the production of a crop. The attention of the cultivator is always therefore especially directed to obtain a supply of manure. Some small farms, with this view, agree with a sheep-dealer to find stall-room and straw for his sheep, to attend to them, and to furnish fodder at the market price, on condition of retaining the dung. The small farmer collects in his stable, in a fosse lined with brick, the dung and moisture of his cattle. He buys sufficient lime to mingle with the scourings of his ditches, and with the decayed leaves, potato-tops, &c., which he is careful to collect in order to enrich his compost, which is dug over two or three times in the course of the winter. No portion of the farm is allowed to lie fallow, but it is divided into six or seven small plots, on each of which a system of rotation is adopted; and thus, with the aid of manure, the powers of the soil are maintained unexhausted, in a state of constant activity. The order of succession in the crops is various; but we observed on the six-acre farms which we visited, plots appropriated to potatoes, wheat, barley, clover (which had been sown with the preceding year's barley), flax, rye, carrots, turnips or parsnips, vetches, and rye, for immediate use as green food for cattle. The flax grown is heckled and spun by the farmer's wife, chiefly during the winter; and we were told that three weeks' labour at the loom towards the spring enabled them to weave into cloth all the thread thus prepared. The weavers are generally a distinct class from the small farmers, though the labourers chiefly supported by the loom commonly occupied about an acre of land, sometimes more, their labour upon the land alternating with their work at the loom. In some districts, we were informed, every gradation in the extent of occupancy, from a quarter or half an acre to the six-acre farm, is to be found; and in such cases more work is done in the loom by the smaller occupiers.

The labour of the field, the management of the cattle, the preparation of manure, the regulating the rotation of crops, and the necessity of carrying a certain portion of the produce to market, call for the constant exercise of industry, skill, and foresight, among the Belgian peasant farmers; and to these qualities they add a rigid economy, habitual sobriety, and a contented spirit, which finds its chief gratification beneath the domestic roof, from which the father of the family rarely wanders in search of excitement abroad. It was most gratifying to observe the comfort displayed in the whole economy of the households of these small cultivators, and the respectability in

which they lived. As far as I could learn, there was no tendency to the subdivision of the small holdings. I heard of none under five acres held by the class of peasant farmers; and six, seven, or eight acres, is the more common size. The provident habits of these small farmers enable them to maintain a high standard of comfort, and is necessarily opposed to such subdivision. Their marriages are not contracted so early as in Ireland, and the consequent struggle for subsistence among their offspring does not exist. The proprietors of the soil retain the free and unrestricted disposal of their property, whether divided into smaller or larger holdings. The common rent of land is about 20s. an acre, and the usual rate of wages for a day labourer is a franc (or 10d.) a-day.

A small occupier, whose farm we examined near Ghent, paid 225 francs per annum for about two bonniers, or six acres of land, with a comfortable house, stabling, and other offices attached, all very good of their kind; this makes the rent (reckoning the franc at 10d.) equal to £9, 7s. 6d. sterling per annum; and if we allow £3, 7s. 6d. for the rent of the house, stabling, and other offices, there will be £6, or £1 per acre, for the land, which accords with the information we obtained at Antwerp, Brussels, and other places, as to the rent of land in the flat country, the soil of which is generally of the same quality throughout. This farmer had a wife and five children, and appeared to live in much comfort. He owed little or nothing, he said; but he had no capital beyond that employed on his farm. We questioned him respecting his resources in case of sickness. He replied, that if he were ill, and if his illness were severe and of long duration, it would press heavily upon him, because it would interrupt the whole farm-work; and in order to provide for his family and to pay the doctor, he feared he should be obliged to sell part of his stock. If his wife and family were long ill, and he retained his strength, the doctor would give him credit, and he should be able to pay him by degrees in the course of a year or two. The thought of applying for assistance in any quarter appeared never to have entered his mind. We suggested that the Bureau de Bienfaisance, or charitable individuals, might afford him aid in such a difficulty; but, with evident marks of surprise at the suggestion, he replied cheerfully that he must take care of himself. If a sick club or benefit society were established among these people, so as to enable them by mutual assurance to provide for the casualty of sickness, the chief source of suffering to their families would be obviated, and there would be little left to wish for or amend in their social condition."

So closes Mr Nicholl's account of the condition of the Belgian peasantry, who, as it appears, owe a large share of their comfort to the division of the land into small farms suitable for the management of individual families. Pleasing, however, as is the prospect of such rural industry and comfort, it is of importance to represent that the system of agriculture is not according to a right state of things, as far as regards the general benefit of the community. The practice of executing all the operations of husbandry by the hand, is utterly adverse to the cheap production of food, and cannot be tolerated in an advanced state of society. If land had been created to feed peasantry only, the Belgian system would be entitled to unmeasured commendation. But such, it may be presumed, was not the case. The whole population of a country is as much interested in the soil as the mere labourers upon it, and hence the necessity for producing the largest quantity of food at the cheapest cost to the community at large. This is a point too much neglected in all discussions on the subject of agricultural labour, and should be fully borne in mind in estimating the condition of the peasantry and farmers of Belgium, or of any other country in similar circumstances.

ANTWERP.

Having spent a few days agreeably in the Belgian capital, we proceeded on our route to Ostend, by way

of Antwerp, in which we designed to spend a day in passing. Our journey to Antwerp was speedily performed by means of the railway train, which in less than a couple of hours brought us to the place of our destination.

In travelling from Brussels to Antwerp we proceeded in a northerly direction, passing through the pleasantly situated and thriving town of Mechlin or Malines, celebrated for its manufactures of lace. After quitting Malines, we are made sensible of approaching the low-lying coast of the country. The land assumes all the appearance of polders reclaimed from the sea, the ditches are full of water, and canals are seen on the tops of the broad mounds or dykes. Rich green fields devoted to the pasturing of cattle, the neat farmsteadings of the Flemish peasants, and church steeples projecting from the midst of clumps of leafy trees, all serve to remind us of Holland. The first indication we have of approaching Antwerp, is the sight of the tall Gothic tower of the cathedral rising from the verdant plain before us. The town itself is concealed from view till we are close upon it, by a number of outflanking bulwarks, in the form of high grassy mounds.

Antwerp, or Anvers, as it is called by the French and Belgians, is strongly guarded on the east and south by high walls and deep wet ditches; on the west it has the fortification called the citadel, and on the north it is bounded by the Scheldt, a river as broad as the Thames at Blackwall, and as capable of navigation. The Scheldt, after passing the town, flows in a north-easterly direction to the sea at Flushing—a distance of sixty-two miles. The whole country around is perfectly flat. Immediately opposite Antwerp, on the left bank of the river, stand a few houses, fortified by walls, and forming a station for a ferry: this is the Tête de Flandre. Behind this fortified station there is a large flat expanse of land, bare, brown, and marshy, and which could be easily flooded. Plantations of trees border the horizon in the distance.

The interior of Antwerp consists of generally narrow streets, lined with high houses of a sombre antique appearance, and obviously built according to the old Spanish taste. In niches on the projecting angles of some of the houses forming the corners of the streets, are seen large gilt wooden figures of the Virgin and Child, which may be assumed as an evidence that the town is Roman Catholic. It was the first time we had observed such representations in the open thoroughfares in Belgium, and we learned that they were generally falling into a state of neglect. Nothing of the kind, at least, was seen by us in Brussels. Some of the streets contain houses of a modern architecture, and there are some good shops; but the air of the whole place is decidedly prison-like and monastic. We observed that many windows were stanchioned with iron bars, and that some of the doors of the houses had small openings in them, covered with gratings, through which the inmates could spy those who demanded admittance, and thus protect themselves from violent intrusion. Antwerp has been so frequently attacked and taken possession of by Spaniards, French, English, and Dutch, that these, and such like evidences of a state of turbulence, can excite no surprise. I know of few towns in western Europe which have suffered so much from war as Antwerp. Previous to the disastrous reign of Philip II., it was the greatest commercial city in the world. From two to three thousand vessels were constantly in the Scheldt, loading and unloading cargoes of goods, five hundred waggons entered the gates daily, and the inhabitants amounted to 200,000 in number. The dreadful severities of Alva drove thousands of the merchants and artisans to England; and when the Dutch finally made their peace with Spain in 1648, the last great blow was given to the trade of the town, it being then settled that the Scheldt should in future be closed against the entrance of shipping. After this, Antwerp dwindled down to the condition of a poor neglected town, known only for its churches and the pictures which orna-

mented them. Napoleon, having conceived the plan of making Antwerp the greatest of the French naval arsenals in the northern part of his empire, if not a rival of the port of London, for both of which it was eminently suited, greatly improved the town by constructing a beautiful quay along the bank of the river, also two large docks for the reception of shipping, and a complete suite of ship-building yards, an arsenal, and other important accommodations. At the peace of 1814, by the treaty of Paris the whole establishment was broken up, the storehouses and docks ordered to be demolished, and the shipping and materials divided between the French and Dutch. These measures were forthwith carried into effect, with the exception of the destruction of the docks or basins, these being spared at the anxious solicitation of the citizens, who wished to preserve them for their trading vessels. These basins are situated within the eastern boundary of the town, and possess commodious entrances from the Scheldt. In winter, when the river is apt to bring down masses of ice, they serve the important purpose of protecting the shipping from injury. The quay forms a most agreeable promenade; when we visited it in the evening, we found hundreds of persons enjoying themselves in walking, or sitting on benches at the doors of the houses. Only a few vessels lay in the river or alongside the quay; altogether the number did not exceed seventeen, exclusive of barges, and a steam-vessel which was to sail next day for London. The trade of the town, which suffered by the events of the revolution of 1830, is, we were told, improving, though greatly hampered by certain dues levied by the Dutch at the entrance to the Scheldt. The town now contains about 77,000 inhabitants.

Being desirous of visiting the interior of the citadel of Antwerp, rendered famous by its protracted siege in 1832, we were fortunate in procuring a recommendation to the officer in command, and were therefore admitted on presenting ourselves at the entrance. I had expected to see something like a castellated fortress, and never was more surprised than when we were brought in front of certain green mounds, over the tops of which nothing could be seen. Pursuing a crooked path between the mounds, we are led by a wooden bridge across a broad wet ditch, thence through a covered way, which opens on another ditch beyond; having crossed that, we enter another vaulted passage in the walls, and are shortly in the interior of the garrison. Previous to the bombardment, the interior contained a populous village and church, besides barracks and storehouses. The whole of these were completely destroyed, and at present the visitor perceives only an open space, or smooth grassy park, with two or three recently-erected houses for the soldiery. During the siege, the French artillery fired 64,000 shots, including nearly 20,000 bombs which were thrown into the garrison. The Dutch are proud of the defence made by Chassé on this occasion; but as it could not, and really did not, tend to any useful purpose, we may be excused for viewing his conduct, or that of the parties for whom he acted, only as an example of irrational obstinacy.

Antwerp is usually styled the cradle of the Flemish school of painting, and it is more frequently visited for its treasures in this branch of the fine arts than for the inspection of the many scenes of historical interest by which it is surrounded. From the window of our hotel we looked across the Alée Verte, an open place lined with rows of trees, to an object which would have charmed the eye of an architect. This was the cathedral, with its tall elegant square tower, and richly decorated transepts, raised in airy proportions above the level of the houses in the Place. The cathedral of Notre Dame of Antwerp is one of the largest and finest specimens of the Gothic style of architecture now existing in the Netherlands. It was commenced in 1422, and finished in 1518, the building having thus required ninety-six years. Properly speaking, it was never finished;

according to the original design, two towers were intended to be raised at the east end of the edifice; but only one, that on the right of the main doorway, has been erected, the other being cut short and brought to a point a little above the roof of the church. Notwithstanding this deficiency, the building is a wonder of architectural beauty, although almost entirely hung round with paltry parasitical structures occupied as shops. The interior is one entire open sweep from end to end, except an enclosed space in the choir, containing the grand altar. The side aisles are occupied as chapels, each with an altar and pictorial embellishments. Entering by the door in the northern transept, and advancing a few steps, we have the vast open expanse before us, the choir on the right and the ample nave on the left. On the wall of the transepts on our right, one on each side of the choir, hang the two pictures of Rubens, which artists have made pilgrimages to visit for the last 200 years. The first we come to is the Descent from the Cross, a picture justly esteemed as the masterpiece of Rubens, and which is in some degree familiar to the whole civilised world, in consequence of having been so frequently copied and engraved. The figure of the dead Christ, in the process of being lowered from the cross, is strikingly faithful to nature, and forms the central and principal object in the piece. The picture has two wings to fold over it, and on these are representations of the Salutation and Purification. We went to see this great production six times during our stay in Antwerp—the church being always open—and always with increased delight. The companion to the picture on the wall of the farther transept, represents the Elevation of the Cross, the body of Christ being seen nailed to it, while a number of figures are exerting themselves in raising it into its place. This piece, though less celebrated, is not less remarkable for fidelity of drawing than the other. The Assumption of the Virgin is a third picture by Rubens, placed over the grand altar; and a fourth, representing the Resurrection of Christ from the tomb, is pointed out in one of the side chapels. It would be an oft-repeated tale for me to make a single remark on these admirable productions. Nearly 250 years have elapsed since they were painted; yet they are still in a good state of preservation, though a little faded and old in their appearance, and though the substance on which they have been painted exhibits a few cracks. Before quitting the edifice, we mounted to nearly the summit of the tower, whence a view was obtained, including the borders of Holland, Breda, and Bergen-op-Zoom, on the east, Brussels on the south, Ghent on the west, and the verge of the sea at Flushing on the north. The tower is 466 feet in height; it is at present, along with the eastern entrance, undergoing considerable repairs. General Chassé, it will be recollected, threatened to fire upon it from the citadel, in consequence of its having been made a station for peeping down upon his operations during the siege; fortunately, means were found to prevent him from fulfilling a threat, which, if executed, would have occasioned a public misfortune to all Europe.

We visited a number of other churches noted for pictures of Rubens, Vandyke, and other eminent artists, also for carvings in marble and oak, some of which, such as rails to altars twisted with garlands of flowers sculptured in pure white marble, were among the most elegant works of art which had ever come under our observation. The museum of Antwerp was likewise visited in the course of our ramble through the town. It contains a collection of pictures from suppressed churches and convents, including fourteen productions of Rubens; but though these have commanded universal admiration, we could not look upon them with any degree of complacency. There is a certain point, beyond which, in examining representations of crucifixions, martyrdoms, and other physical sufferings, the mind becomes bewildered with the reiteration of horrors, and the spectacle ceases to

please. This point we had now gained, and were glad to make our escape from the collection into the open air.

Decayed as Antwerp seems to be, it is not without symptoms of liveliness and wealth. Lately a new theatre was erected; it is on a large and tasteful plan, fully equal to some of our best English establishments, and has a body of good actors. The dialogues are in French, as in the theatres at Brussels. The Bourse, or Exchange, where, in days of yore, five thousand merchants congregated daily, is an elegant old structure, with a central court and piazzas, which formed a model for the erection of the Royal Exchange in London. It is unfortunately placed in a confined situation, but is still resorted to for the purposes to which it was originally destined.

GHENT.

From Antwerp we proceeded in a few hours by the railway to Ghent, which lies to the westward on the upper part of the Scheldt. As we approach Ghent, the country appears more densely peopled than in the eastern provinces. The villages, embowered among trees, quickly succeed each other, and we pass different walled towns and localities celebrated in the wars of Marlborough. Ghent occupies a favourable situation for commerce, in the midst of the richest and most beautiful part of Flanders, on the banks of the Scheldt, Lis, and Lieve, which here unite, and with their innumerable ramifications in the form of deep canals, pass through the town. The appearance of Ghent is very much like that of the Dutch towns, in which the walls of long rows of houses seem to grow out of the water; and hence, however well adapted the town may be for trade, I cannot conceive it to be suitable as a place of residence for persons accustomed to a dry climate. I believe that Ghent has upwards of a hundred bridges.

Ghent is the ancient capital of Flanders; and in its days of glory prior to the Spanish oppression, it was as populous and wealthy as Antwerp. At the commencement of the fifteenth century, it was distinguished as the chief seat of the cloth manufacture on the continent, and contained 40,000 weavers. These formed the strongest and boldest corporation of craftsmen in Europe, and to their invincible love of freedom are we owing much of the constitutional liberty which we now enjoy. The town, it is almost needless to relate, was effectually ruined by the measures of Charles V. and his son Philip II., and its revival is only of comparatively recent date. In 1801, the cotton manufacture was introduced into it by a native who had received instructions at Manchester, and succeeded in a very remarkable manner. There are now a number of cotton factories driven by steam-power, the indications of which, in the shape of tall brick chimneys, appear in all directions. The situation, on canals which bring the raw material to the very doors, the large population of the place (80,000), among whom are many poor, and the cheapness of living, render it advantageous for this or any other species of manufacture on a large scale. The railway to Ostend on the one hand, and to Liege and the Rhine on the other, must in time accelerate the progress of the town in all branches of traffic.

The spectacle of cotton-spinneries placed amidst rows of antique buildings, old gloomy churches, and monasteries, is at variance with our ordinary conceptions of social improvement. We passed from the contemplation of spinning-jennies moved by steam-engines, to that of an object of an entirely different character—the cathedral or church of St Bavon, an edifice of the thirteenth century, enriched with twenty-four chapels, and possessing some carved rails and sculptures in marble, executed in a style of exquisite beauty. Before the grand altar in the choir stand four massive silver-gilt candlesticks, each at least five feet in height. They originally belonged to St Paul's in London, and were sold during the protectorate of

Cromwell. The tower of the cathedral is less conspicuous in the town than an isolated square turret, which is called the Belfry, and was anciently used as a post of outlook by the citizens. Its date is 1183. On the summit is a gilt dragon, which was originally brought from Constantinople during one of the crusades, by a detachment of the citizens of Bruges. At the conquest of Bruges by the inhabitants of Ghent—these towns were always fighting against each other—in 1445, the gilt dragon was carried off as a trophy, and has been here ever since.

Wandering from church to church, we at length came to the conventual establishment called the Beguinage. This is a very curious place. It consists of an entire square surrounded with houses, with a church in the open space in the centre; also several lanes lined with houses—the whole being enclosed, and entered by a single gateway. In front of the houses there was a secluding wall, in which were doors leading to the respective dwellings. Each door had inscribed upon it a particular motto or saint's name, by which in all probability the dwelling within was known. All these houses are residences of nuns, and the number of the establishments must be nearly 100—the whole, indeed, form a distinct town of nunneries. There were lately 600 inmates, of whom we saw several, both here and on the streets, in their black stuff garments, and white head coverings; they were all elderly women, of a respectable appearance, and I was informed that they devote themselves to the duty of sick-nurses, and are to be found wherever there is either sorrow or suffering. Some are ladies possessing considerable wealth, and to these others act as attendants or domestics, but all meet on an equal footing in the religious services of the church. They are bound by no vow, as other nuns usually are, and may therefore be described as single women of a religious turn of mind, who devote themselves to works of charity and mercy.

Ghent contains a university, which was founded by William when king of the Netherlands; also a botanic garden, and several educational establishments, including a school of arts. It likewise possesses a Casino, situated in a pleasing part of the environs, and at which musical entertainments are given: it is surrounded by a garden for the recreation of visitors during fine weather.

BRUGES AND OSTEND.

Having spent a day in Ghent, we passed onward, in a northerly direction, by the railway to Bruges, and thence to Ostend. This journey used formerly to be accomplished by a treckschuit on the canal, and was exceedingly tedious. By the railway train we were whirled along at a rapid rate, and at a very small expense. For a sum not exceeding four or five shillings, the traveller may now be transported from Ostend or Antwerp to Brussels; and as steam-vessels sail regularly from London to both of these ports, all difficulty of reaching the Belgian capital from England has vanished. The railway from Ghent to Ostend proceeds directly through a suburb of Bruges, a number of houses having been taken down to admit the line of road. In passing, we were a little amused at seeing a monk or friar in his brown tunic, with shaven crown and beads, standing in the gap of one of the destroyed buildings, contemplating the ruin which had been made: the line, we were told, had cut through the centre of his monastery.

Bruges is a town of great antiquity, and has been less benefited by the revival of commerce in modern times than any other of the old Flemish cities. The streets, which are neat, clean, and dull, possess many remarkable edifices of antique Spanish architecture. The place is chiefly known in the present day for its retired character, and its suitability as a place of living for those English who wish to make slender incomes go a great way in housekeeping. Cheap as living is, however, according to our ideas of cheapness, the

native population find no small difficulty in maintaining a humble degree of comfort. Out of a population amounting at present to 43,000 souls, there are, on an average, 18,000, who during winter subsist on the voluntary contributions of their fellow-citizens. This fact discloses a very miserable state of affairs in this once proud Flemish city. Ghent, also, notwithstanding its rising commercial prosperity, is not without its hordes of paupers, whose piteous looks and solicitations for alms we experienced during our visits to the different religious structures. As the country at large is in a condition of considerable comfort, we may perhaps ascribe much of this system of beggary to the practice of alms-giving, which is carried to a vicious extent in all countries where Roman catholicism prevails.

On approaching Ostend, at the distance of sixteen miles from Bruges, we perceive before us the long line of rough sandy hillocks which the winds have brought up from the sea-shore, and in the midst of these dreary wilds is built the town of Ostend, an opening being left for the entrance of the sea into the harbour. Ostend, which is strongly walled and defended, is a regularly built plain town, not over cleanly, and contains about 30,000 inhabitants. The entrance to its port is a flat sandy beach at low water, and hence it is badly adapted for shipping, at least for steam-vessels, whose passengers cannot brook delay. We nevertheless found the harbour full of shipping, and a general appearance of traffic. The number of vessels which had entered the port during one month previous to

our visit was 85, with a burden of 10,441 tons. Ostend is in no respect suitable as a place of residence for strangers. Like all other travellers, we remained in it only as long as was absolutely necessary. By one of the excellent Post-Office steam-packets, we proceeded on the morning after our arrival across the Channel to Dover, which we reached in seven hours.

It is not unusual for travellers from the continent, on landing in England, to express their extreme delight on again finding themselves in what they style the only land of comfort under the sun. We, of course, were not exempted from the ordinary emotions of pleasure on again reaching the shores of our native isle, but not on account of having experienced any thing like discomfort in the course of our continental trip. In our whole route we had received the most obliging attentions; our fare had been the best and most abundant; our general expenses of travelling had been less than a half of what they would have been in England; we had not witnessed a single act of dishonesty or rudeness, and had not seen a disorderly individual. During an absence of six weeks from home, the only base transaction from which we suffered was the abstraction of a small packet of foreign copper coins, value threepence, from the breakfast table of our hotel in Dover; and the only instance of drunkenness which came under our observation, was seen after we had crossed the border into Scotland.

APPENDIX.

In illustration of a number of remarks in the foregoing pages on the state of primary instruction in Holland and other continental countries, and also for the sake of convenient reference, I beg to subjoin the following statements, gathered from authentic sources:—

HOLLAND.

In 1809, it was reckoned that there were 4451 schools attended by a tenth of the population, or altogether 190,000 pupils to 1,900,000 inhabitants.

In 1826, the number of pupils was raised to 280,517, and in 1835 to 304,459, divided in the following manner in the various provinces:—

Provinces.	Population.	Schools.	Pupils.	Proportion of pupils to Population.
North Brabant	358,938	343	37,743	1 to 9.5
Guelderland	328,091	354	39,104	8.4
North Holland	420,448	459	45,428	9.2
South Holland	497,311	427	48,152	10.3
Zealand	141,987	165	17,603	8
Utrecht	137,392	141	16,822	8.2
Friesland	221,273	341	34,094	6.8
Overijssel	186,563	226	29,888	6.2
Groningen	168,346	243	24,375	6.9
Drenthe	68,038	133	11,250	6

Total, 2,528,387 2832 304,459 8.3

Of these 2832 schools, 2190 were public (*Armen and Tusschen*), and 642 private. In the total number of pupils there were 173,578 boys, and 130,881 girls.

BELGIUM.

The schools are divided into schools-communal, schools-mixed which receive a subsidy from the state, and schools-private. The following are the schools in each of these classes at three different epochs:—

	1826.	1833.	1835.
Schools communal, }		2170	2053
— mixed, }	2054	469	741
— private, }	487	2590	2769
Total, -	2541	5229	5563

Number of pupils at these periods:—

	1826.	1833.	1835.
Schools communal, }		185,089	178,978
— mixed, }	187,722	46,774	80,229
— private, }	119,858	139,133	152,336
Total, -	307,580	370,996	411,543

The number of schools has nearly doubled within the last ten years.

The population of Belgium at the 1st of January 1835, was 4,165,953.

The number of pupils at school in proportion to the population of the provinces in 1833, was estimated as follows:—

Anvers, - - - - -	1 to 13
Brabant, - - - - -	1 11.5
West Flanders, - - - - -	1 14.5
East Flanders, - - - - -	1 14.2
Hainault, - - - - -	1 10.4
Liege, - - - - -	1 11.7
Limbourg, - - - - -	1 11
Luxembourg, - - - - -	1 7.5
Namur, - - - - -	1 7.4
The kingdom generally, - - - - -	1 11.3

In 1835, it was reckoned that the proportion of pupils at school had risen to 1 in 10.3.

M. Ducpetiaux, in treating of education in Belgium, makes the following observations, which impart a less agreeable view of primary instruction in that country than I had reason to anticipate from what fell under my notice:—

"Instruction in our schools is generally faulty and incomplete, and little merits the praise which has been bestowed upon it. The best thing that can be said in its favour is, that it is better than no instruction at all, and that it is more satisfactory to see children sitting on the benches of a school, even although they be doing nothing to the purpose, than to behold them working mischief on the streets. They are taught to read, write, and figure a little; to teach them less is scarcely possible. We speak here of primary schools in general, and affirm that those who attribute a moralising influence to the majority of these schools, deceive themselves in a manner the most strange and prejudicial to the interests of the class whose children are the pupils in these seminaries. A degree of instruction so limited, so meagre, is nearly equivalent to none whatever; and it is impossible that things should be in a better case, seeing that the education of the *teachers* themselves is of the most imperfect kind. Barely do these persons know the little which they undertake to impart, and they have, generally speaking, the most superficial notions of those methods of instilling knowledge, which they impudently attempt to apply in the case of those only a little more ignorant than themselves."

PRUSSIA.

The Prussian laws make it incumbent on parents to send their children to school, unless proof is brought that the latter receive sufficient instruction at home. The school age fixed by the law is from seven to fourteen, complete.

The primary public schools numbered, in 1831, 2,021,421 pupils, and, ranking with these the gymnastic scholars, the total number became 2,045,204.

The most recent census of the population of Prussia states its amount at 12,726,823 inhabitants. The proportion of the number of school-pupils to the population is thus nearly 1 to every 6 inhabitants.

Of the 2,021,421 children attendant on the primary schools, 1,044,364 were boys, and 977,057 girls. The number of schools was about 22,612, and the masters and mistresses amounted to nearly 27,749 persons.

The primary schools are divided into elementary schools, and others of a slightly higher grade. The elementary seminaries were attended by 1,917,934 pupils, and the others by 103,487 children.

Independently of these schools, there are still numerous *normal* ones. In particular, there are 33 of these of the highest order, each of which reckons from 40 to 100 pupils, and where the course of study lasts from three to four years. The state's share of expense, in maintaining these last establishments, amounts to about £13,812, 10s. To the elementary schools and others it grants an annual subsidy of £35,987, 10s.; being in all a sum of £49,800, given for the encouragement of the system of primary instruction, the other charges of which are laid by the law on the communes, departments, and provinces.

FRANCE.

In 1827, the number of children aged from five to ten years, who attended school, was nearly a million.

In 1832, there existed in the same country 42,092

schools, of which 32,520 were maintained at the expense of different districts, while 9572 were supported by private teachers who lived by them.



